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Church Harmonies

New and Old

A Book of Spiritual Song

FOR

Christian Worshippers

Complete Edition, with Psalms and Chants

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1913

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Stanbope Press
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PREFACE.

IN "CHURCH HARMONIES, NEW AND OLD," the common plan of classification of hymns by topics has been disregarded, and the book arranged solely with reference to the natural association of hymns with tunes. All suggestions as to subject and scriptural allusion, as well as all information concerning authorship and source of hymns and tunes, have been included in the indexes, the scope and detail of which should be carefully noted by all who intend to use the book.

Hymns set to new or unfamiliar music have, as far as possible, been put within sight of a familiar tune of the same metre. It is hoped, however, that no congregation will be content to use only familiar tunes. If our people will study and sing in their homes the hymns which are to form a part of their Sabbath worship, and if, also, they will hold special praise services or congregational rehearsals, the entire body of song in this book will be found available for use by the average congregation. It is to be said, however, that the present work is especially adapted to congregations which have no opportunity for special preparation; for, not only is the familiar at hand, but, wherever necessary, tunes have been so transposed that, leaving the accompanying parts to the organ, the melody may be sung in unison, — a practice strongly to be commended.

For the convenience of worshippers, three Orders of Service have been included. In these simplicity, as well as fitness, has been studied. It is believed that the musical part of the more elaborate of them may be sung by the congregation assisted by the choir; or may, indeed, with a little practice, be rendered by congregations without the assistance of a choir.

The Profession of Faith is introduced in connection with the Orders of Service; but no definite suggestion is made as to its place in the service, since usage in the matter is so various.

The Editors make grateful acknowledgment to Rev. Richard Eddy, D. D., for valuable counsel, and for the use of his library of Universalist hymnals; to Rev. Charles H. Leonard D. D., Dean of the Divinity School of Tufts College, for many general suggestions and for his special contribution of the Homiletical Index; to Mr. Flint M. Bissell, who has bestowed much care and skill upon the work of verifying the authorship and copyright-ownership of hymns, and has given great and valuable assistance in the preparation of the indexes; and to the following-named firms and individuals, who have kindly

given permission to use copyrighted hymns: Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., The Century Co., Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co., Messrs. Ginn and Co., Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., The Outlook Co., Rev. Charles G. Ames, Mrs. Charles T. Brooks, Rev. John W. Chadwick, Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney, Mrs. James Freeman Clarke and Miss Lillian Freeman Clarke, Mr. George H. Ellis, Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, Rev. Frederick B. Mott, Rev. Frank Mason North, D. D., Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, D. D., Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D. D., Rev. George L. Prentiss, D. D., Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D., and Rev. Theodore C. Williams. There will be found in the Index of First Lines — see page 374 — detailed record of the copyright-ownership of those hymns which are used by permission.

In connection with the musical part of the work, the Editors are especially indebted to Mr. U. C. Burnap of Brooklyn, New York, who has not only permitted the use of tunes from his "Hymns of the Church," but given valuable aid by indicating sources of desirable material, and by contributing new tunes; to Rev. C. L. Hutchins, Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D., Mr. Hubert P. Main, and others, who have kindly given information as to the authorship of many tunes; to Messrs. George W. Chadwick, Fred. Field Bullard, Louis Adolphe Coerne, Newton Fitts, Mrs. C. B. Hooke, Rev. C. E. Nash, D. D., and Mrs. Mary A. Taylor, for original tunes contributed; and to the following copyright-owners for permission to use tunes and arrangements: Messrs. H. H. Beadle, E. A. Bedell, C. C. Converse, W. H. Doane, W. G. Fischer, E. K. Glezen, J. Jordan, G. W. Warren; Rev. and Mrs. Stanford Mitchell; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Straub; Rev. Messrs. E. P. Parker, D. D., and R. R. Shippen; the Editors of "The Magnificat;" Rev. J. I. Tucker, D. D., and Mr. W. W. Rousseau, Editors of "The Hymnal;" The Century Co., and Messrs. Ginn and Co. Permission has been secured, by purchase, of The Biglow and Main Co., and of The Oliver Ditson Co., to use several tunes of which they control the copyright. The ownership of all copyrighted tunes is indicated in the Alphabetical Index.

The Editors' recognition of obligation in connection with this work would not be complete without mention of a great sum of indebtedness to the many friends, both clergymen and laymen, who, by friendly suggestion and by sympathetic encouragement, have influenced the character of the work and lightened the labor of it. Not a single suggestion from any source has been intentionally disregarded. In their effort to prepare an acceptable Book of Spiritual Song, the Editors have striven throughout to follow the dictates of judgment and not merely the suggestions of their own preference; and it is upon the fact that they have had a multitude of willing and intelligent helpers that they base their hope that "Church Harmonies, New and Old" may not wholly fail to fulfil its important mission.

CHARLES R. TENNEY.
LEO R. LEWIS.

BOSTON, *Eastertide*, 1895.

ORDERS OF SERVICE.

Selections from the chants on pages xii–xvi, *sung by the choir or the congregation, may regularly become part of any of the following Orders of Service. Some suggestions concerning chanting will be found on page* xvi.

FIRST ORDER FOR MORNING OR EVENING.

1. ORGAN PRELUDE.
2. ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING SENTENCES, *read by the minister:* —
   The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.
   The Lord is nigh unto all who call upon him; unto all who call upon him in truth.
   Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.
3. A PSALM, *read in verses alternate, minister and people.*
4. THE LORD'S PRAYER, *minister and people.*
5. HYMN OR ANTHEM.
6. THE LESSON FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.
7. PRAYER, *followed by response by organ or choir.*
8. HYMN.
9. ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10. THE SERMON.
11. THE OFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE.
    [*This part of the service may proceed as in the second order.*]
12. HYMN OR ANTHEM.
13. BENEDICTION.

SECOND ORDER FOR MORNING OR EVENING.

1. ORGAN PRELUDE.
2. ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING SENTENCES, *read by the minister:* —
   The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.
   The Lord is nigh unto all who call upon him; unto all who call upon him in truth.
   Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

We have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

3. THE CALL TO PRAYER. *The minister shall say:*

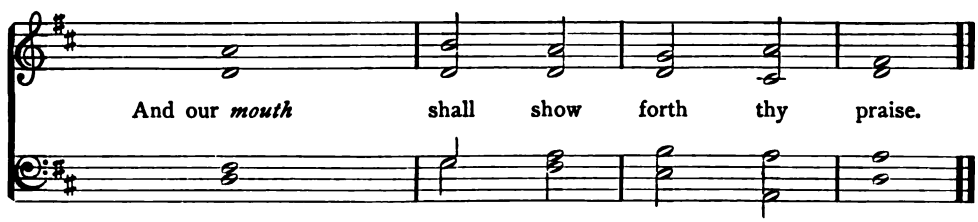
Beloved in the Lord, we have again assembled together as the disciples of Jesus Christ, to render thanks to God for all his mercies, and to recommend ourselves and all our concerns to the care of our heavenly Father. With humble and contrite hearts let us approach the throne of heavenly grace.

4. THE LORD'S PRAYER, *said by all present, reverently bowing down or kneeling.*

OUR FATHER who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation: but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever. AMEN.

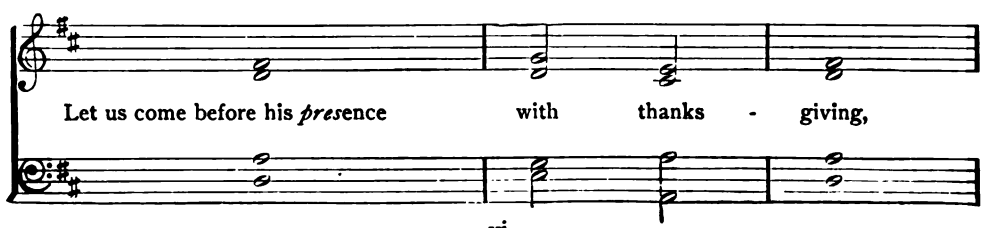
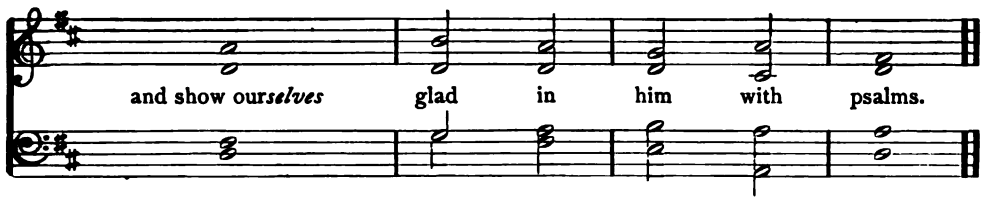
5. RESPONSES. *The minister shall say:*

O Lord, open thou our lips.

The choir and the people shall sing:

Then, all standing, the minister shall say:

O come, let us sing unto the Lord! let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

And the Responses shall continue, the choir and the people chanting:



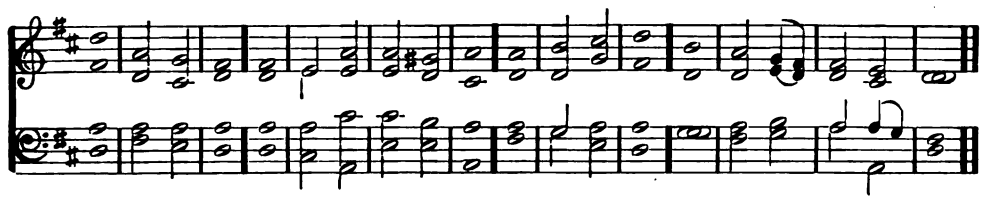
Minister: For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

Choir and people: In his hands are the *cor*ners | of · the | earth: ‖ and the *strength* of the | hills · is | his · — | also.

Minister: The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands prepared the dry land.

Choir and people: O come, let us *wor*ship | and · bow | down: ‖ let us *kneel* be | fore · the | Lord · our | Maker.

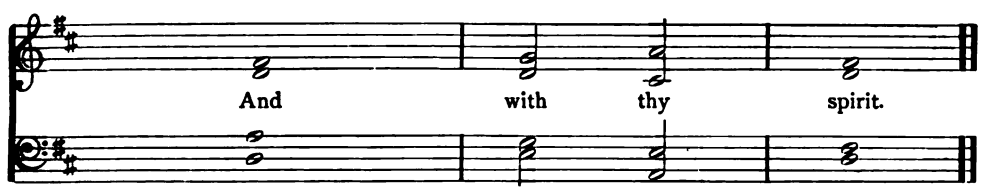
Minister: For he is our God: and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand.

Choir and people, chanting the GLORIA PATRI, *as follows:*

Glory be to the Father, *and* | to · the | Son, ‖ *and* | to · the | Ho · ly | Ghost; ‖ As it was in the beginning, is *now,* and | ev · er | shall be, ‖ *world* | with · out | end. · A | MEN. ‖

6. PSALM, *read in verses alternate, by minister and people, the congregation being seated.*

7. HYMN OR ANTHEM.

8. LESSON OR LESSONS FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. *At the end of the reading it shall be said,* Here endeth the morning lesson.

9. RESPONSES. *The minister shall say:*
The Lord be with you.
The choir and the people shall sing:

Minister: O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.

Choir and people: And *grant* us | thy · sal | vation.

Minister: O God, make clean our hearts within us.

Choir and people: And take not thy *Ho*ly | Spir · it | from us.

Minister: Let us pray.

10. PRAYER, *in the minister's own words; or the following general thanksgiving may be said:—*

ALMIGHTY GOD, Father of all mercies, We, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the salvation of the world through Jesus Christ; and, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth thy praise not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

11. RESPONSE *by organ or choir.*

12. HYMN.

13. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

14. SERMON.

15. PRAYER, *followed by response by choir or organ.*

16. THE OFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE. *The minister shall say:*

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

The deacons or ushers come forward. The minister shall continue:

To do good and distribute forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

He who soweth little, shall reap little; and he who soweth plenteously, shall reap plenteously. Let every man do as he is disposed in his heart; not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.

The deacons or the ushers take the plates from the hands of the minister, and, after they have received the offerings, they return the same to the minister, waiting before him for the closing words of the Offertory:

God is not unrighteous that he will forget your works and labor that proceedeth of love, which love ye have showed for his name's sake, who have ministered unto the saints, and yet do minister.

17. HYMN.

18. BENEDICTION.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore. AMEN.

AN ORDER FOR VESPERS.

1. ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING SENTENCES, *read by the minister, all standing:—*

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.

Let our prayers be set forth in his sight, as incense; and the lifting up of our hands as an evening sacrifice.

Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time: casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.

2. RESPONSES. *The minister shall say:*

O Lord, open thou our lips.

People: And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Minister: O Lord, make haste to help us.

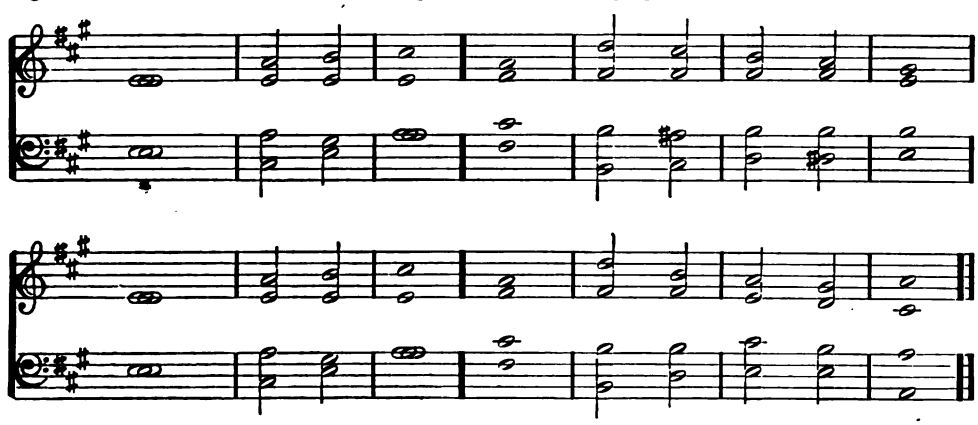
People: O Lord, make speed to help us.

Minister: O Lord, let thy mercy be shown upon **us.**

People: As we do put our trust in thee.

Minister: Praise ye the Lord.

People: The Lord's name is to be praised.

3. PSALM, "BONUM EST," *to be sung by choir and congregation, as follows:*

It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto · the | Lord, ‖ and to sing praises *un*to thy | name, · — | O · Most | Highest; ‖

To tell of thy loving-kindness *ear*ly | in · the | morning, ‖ and of thy *truth* | in · the | night · — | season,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, *and* up | on · the | lute; ‖ upon a loud *in*strument, | and · up | on · the | harp. ‖

For thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through · thy | works: ‖ I will rejoice in giving praise for the *op*er | a · tions | of · thy | hands.

4. GLORIA PATRI, *to be sung here and at the close of every Psalm.*

Glory be to the Father, *and* | to · the | Son, ‖ *and* | to · the | Ho · ly | Ghost; ‖ As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev · er | shall be, ‖ *world* | with · out | end. · A | MEN. ‖

5. PRAYER. *The people having resumed their seats, the minister shall say:*

The Lord be with you.

People: And with thy spirit.

Minister: Let us pray.

[*All reverently bowing down.*]

WE humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and for the glory of thy name turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved; and grant that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living.

People. Mercifully forgive the sins of thy people.

O GOD, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart; nor the desire of such as be sorrowful; mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities whensoever they oppress us; and grant that we thy servants may evermore give thanks unto thee in the holy church of thy Son Jesus Christ.

People. Grant us thy peace, O Lord.

O GOD, our heavenly Father, we give thee humble and hearty thanks for all the benefits and blessings, both spiritual and temporal, which in the riches of thy great mercy thou hast poured down upon us; but especially for thy spiritual blessings. Lord, let us not live but to praise and magnify thy great goodness. Grant, we beseech thee, that all our thoughts, words, and works, may tend to the discharge of our duty, the good of our fellow-men, and the advancement of thy Son's kingdom on earth. AMEN.

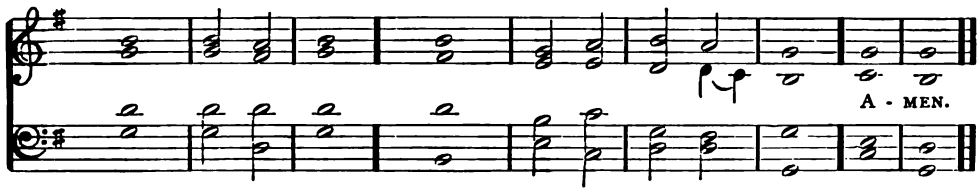
O LORD MOST HIGH, with thy whole church throughout the world we especially give thanks to thee for all thy saints departed; and for the hope of future joy in the resurrection of the just. O let the cloud of witnesses, the innumerable company of those who have gone before and entered into rest, be to us an example of godly life: even now may we rejoice in their happiness; and with patience may we so run the race that is set before us, as to have an entrance administered abundantly into thy heavenly presence, to be united with them and the Lord Jesus Christ. AMEN.

O THOU Father of our spirits, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray; often in the midst of our daily business may we lift up our hearts to thee; and grant, we humbly beseech thee, that those whom thou dost refresh with thy presence may, by a life well pleasing to thee, show their love and gratitude, as faithful disciples of Jesus Christ. AMEN.

O BLESSED GOD, who neither slumberest nor sleepest; take us into thy gracious keeping for this night; and make us mindful of that night when the noise of this busy world shall be heard by us no more. O Lord, in whom we trust, help us by thy grace so to live that we may never be afraid to die, and grant that at the last, as now, our even-song may be: I will lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety. AMEN.

6. *VESPER HYMN OR SACRED SONG.*

7. PSALM, *read in verses alternate, by minister and people, all standing.*
8. THE LESSON FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, *at the close of which the minister shall say:* Here endeth the Scripture Lesson.
9. HYMN.
10. EXPOSITION OR ADDRESS, *which is designed to occupy about fifteen minutes.*
11. THE LORD'S PRAYER, *to be said or sung.*
12. HYMN.
13. BENEDICTION.

    The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with us all. AMEN.
14. AMEN, *by the choir, or the* NUNC DIMITTIS, *as follows:*

Lord, now lettest thou thy *ser*vant de | part · in | peace, ‖ *ac* | cord · ing | to · thy | word;
For mine | eyes · have | seen ‖ *thy* | — · sal | va · — | tion,
Which | thou · hast pre | pared ‖ be*fore* the | face · of | all · — | people;
To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles, ‖ and to be the *glo*ry | of · thy | peo · ple | Israel. ‖ A | MEN.

PROFESSION OF FAITH.

Adopted by the General Convention of Universalists, A. D. 1803, *at its Session in Winchester, N. H.*

WE BELIEVE that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the Character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

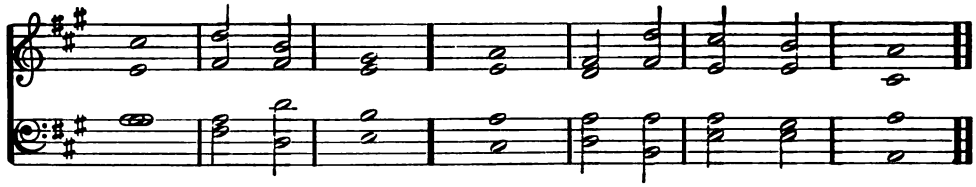
WE BELIEVE that there is one God, whose nature is Love, revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

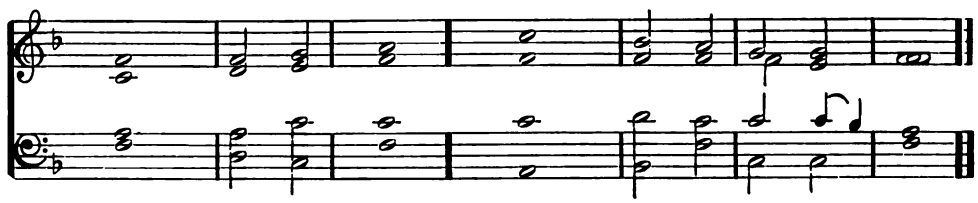
WE BELIEVE that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order, and practise good works; for these things are good and profitable unto men.

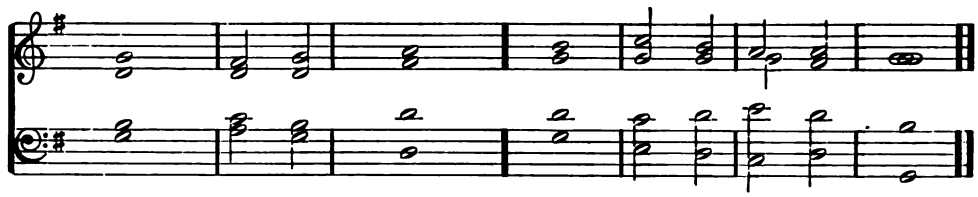
THE GLORIA PATRI.

Another version, familiar to many worshippers, is the following:

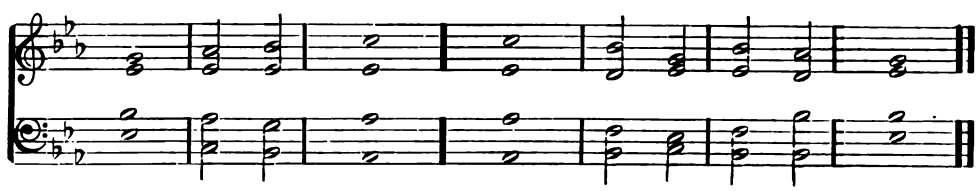
Glory be to the *Fa*ther, Al | migh · ty | God, ‖ *through* | Je · sus | Christ · our | Lord; ‖ As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev · er | shall be, ‖ *world* | with · out | end. · A | MEN. ‖

OPENING SENTENCES.

1 O WORSHIP the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness: ‖ *fear* be | fore · him | all · the | earth.

Blessed is the *na*tion whose | God · is the | Lord: ‖ and the people whom he hath *chos*en for his | own · in | her: i | tance.

2 O COME, let us *wor*ship | and · bow | down: ‖ let us *kneel* be | fore · the | Lord · our | Maker.

For *he* | is · our | God: ‖ and we are the people of his pasture, *and* the | sheep · — | of · his | hand.

3 THE hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the *Fa*ther in | Spirit · and in | truth: ‖ for the Father *seek*eth | such · to | wor · ship | him.

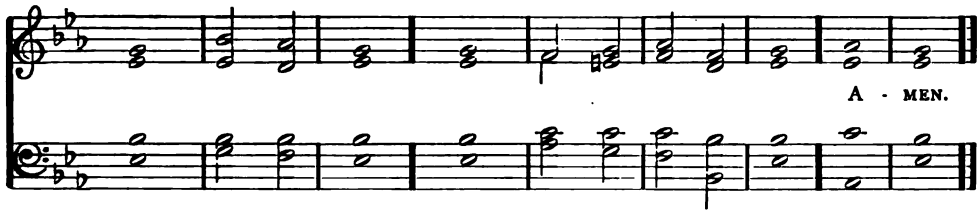
God is a Spirit; and *they* that | wor · ship | him ‖ must worship *him* in | spir · it | and · in | truth.



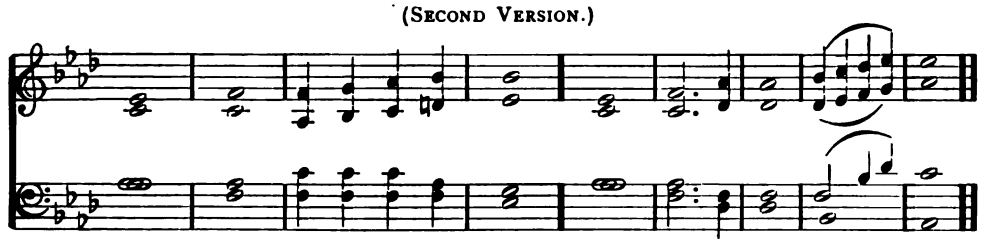
4 THE sacrifices of *God* are a | bro · ken | spirit: ‖ a broken and a contrite heart, O *God*, | thou · wilt | not · de | spise.

Let the words of my mouth, and the medi*ta*tion | of · my | heart ‖ be acceptable *in thy sight*, O *Lord*, my | strength · and | my · re | deemer.

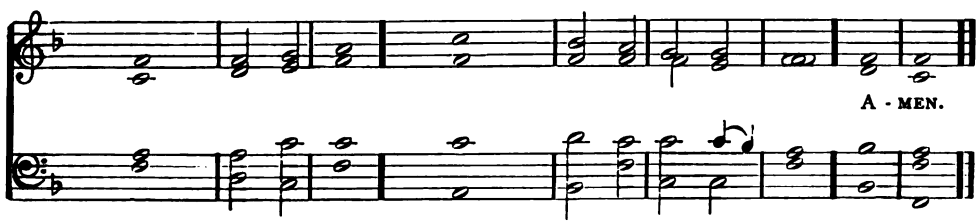
CLOSING SENTENCE.

(First Version.)

THE *Lord* | bless · us and | keep us; ‖ the Lord make his face to shine upon us, *and* be | gra · cious | un · to | us;

The Lord lift up his *counte* | nance · up | on us, ‖ *and* | grant · — | us · — | peace. ‖ A | MEN.

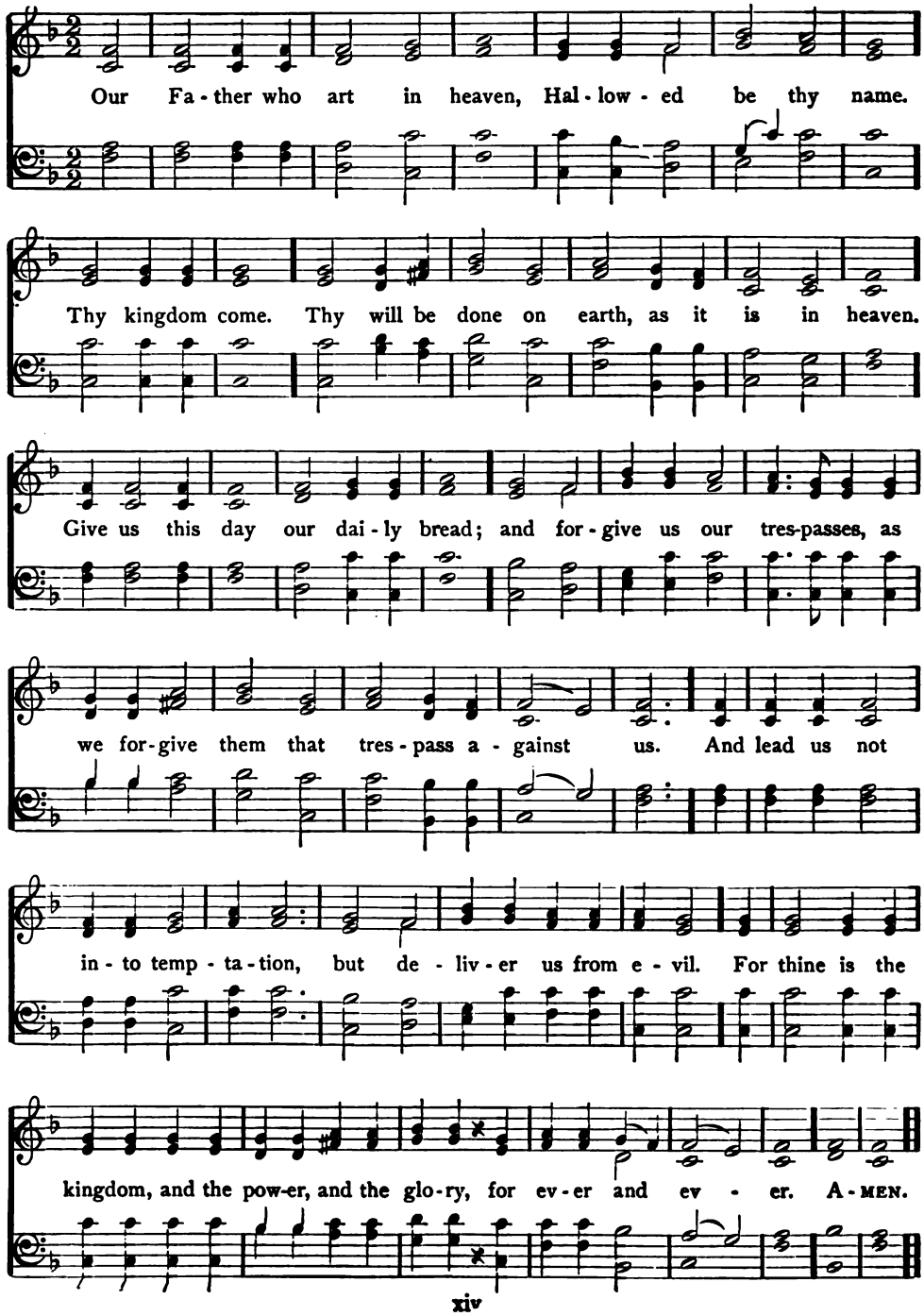
(Second Version.)

THE Lord bless us and keep us; | the Lord make his face to shine upon us, *and* be | gracious · unto | us;

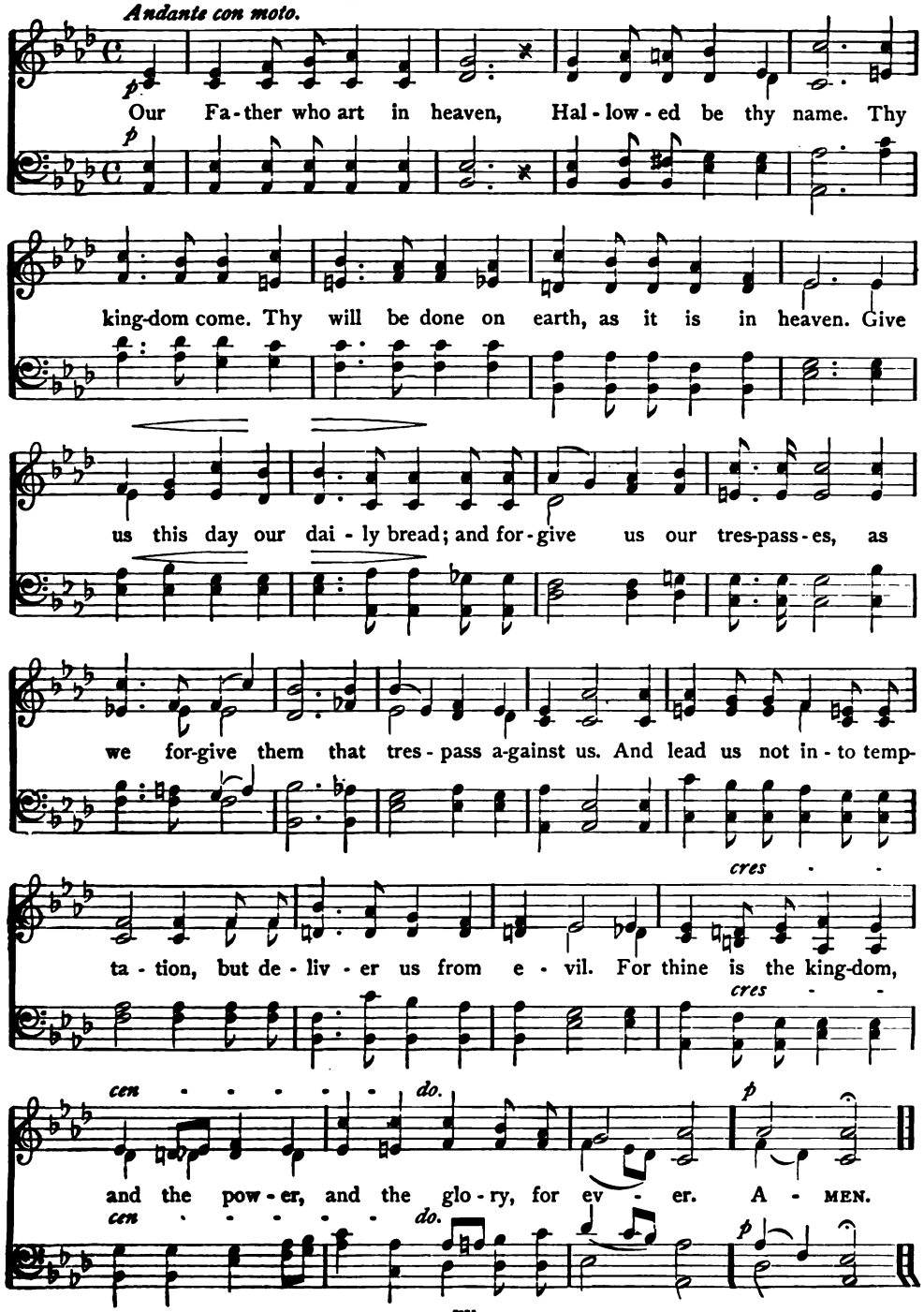
The Lord lift up his countenance upon us, *and* | grant us | peace. | A · — | MEN.

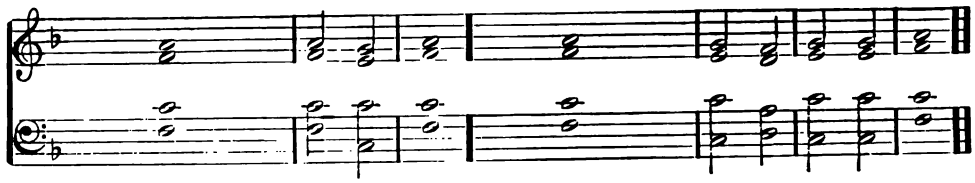
THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord is my Shepherd; *I* | shall · not | want; ‖ he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth *me* be | side · the | still · — | waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness *for* his | name's · — | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy *rod* and thy | staff · they | com · fort | me.

Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; *my* | cup · runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will *dwell* in the | house · of the | Lord · for | ever. ‖ A | MEN.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Fa - ther who art in heaven, Hal - low - ed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread; and for - give us our tres-passes, as
we for-give them that tres - pass a - gainst us. And lead us not
in - to temp - ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil. For thine is the
kingdom, and the pow-er, and the glo-ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - MEN.

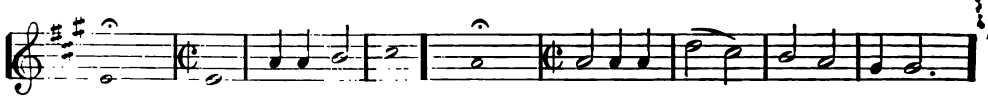
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Andante con moto.
p
Our Fa-ther who art in heaven, Hal-low-ed be thy name. Thy
king-dom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give
us this day our dai-ly bread; and for-give us our tres-pass-es, as
we for-give them that tres-pass a-gainst us. And lead us not in-to temp-
cres
ta-tion, but de-liv-er us from e-vil. For thine is the king-dom,
cres
cen
do.
and the pow-er, and the glo-ry, for ev-er. A-MEN.
cen
do.
p

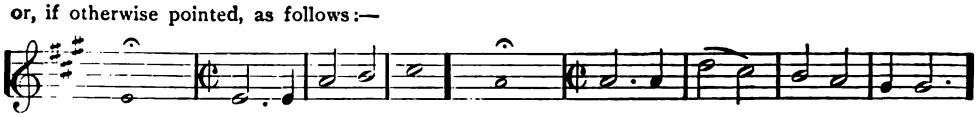
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven, *Hal*lowèd | be · thy | name. ‖ Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be *done* on | earth, · as it | is · in | heaven.
Give us this *day* our | dai · ly | bread. ‖ And forgive us our trespasses as we for*give* |
them · that | tres · pass a | gainst us.
And lead us not into temptation, but de*liv*er | us · from | evil: ‖ For thine is the
kingdom, and the power, and the glory, *for* | ev · er and | ever. · A | MEN.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE RENDERING OF CHANTS.

THE chants in this book are pointed in accordance with the system in general use at the present time. The upright line (|) indicates the beginning of a measure; the double line (‖), the place of a heavy bar; the inverted period (·), the middle point of a measure; the dash (—), the slurring of the previous word to the chord whose place the dash occupies.

The signification of the italics should be carefully noted. Strictly speaking, there are no printed notes for the portion of the chant which precedes the italicized syllable. This portion, which is called the Recitation, is intoned, with such grouping of words and with such pauses as are natural in good reading, upon the pitch of the first note of the chant. Beginning with the italicized syllable, the chant, as printed, begins, and the singers observe with strictness the musical rhythm. If a bar immediately follows the italicized syllable, the length of that syllable should be one full measure; if syllables stand between the italicized syllable and the bar, they are sung as if to quarter-notes in the latter part of the measure.

The first line of the "BONUM EST," on page x, would, then, be sung as follows:—

{It is a good / thing to give} *thanks* | un · to · the | Lord; ‖ {and to sing / praises} *un*-to thy | name — | O · Most | Highest ·

or, if otherwise pointed, as follows:—

{It is a good / thing to give} *thanks* un | to · the | Lord; ‖ {and to sing / praises un} *to* thy | name · — | O · Most | Highest.

Final *ed* is regularly pronounced as a separate syllable, except when preceded by a vowel.

These simple principles apply to all common forms of chant. In heeding the marks of pointing it should, however, be especially noted that the italicized syllable receives no greater stress than that which naturally falls upon it because it accompanies the first note in a measure of music. It would be wrong to treat it always as emphatic.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

Psalm I.

LESSED is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the ungodly, nor
leth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth
ıe seat of the scornful.
ıt his delight is in the law of the Lord;
in his law doth he meditate day and
t.
ıd he shall be like a tree planted by the
s of water, that bringeth forth his fruit
s season; his leaf also shall not wither;
whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
ıe ungodly are not so: but are like the
which the wind driveth away.
ıerefore the ungodly shall not stand in
udgment, nor sinners in the congregation
e righteous.
ır the Lord knoweth the way of the
eous: but the way of the ungodly shall
h.

Psalm III.

)RD, how are they increased that trouble
me! many are they that rise up against

any there be which say of my soul, There
help for him in God.
ıt thou, O Lord, art a shield for
my glory, and the lifter up of mine

:ried unto the Lord with my voice, and
:ard me out of his holy hill.
aid me down and slept; I awaked; for
ORD sustained me.
will not be afraid of ten thousands of
le, that have set themselves against me
l about.

Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God.

Salvation belongeth unto the Lord: thy blessing is upon thy people.

Psalm IV.

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? how long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself: the Lord will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

There be many that say, Who will shew us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

Psalm V.

GIVE ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

Note. — For index to Proper Psalms on Certain Days, see page 386.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM IX.

I WILL praise thee, O LORD, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvel-

lous works.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee: sing praise to thy name, O thou Most H

The LORD shall endure for ever: he prepared his throne for judgment.

And he shall judge the world in right ness, he shall minister judgment to the p in uprightness.

The LORD also will be a refuge fo oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.

And they that know thy name wil their trust in thee: for thou, LORD, ha forsaken them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the LORD, which dwell Zion: declare among the people his do

The LORD is known by the judgment he executeth: the wicked is snared i work of his own hands.

The wicked shall be turned into hell all the nations that forget God.

For the needy shall not always be fo ten: the expectation of the poor shal perish for ever.

Arise, O LORD; let not man prevail the heathen be judged in thy sight.

Put them in fear, O LORD: that the na may know themselves to be but men.

PSALM XI.

IN the LORD put I my trust: how say my soul, Flee as a bird to your moun

For, lo, the wicked bend their bow, make ready their arrow upon the string they may privily shoot at the upright in

If the foundations be destroyed, wha the righteous do?

The LORD is in his holy temple, the L throne is in heaven: his eyes behold eyelids try, the children of men.

The LORD trieth the righteous: bu wicked and him that loveth violenc soul hateth.

Upon the wicked he shall rain snare and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: shall be the portion of their cup.

For the righteous LORD loveth right ness; his countenance doth behold upright.

Psalm XII.

HELP, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

They speak vanity every one with his neighbour: with flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak.

For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.

The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.

Thou shalt keep them, O Lord, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.

Psalm XV.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Psalm XVI.

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Psalm XVII.

HEAR the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings,

From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

Psalm XVIII. (Part I.)

I WILL love thee, O Lord, my strength.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in

whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

The sorrows of hell compassed me about: the snares of death prevented me.

In my distress I called upon the LORD, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.

There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it.

He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet.

And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail stones and coals of fire.

The LORD also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire.

Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.

Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O LORD, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters.

He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me.

He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted *in me.*

PSALM XVIII. (PART II.)

I HAVE kept the ways of the LORD, and have not wickedly departed from my God.

For all his judgments were before me, and I did not put away his statutes from me.

I was also upright before him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright;

With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted people; but wilt bring down high looks.

For thou wilt light my candle: the LORD my God will enlighten my darkness.

For by thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the LORD is tried: he is a buckler to all those that trust in him.

For who is God save the LORD? or who is a rock save our God?

It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.

He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, that my feet did not slip.

Therefore will I give thanks unto thee, O LORD, among the heathen, and sing praises unto thy name.

Great deliverance giveth he to his king; and sheweth mercy to his anointed, to David, and to his seed for evermore.

Psalm XIX.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm XX.

THE Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, Lord: let the king hear us when we call.

Psalm XXII.

MY God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying,

He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

Be not far from me; for trouble is near; for there is none to help.

They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O LORD: O my strength, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth: for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the LORD, praise him; all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; and fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard.

My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation: I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the LORD that seek him: your heart shall live for ever.

All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the LORD: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

For the kingdom is the LORD'S: and he is the governor among the nations.

PSALM XXIII.

THE LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in *the house of the* LORD **for ever.**

PSALM XXIV.

THE earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

PSALM XXV.

UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor

my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

Good and upright is the LORD: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the LORD are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O LORD; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the LORD; therefore I shall not slide.

Examine me, O LORD, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.

I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O LORD:

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

LORD, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men:

In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity: redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place: in the congregations will I bless the LORD.

PSALM XXVII.

THE LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.

Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the LORD will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name; worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the LORD is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the LORD is upon many waters.

The voice of the LORD is powerful; the voice of the LORD is full of majesty.

The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars; yea, the LORD breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire.

The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness; the LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

The voice of the LORD discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.

The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea, the LORD sitteth King for ever.

The LORD will give strength unto his people; the LORD will bless his people with *peace.*

PSALM XXX.

I WILL extol thee, O LORD; for thou lifted me up.

O LORD my God, I cried unto the thou hast healed me.

O LORD, thou hast brought up m from the grave: thou hast kept me that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints and give thanks at the remembrance holiness.

For his anger endureth but a mome his favour is life: weeping may endur night, but joy cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall be moved.

LORD, by thy favour thou hast ma mountain to stand strong: thou dids thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O LORD; and un LORD I made supplication.

What profit is there in my blood, v go down to the pit? Shall the dust thee? shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upo LORD, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mo into dancing: thou hast put off my sac and girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory may sing to thee, and not be silent. O LORD m I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

PSALM XXXI.

IN thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; never be ashamed: deliver me righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me; deliv speedily: be thou my strong rock, house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fo therefore for thy name's sake lead m guide me.

Pull me out of the net that they laid privily for me: for thou art my st

Into thine hand I commit my spirit hast redeemed me, O LORD God of tr

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the LORD: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

O love the LORD, all ye his saints: for the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the LORD.

PSALM XXXII.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

PSALM XXXIII.

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the LORD is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The LORD looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of a host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

I WILL bless the LORD at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the LORD: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the LORD.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips *from speaking guile.*

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the LORD is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the LORD delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

PSALM XXXVI.

THE transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

For he flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, and to do good.

He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

Thy mercy, O LORD, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.

How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

with thee is the fountain of life: in
ıt shall we see light.
ıntinue thy lovingkindness unto them
ıow thee; and thy righteousness to
right in heart.
not the foot of pride come against
ıd let not the hand of the wicked
: me.

PSALM XXXVII. (PART I.)

T not thyself because of evil doers,
ıeither be thou envious against the
s of iniquity.
they shall soon be cut down like the
ınd wither as the green herb.
t in the LORD, and do good; so shalt
well in the land, and verily thou shalt

ght thyself also in the LORD; and he
ive thee the desires of thine heart.
ımit thy way unto the LORD; trust also
; and he shall bring it to pass.
he shall bring forth thy righteous-
s the light, and thy judgment as the
ıy.
: in the LORD, and wait patiently for
fret not thyself because of him who
reth in his way, because of the man
ringeth wicked devices to pass.
se from anger, and forsake wrath: fret
yself in any wise to do evil.
evil doers shall be cut off: but those
ait upon the LORD, they shall inherit
rth.
yet a little while, and the wicked shall
: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his
and it shall not be.
the meek shall inherit the earth; and
elight themselves in the abundance of

: wicked plotteth against the just, and
:th upon him with his teeth.
: wicked have drawn out the sword,
ave bent their bow, to cast down the
ınd needy, and to slay such as be of
t conversation.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

The LORD knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

PSALM XXXVII. (PART II.)

THE steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

The LORD will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the LORD, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

PSALM XXXVIII.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.

There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.

For mine iniquities are gone over mine head: as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long.

For my loins are filled with a loathsome disease: and there is no soundness in my flesh.

I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.

Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.

My heart panteth, my strength faileth me: as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.

My lovers and my friends stand aloof; and my kinsmen stand afar off.

They also that seek after my life lay snares for me; and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long.

But I, as a deaf man, heard not; and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his *mouth.*

Thus I was as a man that heareth not, in whose mouth are no reproofs.

For in thee, O LORD, do I hope: t wilt hear, O Lord my God.

For I said, Hear me, lest otherwise should rejoice over me: when my foot peth, they magnify themselves against m

For I am ready to halt, and my sorro continually before me.

For I will declare mine iniquity; I be sorry for my sin.

Forsake me not, O LORD: O my God not far from me.

Make haste to help me, O Lord salvation.

PSALM XXXIX.

I SAID, I will take heed to my ways, th sin not with my tongue: I will keep mouth with a bridle, while the wicke before me.

I was dumb with silence, I held my pe even from good; and my sorrow was stir

My heart was hot within me; while I musing the fire burned: then spake I my tongue,

LORD, make me to know mine end, the measure of my days, what it is; th may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days handbreadth; and mine age is as not before thee: verily every man at his state is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain sh surely they are disquieted in vain: he h eth up riches, and knoweth not who gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my h is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressi make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mou because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me: I consumed by the blow of thine hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to

sume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

PSALM XL.

I WAITED patiently for the LORD; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.

Blessed is that man that maketh the LORD his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O LORD my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me,

I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O LORD, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD: let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me: O LORD, make haste to help me.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

PSALM XLII.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm XLV.

MY heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.

And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.

Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women: upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;

So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people *shall entreat thy favour.*

The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.

She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework: the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the King's palace.

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations: therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

Psalm XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Psalm XLVIII.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

Fear took hold upon them there, and pain.

Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it for ever.

We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

Psalm XLIX.

HEAR this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world:

Both low and high, rich and poor, together.

My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches;

None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him:

Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names.

Nevertheless man being in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish.

This their way is their folly: yet their posterity approve their sayings.

Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased;

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

Psalm LI.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Psalm LV.

GIVE ear to my prayer, O God; and hide not thyself from my supplication.

Attend unto me, and hear me: I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise;

Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked: for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me.

My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness.

I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.

For it was not an enemy that reproached *me; then I* could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him:

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company.

As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.

He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me: for there were many with me.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Psalm LVII.

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me.

He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

My soul is among lions: and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let thy glory be above all the earth.

They have prepared a net for my steps; my soul is bowed down: they have digged a pit before me, into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise.

Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early.

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the

ɔle: I will sing unto thee among the ɔns.
ɔr thy mercy is great unto the heavens, thy truth unto the clouds.
e thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: hy glory be above all the earth.

Psalm LXI.

EAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.
ɔm the end of the earth will I cry unto , when my heart is overwhelmed: lead to the rock that is higher than I.
ɔr thou hast been a shelter for me, and ong tower from the enemy.
will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I trust in the covert of thy wings.
ɔr thou, O God, hast heard my vows: hast given me the heritage of those that thy name.
ɔou wilt prolong the king's life: and his s as many generations.
e shall abide before God for ever: O are mercy and truth, which may preserve

will I sing praise unto thy name for that I may daily perform my vows.

Psalm LXII.

TULY my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.
e only is my rock and my salvation; s my defence; I shall not be greatly d.
ɔw long will ye imagine mischief against n? ye shall be slain all of you: as a ng wall shall ye be, and as a tottering e.
ɔey only consult to cast him down from excellency: they delight in lies: they with their mouth, but they curse rdly.
y soul, wait thou only upon God; for xpectation is from him.
e only is my rock and my salvation: he r defence; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

Psalms LXIII. and LXIV.

O GOD, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory.

Psalm LXV.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Psalm LXVI.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.

Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows,

Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams: I will offer bullocks with goats.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me:

erily God hath heard me; he hath
l to the voice of my prayer.
ed be God, which hath not turned
r prayer, nor his mercy from me.

Psalm LXVII.

be merciful unto us, and bless us;
nd cause his face to shine upon us;
thy way may be known upon earth,
ıg health among all nations.
be people praise thee, O God; let
›eople praise thee.
the nations be glad and sing for joy:
shalt judge the people righteously,
ern the nations upon earth.
ıe people praise thee, O God; let all
›le praise thee.
shall the earth yield her increase;
l, even our own God, shall bless us.
ıhall bless us; and all the ends of
ı shall fear him.

Psalm LXVIII.

God arise, let his enemies be scat-
red: let them also that hate him
re him.
ıoke is driven away, so drive them
s wax melteth before the fire, so let
ed perish at the presence of God.
:t the righteous be glad; let them
›efore God: yea, let them exceed-
›ice.
nto God, sing praises to his name:
n that rideth upon the heavens by
JAH, and rejoice before him.
er of the fatherless, and a judge of
ws, is God in his holy habitation.
etteth the solitary in families: he
out those which are bound with
but the rebellious dwell in a dry

l, when thou wentest forth before
e, when thou didst march through
mess;
rth shook, the heavens also dropped
sence of God: even Sinai itself was
moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

Thy congregation hath dwelt therein: thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it.

Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.

Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth; O sing praises unto the Lord;

To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places: the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.

Psalm LXXI.

IN thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion.

Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me.

Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort: thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

For thou art my hope, O Lord GOD: thou art my trust from my youth.

Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honour all the day.

Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

For mine enemies speak against me; and they that lay wait for my soul take counsel together,

Saying, God hath forsaken him: persecute and take him; for there is none to deliver him.

O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help.

I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.

My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; for I know not the numbers thereof.

I will go in the strength of the Lord GOD: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Now also when I am old and greyheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things: O God, who is like unto thee!

Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.

Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

I will also praise thee with the psaltery, *even thy truth, O my God:* unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy Or Israel.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when I unto thee; and my soul, which thou redeemed.

My tongue also shall talk of thy right ness all the day long: for they are founded, for they are brought unto sh that seek my hurt.

PSALM LXXII.

GIVE the king thy judgments, O God thy righteousness unto the king's

He shall judge thy people with right ness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace t people, and the little hills, by righteous

He shall judge the poor of the peopl shall save the children of the needy, shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sur moon endure, throughout all generation

He shall come down like rain upor mown grass: as showers that water the

In his days shall the righteous flou and abundance of peace so long as the endureth.

He shall have dominion also from s sea, and from the river unto the ends o earth.

The kings of Tarshish and of the shall bring presents: the kings of Sheb Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy whe crieth; the poor also, and him that ha helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from d and violence: and precious shall their b be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him sha given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also be made for him continually; and daily he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

PSALM LXXVII.

I CRIED unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my sore ran in the night, and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted.

I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed.

Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak.

I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.

I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search.

Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore?

Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

I will remember the works of the LORD: surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God?

Thou art the God that doest wonders: thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

PSALM LXXIX.

O GOD, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps.

The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth.

Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them.

We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

How long, LORD? wilt thou be angry for ever? shall thy jealousy burn like fire?

Pour out thy wrath upon the heathen that have not known thee, and upon the kingdoms that have not called upon thy name.

For they have devoured Jacob, and laid waste his dwellingplace.

O remember not against us former iniquities: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us; for we are brought very low.

Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name: and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God? let him be known among the heathen in our sight by the revenging of the blood of thy servants which is shed.

Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die;

And render unto our neighbours sevenfold into their bosom their reproach, wherewith they have reproached thee, O Lord.

So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture will give thee thanks for ever: we will shew forth thy praise to all generations.

Psalm LXXX.

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours: and our enemies laugh among themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.

Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the *way do pluck her?*

The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine;

And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

It is burned with fire, it is cut down: they perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

So will not we go back from thee: quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Psalm LXXXI.

SING aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.

For this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob.

This he ordained in Joseph for a testimony, when he went out through the land of Egypt: where I heard a language that I understood not.

I removed his shoulder from the burden: his hands were delivered from the pots.

Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee; I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.

Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee: O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me;

There shall no strange god be in thee; neither shalt thou worship any strange god.

I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me.

So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust: and they walked in their own counsels.

Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways!

I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries.

The haters of the LORD should have submitted themselves unto him: but their time should have endured for ever.

He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat: and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.

PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, thou hast been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O LORD, and grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the LORD will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the LORD shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

PSALM LXXXVI.

BOW down thine ear, O LORD, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

Give ear, O LORD, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, LORD, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

PSALM XC.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O LORD, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

PSALM XCI.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the

snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

PSALM XCII.

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, LORD, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O LORD, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

But thou, LORD, art most high for evermore.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the LORD shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

To shew that the LORD is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

PSALM XCIV.

O LORD God, to whom vengeance belongeth; O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, shew thyself.

Lift up thyself, thou Judge of the earth: render a reward to the proud.

LORD, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?

How long shall they utter and speak hard things? and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?

They break in pieces thy people, O LORD, and afflict thine heritage.

They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless.

Yet they say, The LORD shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it.

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?

He that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he correct? he that teacheth man knowledge, shall he not know?

The LORD knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O LORD, and teachest him out of thy law;

That thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity,

For the LORD will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance.

But judgment shall return unto righteousness: and all the upright in heart shall follow it.

Who will rise up for me against the evil doers? or who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?

Unless the LORD had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence.

When I said, My foot slippeth; thy mercy, O LORD, held me up.

In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul.

The LORD is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing unto the LORD: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

PSALM XCVI.

O SING unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the earth.

Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the LORD made the heavens.

Honour and majesty are before him: *strength and beauty* are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

Before the LORD: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

PSALM XCVII.

THE LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O LORD.

For thou, LORD, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the LORD, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

O SING unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The LORD hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the LORD with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the LORD, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

Before the LORD; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

PSALM XCIX.

THE LORD reigneth; let the people tremble: he sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

The LORD is great in Zion; and he is high above all the people.

Let them praise thy great and terrible name; for it is holy.

The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity, thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

Exalt ye the LORD our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name; they called upon the LORD, and he answered them.

He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar: they kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.

Thou answeredst them, O LORD our God: thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.

Exalt the LORD our God, and worship at his holy hill; for the LORD our God is holy.

PSALMS C AND XCIII.

THE LORD reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the LORD is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O LORD, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O LORD, for ever.

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.

Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the LORD is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

Psalm CII.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.

Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call answer me speedily.

For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as a hearth.

Mine enemies reproach me all the day; and they that are mad against me are sworn against me.

For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping,

Because of thine indignation and thy wrath: for thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.

My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever; and thy remembrance unto all generations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come.

For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.

So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory.

When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.

For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth;

To hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death;

To declare the name of the Lord in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem;

When the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms, to serve the Lord.

He weakened my strength in the way; he *shortened my days.*

I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are throughout all generations.

Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.

Psalm CIII.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the LORD, O my soul.

PSALM CIV.

BLESS the LORD, O my soul. O LORD my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the LORD are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.

O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou

openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the LORD shall endure for ever: the LORD shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the LORD.

Bless thou the LORD, O my soul. Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CVII. (PART I.)

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the LORD say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow *of death, being bound in affliction* and iron;

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

PSALM CVII. (PART II.)

OH that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground;

A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation;

And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice: and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the LORD.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the LORD. I will praise the LORD with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the LORD is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment; all his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever.

PSALM CXII.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the LORD.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever; his horn shall be exalted with honour.

The wicked shall see it, and be grieved; he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away: the desire of the wicked shall perish.

PSALM CXIII.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise, O ye servants of the LORD, praise the name of the LORD.

Blessed be the name of the LORD from this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the LORD's name is to be praised.

The LORD is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the LORD our God, who dwelleth on high,

Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill;

That he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language;

Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.

The sea saw it, and fled: Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.

What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob;

Which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters.

PSALM CXV.

NOT unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?

But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not: *eyes have they,* but they see not:

They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the LORD: he is their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust in the LORD: he is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the LORD, trust in the LORD: he is their help and their shield.

The LORD hath been mindful of us: he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the LORD, both small and great.

The LORD shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

Ye are blessed of the LORD which made heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the LORD's: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

PSALMS CXVI AND CXVII.

I LOVE the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:

I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the LORD for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people,

In the courts of the LORD'S house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.

O praise the LORD, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the LORD endureth for ever. Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CXVIII.

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the LORD say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

I called upon the LORD in distress: the LORD answered me, and set me in a large place.

The LORD is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

The LORD taketh my part with them that help me: therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in princes.

All nations compassed me about: but in the name of the LORD will I destroy them.

They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about: but in the name of the LORD I will destroy them.

They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns: for in the name of the LORD I will destroy them.

Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall: but the LORD helped me.

The LORD is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous: the right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the LORD is exalted: the right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the LORD.

The LORD hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:

This gate of the LORD, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the LORD'S doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O LORD: O LORD, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of

the LORD: we have blessed you out of the house of the LORD.

God is the LORD, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

PSALM CXIX. (PART I.)

BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the LORD.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O LORD: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I *will not forget thy word.*

PSALM CXIX. (PART II.)

TEACH me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way.

Stablish thy word unto thy servant, who is devoted to thy fear.

Turn away my reproach which I fear: for thy judgments are good.

Behold, I have longed after thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness.

Let thy mercies come also unto me, O LORD, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word.

And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth; for I have hoped in thy judgments.

So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.

And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.

My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

PSALM CXIX. (PART III.)

THOU hast dealt well with thy servant, O LORD, according unto thy word.

Teach me good judgment and knowledge: for I have believed thy commandments.

Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept thy word.

Thou art good, and doest good: teach me thy statutes.

The proud have forged a lie against me: but I will keep thy precepts with my whole heart.

Their heart is as fat as grease: but I delight in thy law.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments.

They that fear thee will be glad when they see me; because I have hoped in thy word.

I know, O LORD, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.

Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to thy word unto thy servant.

Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live: for thy law is my delight.

Let the proud be ashamed; for they dealt perversely with me without a cause: but I will meditate in thy precepts.

Let those that fear thee turn unto me, and those that have known thy testimonies.

Let my heart be sound in thy statutes; that I be not ashamed.

PSALM CXIX. (PART IV.)

O HOW love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with me.

I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation.

I understand more than the ancients, because I keep thy precepts.

I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word.

I have not departed from thy judgments: for thou hast taught me.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.

Through thy precepts I get understanding: therefore I hate every false way.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O LORD, according unto thy word.

Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O LORD, and teach me thy judgments.

My soul is continually in my hand: yet do I not forget thy law.

The wicked have laid a snare for me: yet I erred not from thy precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end.

PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Psalm CXXII.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Psalms CXXIII and CXXIV.

UNTO thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say;

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us:

Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Psalms CXXV and CXXVI.

THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Psalms CXXX and CXXXI.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

LORD, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.

Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.

Let Israel hope in the LORD from henceforth and for ever.

PSALMS CXXXIII AND CXXXIV.

BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments;

As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the LORD commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the LORD, which by night stand in the house of the LORD.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the LORD.

The LORD that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.

PSALM CXXXV.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the name of the LORD; praise him, O ye servants of the LORD.

Ye that stand in the house of the LORD, in the courts of the house of our God,

Praise the LORD; for the LORD is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

For the LORD hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his peculiar treasure.

For I know that the LORD is great, and that our LORD is above all gods.

Whatsoever the LORD pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places.

He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings for the rain; he bringeth the wind out of his treasuries.

Who smote the firstborn of Egypt, both of man and beast.

Who sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egypt, upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants.

Who smote great nations, and slew mighty kings;

Sihon king of the Amorites, and Og king of Bashan, and all the kingdoms of Canaan:

And gave their land for a heritage, a heritage unto Israel his people.

Thy name, O LORD, endureth for ever; and thy memorial, O LORD, throughout all generations.

For the LORD will judge his people, and he will repent himself concerning his servants.

The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not;

They have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths.

They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them.

Bless the LORD, O house of Israel: bless the LORD, O house of Aaron:

Bless the LORD, O house of Levi: ye that fear the LORD, bless the LORD.

Blessed be the LORD out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.

Psalm CXXXVI.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth forever.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that smote Egypt in their firstborn: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And brought out Israel from among them: for his mercy endureth for ever:

With a strong hand, and with a stretched out arm: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which divided the Red sea into parts: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And made Israel to pass through the midst of it: for his mercy endureth for ever:

But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which led his people through the wilderness: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which smote great kings: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And slew famous kings: for his mercy endureth for ever:

Sihon king of the Amorites: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And Og the king of Bashan: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And gave their land for a heritage: for his mercy endureth for ever:

Even a heritage unto Israel his servant: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in our low estate: *for his mercy endureth for ever:*

And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Psalms CXXXVII and CXXXVIII.

BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

I will praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The LORD will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR my prayer, O LORD, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead.

Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate.

I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

Hear me speedily, O LORD; my spirit faileth: hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.

Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

Deliver me, O LORD, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

Quicken me, O LORD, for thy name's sake: for thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

PSALM CXLV.

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The LORD is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The LORD is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The LORD upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The LORD is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The LORD preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD: and let all flesh bless his holy name *for ever and ever.*

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise the LORD, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the LORD: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the LORD his God:

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:

Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry. The LORD looseth the prisoners:

The LORD openeth the eyes of the blind: the LORD raiseth them that are bowed down: the LORD loveth the righteous:

The LORD preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The LORD shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the LORD: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

The LORD doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

The LORD lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the LORD: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the LORD from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the LORD: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CL.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

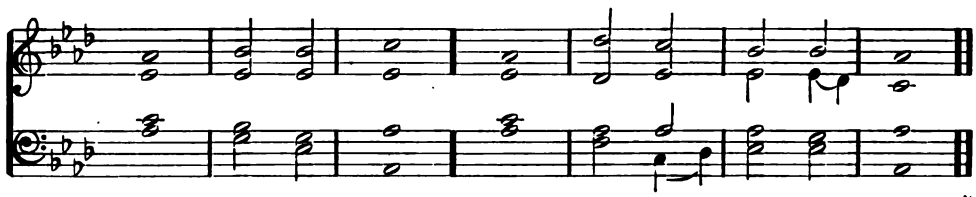
Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the LORD. Praise ye the LORD.

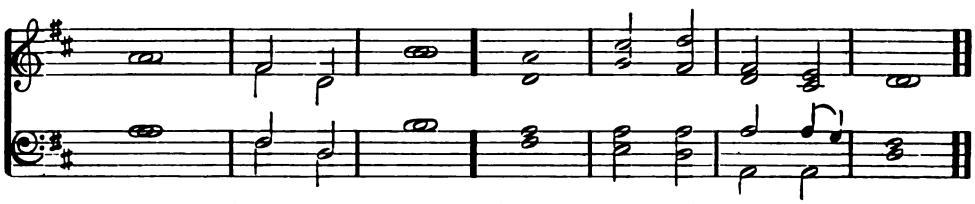
CHANTS.

I. O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD. (*Jubilate Deo.*)

O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all · ye | lands; ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, and come be*fore* his | pres · ence | with · a | song.

Be ye sure that the *Lord* | he · is | God; ‖ it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people *and* the | sheep · of | his · — | pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and *in*to his | courts · with | praise; ‖ be thankful unto *him* and | speak · good | of · his | name.

For the Lord is gracious, his *mer*cy is | ev · er | lasting; ‖ and his truth endureth from *gen*er | ation · to | gen · er | ation. GLORIA PATRI.

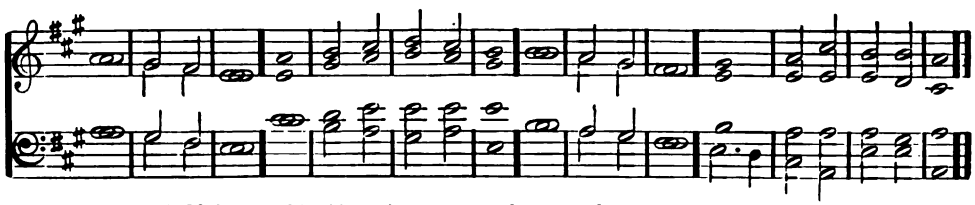
II. MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD. (*Jubilate Deo.*)

MAKE a joyful *noise* | unto · the | Lord, ‖ *all* | — · — | ye · — | lands;

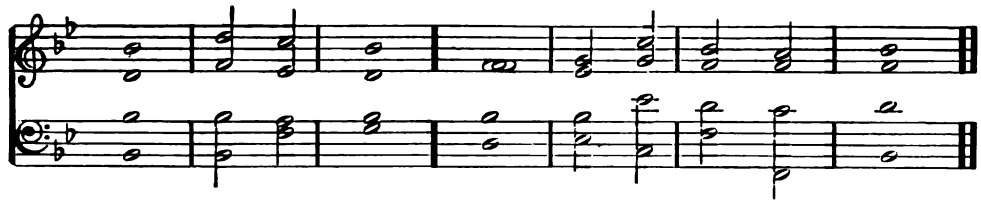
Serve the | Lord · with | gladness; ‖ come be*fore* his | pres · ence | with · — | singing.

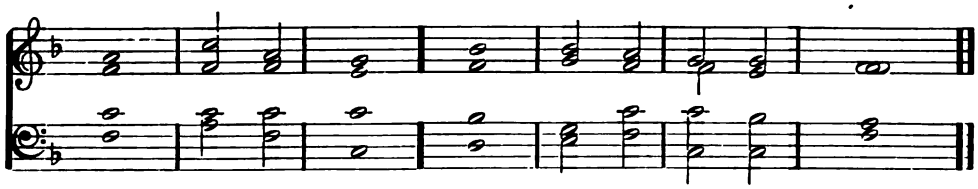
Know ye that the *Lord* | he · is | God; ‖ it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are his people, *and* the | sheep · of | his · — | pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and *in*to his | courts · with | praise: ‖ be thankful *un*to | him · and | bless · his | name.

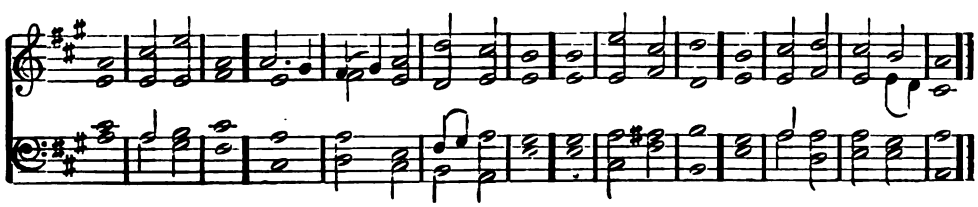
*For the Lord is good: his *mer*cy is | ev · er | lasting, ‖ and his *truth* en | dureth · to | all · gener | ations. GLORIA PATRI.

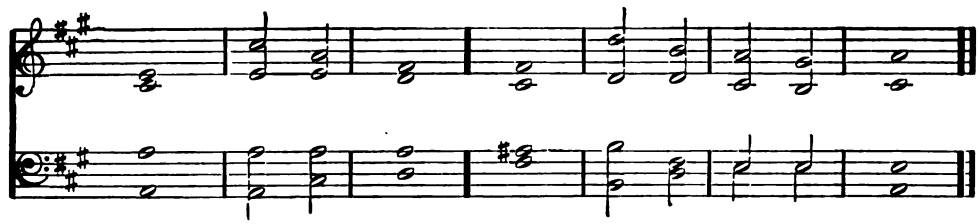
III. DOUBLE CHANT.

* *If the Double Chant is sung,* **use the second part for this sentence.**

IV. O SING UNTO THE LORD. (*Cantate Domino.*)

O SING unto the *Lord* a | new · — | song; ‖ for *he* hath | done · — | mar · vellous | things.
With his own right hand, and *with* his | ho · ly | arm ‖ *hath* he | gotten · him | self · the | victory.
The Lord de*clare*d | his · sal | vation; ‖ his righteousness hath he openly *show*ed in the | sight · — | of · the | heathen.
He hath remembered his mercy and truth *to*ward the | house · of | Israel; ‖ and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal | va · tion | of · our | God.
Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord*, | all · ye | lands; ‖ *sing*, re | joice, · — | and · give | thanks.
Praise the *Lord* up | on · the | harp; ‖ sing to the *harp* with a | psalm · *of* | thanks · — | giving,
With *trum*pets | also · and | shawms: ‖ O show yourselves *joy*ful be | fore · the | Lord, · the | King.
Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there · in | is; ‖ the round *world*, and | they · that | dwell · there | in.
Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful to*geth*er be | fore · the | Lord; ‖ *for* he | cometh · to | judge · the | earth.
With righteousness *shall* he | judge · the | world ‖ *and* the | peo · ple | with · — | equity.
GLORIA PATRI.

V. SING, O HEAVENS.

SING, O heavens, and be *joy*ful, | O · — | earth, ‖ and break *forth* into | sing · ing, | O · — | mountains;
For the *Lord* hath | comfort · ed his | people, ‖ and will have *mer*cy up | on · his af | flict · — | ed.
For the Lord shall comfort Zion, he will comfort *all* her | waste · — | places: ‖ and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert *like* the | gar · den | of · the | Lord.
Joy and gladness *shall* be | found · there | in, ‖ thanks*giv*ing | and · the | voice · of | melody. GLORIA PATRI.

VI. DOUBLE CHANT.



VII. O COME, LET US SING. (*Venite.*)

O COME let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord; ‖ let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength · of | our · sal | vation.

Let us come before his *pres*ence with | thanks · — | giving, ‖ and *show* ourselves | glad · in | him · with | psalms.

For the *Lord* is a | great · — | God ‖ and a *great* | King · a | bove · all | gods:

In his hand are all the *cor*ners | of · the | earth, ‖ and the *strength* of the | hills · is | his · — | also.

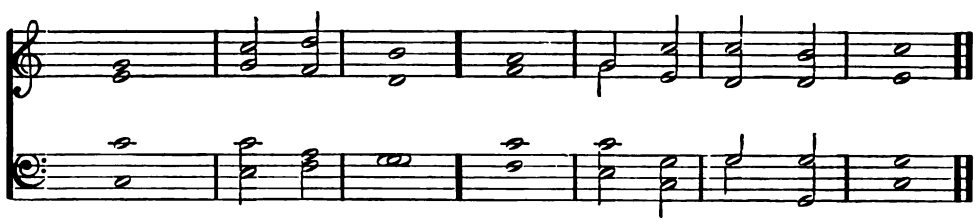
*The *sea* is his, | and · he | made it; ‖ and his *hands* pre | pared · the | dry · — | land.

O come let us *wor*ship and | fall · — | down ‖ and *kneel* be | fore · the | Lord · our | Maker:

For *he* is the | Lord · our | God, ‖ and we are the people of his pasture, *and* the | sheep · of | his · — | hand.

O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness; ‖ let the whole *earth* | stand · in | awe · of | him:

For he cometh, for he *com*eth to | judge · the | earth, ‖ and with righteousness to judge the *world*, and the | peo · ple | with · his | truth. GLORIA PATRI.

VIII. PRAISE YE THE LORD. (*Laudate Dominum.*)

PRAISE | ye · the | Lord: ‖ Praise God in his sanctuary; *praise* him in the | firma · ment | of · his | power.

Praise him for his | might · y | acts: ‖ praise him ac*cord*ing | to · his | excel · lent | greatness.

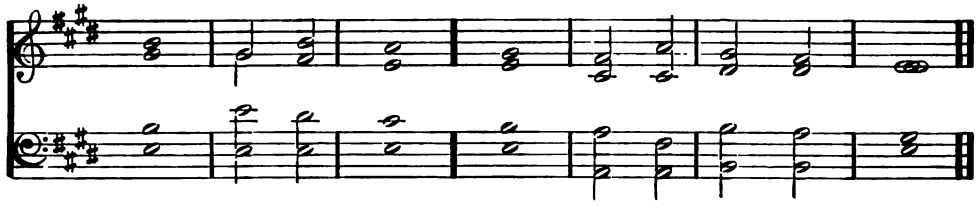
Praise him with the | sound · of the | trumpet: ‖ *praise* him with the | psal · ter | y · and | harp.

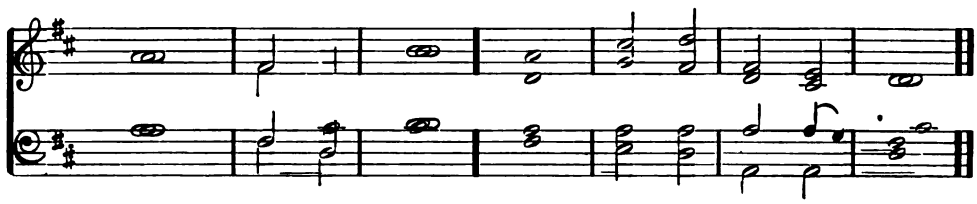
Praise him with the | timbrel · and | dance: ‖ praise him with *string*ed | in · stru | ments · and | organs.

Praise him upon the | loud · — | cymbals: ‖ *praise* him upon the | high · — | sound · ing | cymbals.

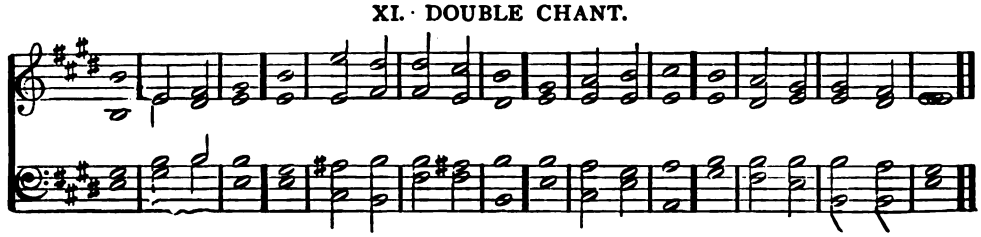
Let everything that hath *breath* | praise · the | Lord. ‖ *Praise* | ye · — | the · — | Lord. GLORIA PATRI.

* *If the Double Chant is sung, use the second part for this sentence.*

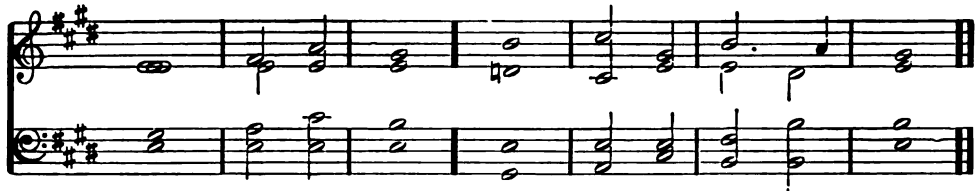
IX. PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL. (*Benedic Anima Mea.*)

PRAISE the *Lord*, | O · my | soul ; ‖ and all that is with*in* me, | praise · his | ho · ly | Name.
Praise the *Lord*, | O · my | soul, ‖ *and* for | get · not | all · his | benefits :
Who for*give*th | all · thy | sins, ‖ and *heal*eth | all · — | thine · in | firmities ;
Who saveth thy *life* | from · de | struction, ‖ and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | lov · ing | kindness.
O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, *ye* that ex | cel · in | strength, ‖ ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken *un*to the | voice · — | of · his | word.
O praise the *Lord*, all | ye · his | hosts, ‖ ye *ser*vants of | his · that | do · his | pleasure.
*O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all *place*s of | his · do | minion ; ‖ praise *thou* the | Lord, · — | O · my | soul. GLORIA PATRI.

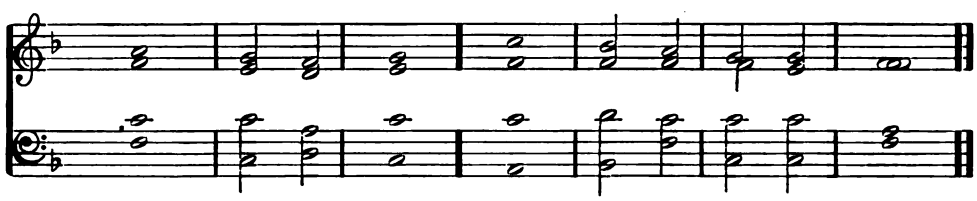
X. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES. (*Levavi Oculos.*)

I WILL lift up mine *eyes* | unto · the | hills, ‖ from *whence* | com · eth | my · — | help.
My help *come*th | from · the | Lord, ‖ *which* | made · — | heaven · and | earth.
He will not *suf*fer thy | foot · to be | moved : ‖ *he* that | keepeth · thee | will · not | slumber.
Behold *he* that | keep · eth | Israel ‖ *shall* | nei · ther | slumber · nor | sleep.
The *Lord* | is · thy | keeper : ‖ the Lord is thy *shade* up | on · thy | right · — | hand.
The sun shall not *smite* | thee · by | day, ‖ *nor* the | moon · — | by · — | night.
The Lord shall preserve *thee* | from · all | evil : ‖ *he* | shall · pre | serve · thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going *out* and thy | com · ing | in, ‖ from this time *forth*, and | even · for | ev · er | more. GLORIA PATRI.

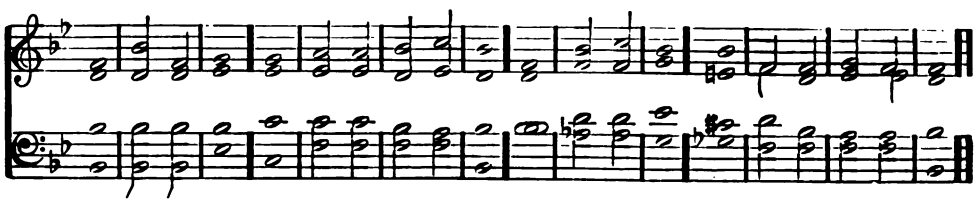
XI. DOUBLE CHANT.

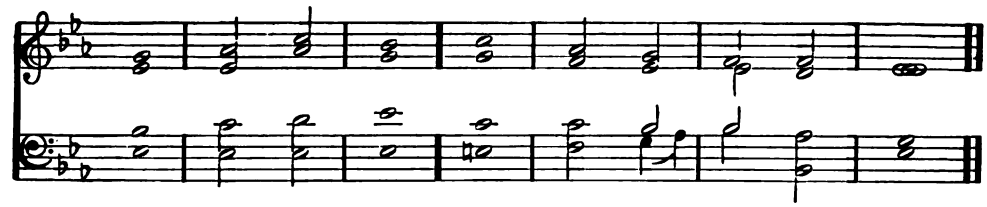


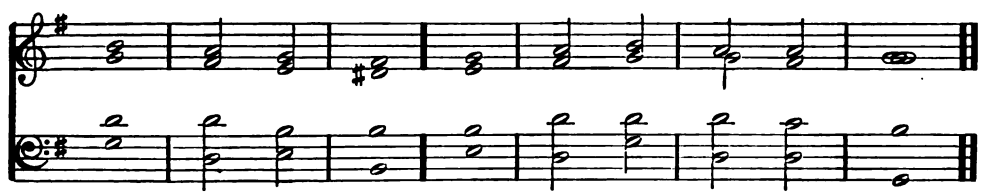
* See note on opposite page.

XII. BLESSED BE THOU.

BLESSED be thou, Lord God of *Is*rael | our · — | Father, ‖ *for* | ev · er | and · — | ever.
Thine, O Lord, is the *great*ness, | and · the | power, ‖ and the *glo*ry, and the | victo · ry, | and · the | majesty:
For *all* that is | in · the | heaven ‖ *and* | in · the | earth · is | thine;
Thine is the *king*dom, | O · — | Lord, ‖ and thou art ex*alt*ed as | head · a | bove · — | all.
Both riches and *hon*our | come · of | thee, ‖ and *thou* | reign · est | o · ver | all;
And in thine *hand* is | power · and | might; ‖ and in thine hand it is to make great, and to *give* | strength · — | un · to | all.
*Now therefore, our *God*, we | thank · — | thee, ‖ *and* | praise · thy | glo · rious | name.
GLORIA PATRI.

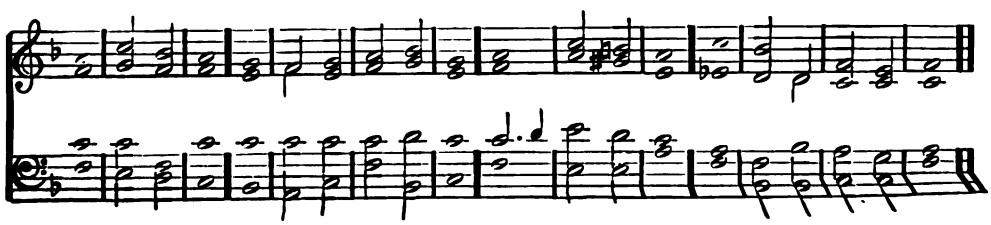
XIII. COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my *peo*ple, | saith · your | God. ‖ *Speak* ye | comfort · ably | to · Je | rusalem,
And cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her in*iq*uity is | par · — | doned; ‖ for she hath received of the Lord's *hand* | double · for | all · her | sins.
The voice of him that *cri*eth in the | wil · der | ness, ‖ Pre*pare* ye the | way · — | of · the | Lord,
Make | straight · in the | desert ‖ *a* | high · way | for · our | God.
Every valley shall *be* ex | alt · — | ed, ‖ and every mountain and *hill* | shall · be | made · — | low:
And the *crook*ed shall be | made · — | straight, ‖ *and* the | rough · — | pla · ces | plain.
*And the glory of the *Lord* shall | be · re | vealed, ‖ and all *flesh* | shall · — | see it · to | gether. GLORIA PATRI.

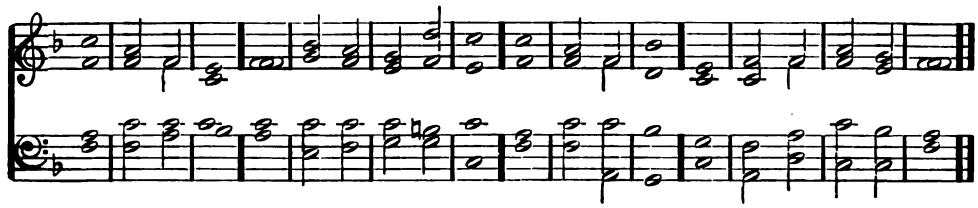
XIV. DOUBLE CHANT.

* *If the Double Chant* be sung, use the second part for this sentence.

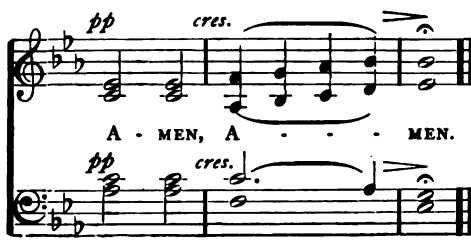
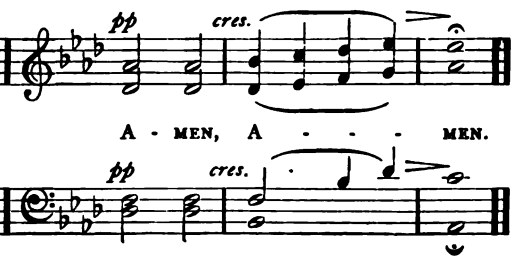
XV. LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

LET your light so *shine* be | fore · — | men ‖ that they may see your good works and glori*fy* your | Father · which | is · in | heaven.
Lay not up for yourselves *treas*ures up | on · — | earth, ‖ where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where *thieves* | break · — | through · and | steal;
But lay up for your*selves* | treasures · in | heaven, ‖ where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where *thieves* do not | break · — | through · nor | steal.
Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even *so* | do · unto | them: ‖ for *this* is the | law · — | and · the | prophets.
Not every man that saith unto *me*, | Lord, · — | Lord, ‖ shall enter *in*to the | king · dom | of · — | heaven;
But *he* that | doeth · the | will ‖ *of* my | Father · which | is · in | heaven. GLORIA PATRI.

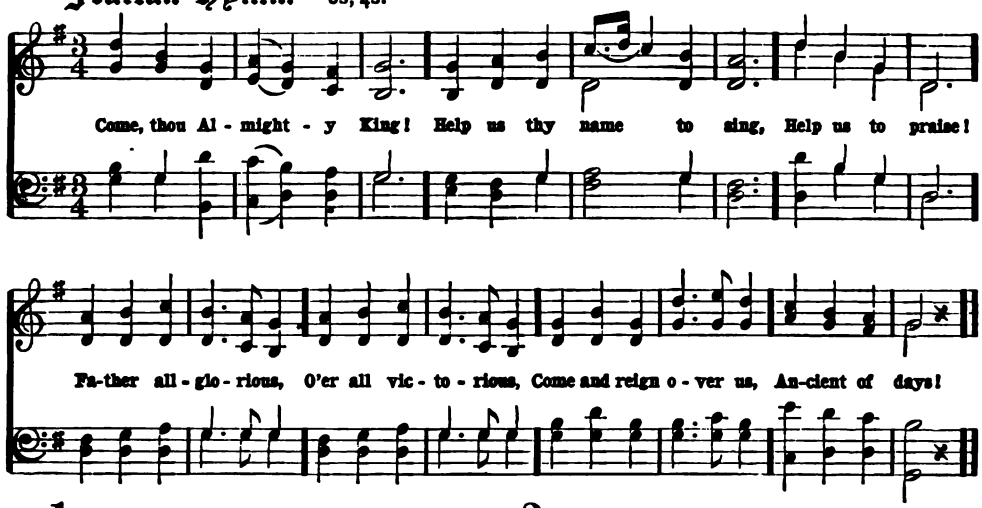
XVI. THE BEATITUDES.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for *theirs* is the | kingdom · of | heaven. ‖
Blessed are they that mourn: for *they* | shall · — | be · — | comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for *they* shall in | herit · the | earth. ‖
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for *they* | shall · — | be · — | filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for *they* shall ob | tain · — | mercy. ‖
Blessed are the pure in heart: for *they* | shall · — | see · — | God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be *called* the | children · of | God. ‖
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for *theirs* | is · the | kingdom · of | heaven. AMEN.

XVII. DOUBLE CHANT.



XVIII. HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

How *beau*tiful up | on · the | mountains ‖ are the feet of him that bringeth good *ti*dings, that | pub · lish | eth · — | peace, ‖
That bringeth good tidings of good, that *pub*lisheth | sal · — | vation, ‖ that saith unto *Zi*on, | thy · — | God · — | reigneth!
Thy watchmen shall *lift* | up · the | voice, ‖ with the *voice* to | geth · er | shall · they | sing; ‖
For they shall *see*, | eye · to | eye, ‖ when the *Lord* shall | bring · a | gain · — | Zion.
Break *forth* | in · to | joy, ‖ sing together, ye waste *pla*ces | of · Je | ru · sa | lem: ‖
For the Lord hath *com*forted | his · — | people, ‖ he *hath* re | deemed · Je | ru · sa | lem.
The Lord hath made *bare* his | ho · ly | arm ‖ *in* the | eyes · of | all · the | nations; ‖
And *all* the | ends · of the | earth ‖ shall *see* the sal | va · tion | of · our | God. GLORIA PATRI.

XIX. AMEN.

XX. THE DRESDEN AMEN.

Church Harmonies.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

Come, thou Al - might - y King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
Fa-ther all - glo - rious, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!

1.

1 COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

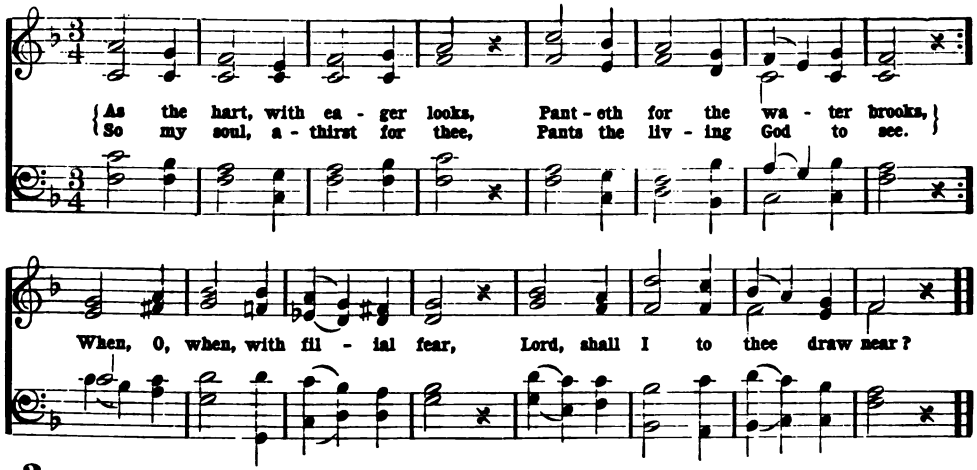
3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart
Hence evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

2.

1 WORD, whose creative thrill
Wakes in all nature still
Life, light, and bloom!
Come with resistless ray,
Chase all our clouds away,
And with thy heavenly day
All souls illume!

2 Spirit in whom we live,
Thou who dost yearn to give
All hearts thy rest!
When earthly joys take flight,
Cheer thou the earthly night,
And in the morning light
Still be our guest!

3 And when th' eternal morn,
From death's deep night shades born,
Our eyes shall see,
Father, thy word, thy breath,
Thy Christ who conquereth
Sorrow and sin and death,
Our trust shall be!

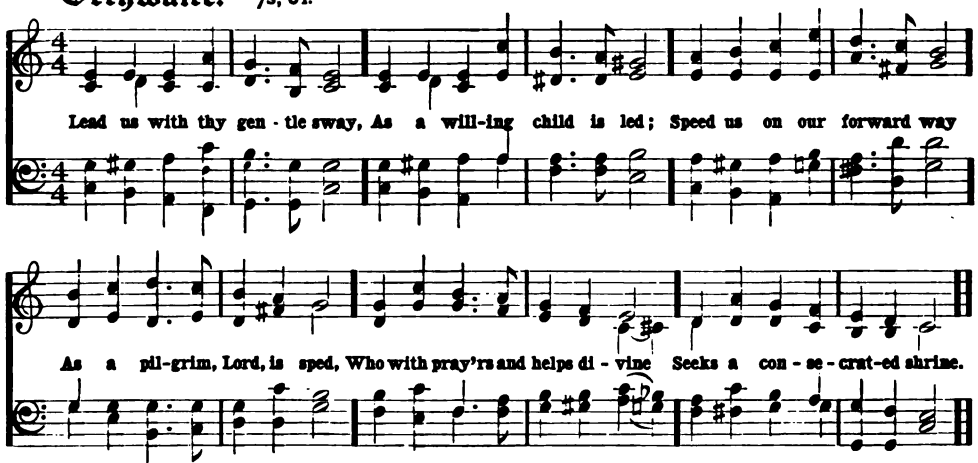
Hawes. 7s, 61.

As the hart, with ea - ger looks, Pant - eth for the wa - ter brooks,
So my soul, a - thirst for thee, Pants the liv - ing God to see.
When, O, when, with fil - ial fear, Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

3.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see.
When, O, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole.
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

Orthwaite. 7s, 61.


Lead us with thy gen - tle sway, As a will-ing child is led; Speed us on our forward way
As a pil-grim, Lord, is sped, Who with pray'rs and helps di - vine Seeks a con - se - crat-ed shrine.

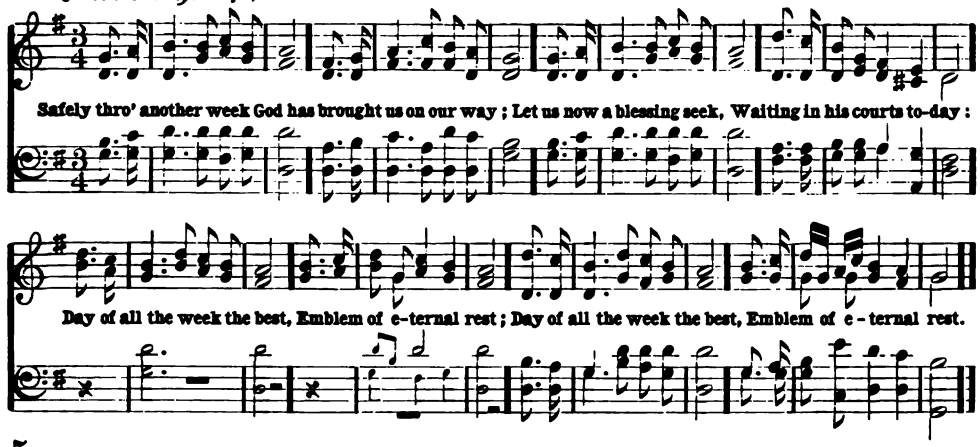
4.

1 LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourne
Is the haven of the soul;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

3 Lead us thither! thou dost know
All the way; but, wanderers, we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee:
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

Sabbath. 7s, 61.

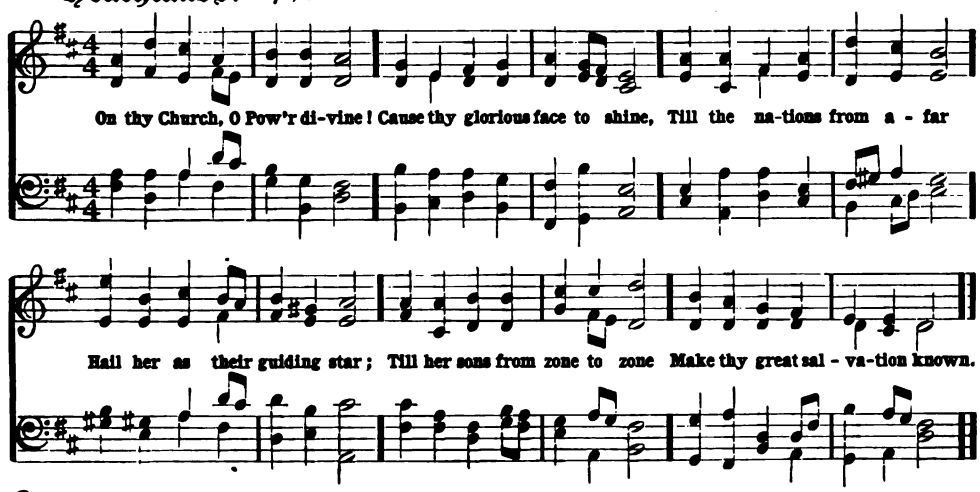

Safely thro' another week God has brought us on our way ; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ternal rest ; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ternal rest.

5.

1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

3 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

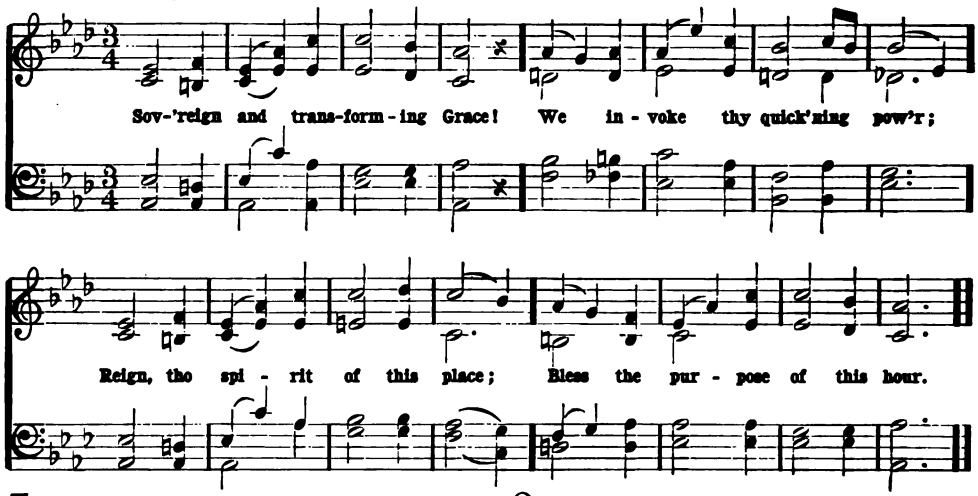
Heathlands. 7s, 61.

On thy Church, O Pow'r di-vine ! Cause thy glorious face to shine, Till the na-tions from a - far
Hail her as their guiding star ; Till her sons from zone to zone Make thy great sal - va-tion known.

6.

1 On thy Church, O Power divine!
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Gottschalk. 7s.


Sov-'reign and trans-form-ing Grace! We in-voke thy quick'ning pow'r;
Reign, tho spi-rit of this place; Bless the pur-pose of this hour.

7.

1 SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign, the spirit of this place;
Bless the purpose of this hour.

2 Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

3 To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

4 Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline!

8.

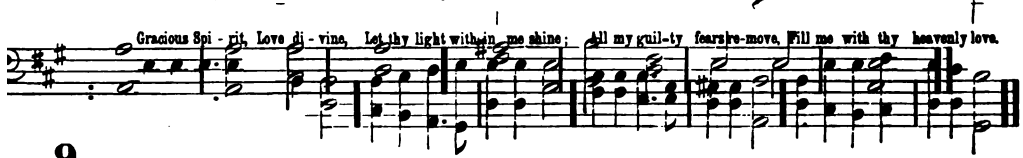
1 FATHER, in this sacred hour,
May we feel thy saving power:
Power to do, and power to be
Ever, more and more like thee.

2 Let thy truth our lives inspire,
Touch our hearts with holy fire;
All our dross of sin consume,
And our inmost souls illume.

3 May we share thy quickening grace,
As it shone in Jesus' face;
And in word, and deed, and thought,
Live the precepts which he taught.

4 Then shall we thy peace possess,
Peace, and love, and righteousness,
And with grateful voices raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

Evermore. 7s

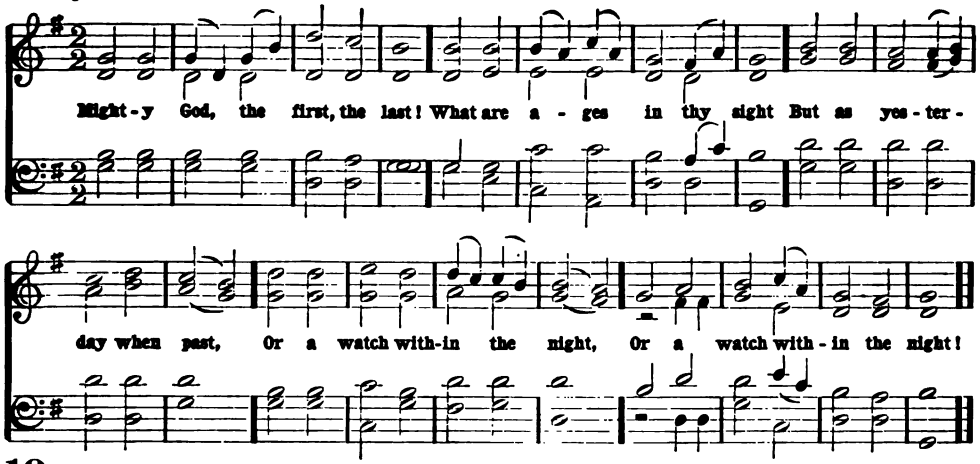


9.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

Hendon. 7s.

Might-y God, the first, the last! What are a-ges in thy sight But as yes-ter-
day when past, Or a watch with-in the night, Or a watch with-in the night!

10.

1 Mighty God, the first, the last!
What are ages in thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night!

2 All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

3 All that being e'er shall know
On, still on through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before thee now appears.

4 In thine all-embracing sight
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

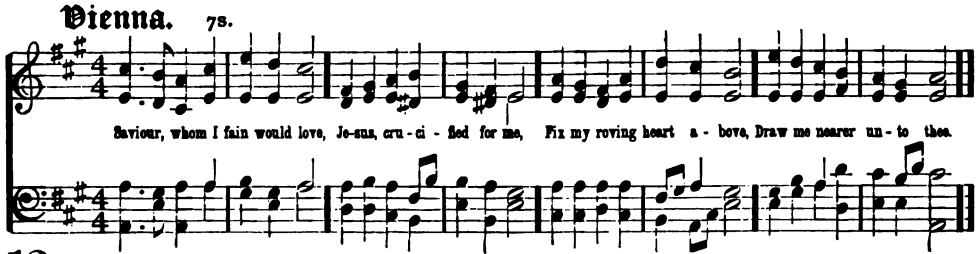
5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we 'll rest:
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

11.

1 Hark! the voice of choral song
Floats upon the breeze along,
Chanting clear, in solemn lays:
"Man redeemed, — to God the praise!"

2 Angels, strike the golden lyre!
Mortals, catch the heavenly fire!
Thousands ransomed from the grave,
Millions yet our pledge shall save!

3 Courage! let no heart despair;
Mighty is the truth we bear!
Forward, then, baptized in love,
Led by wisdom from above!

Vienna. 7s.

12.

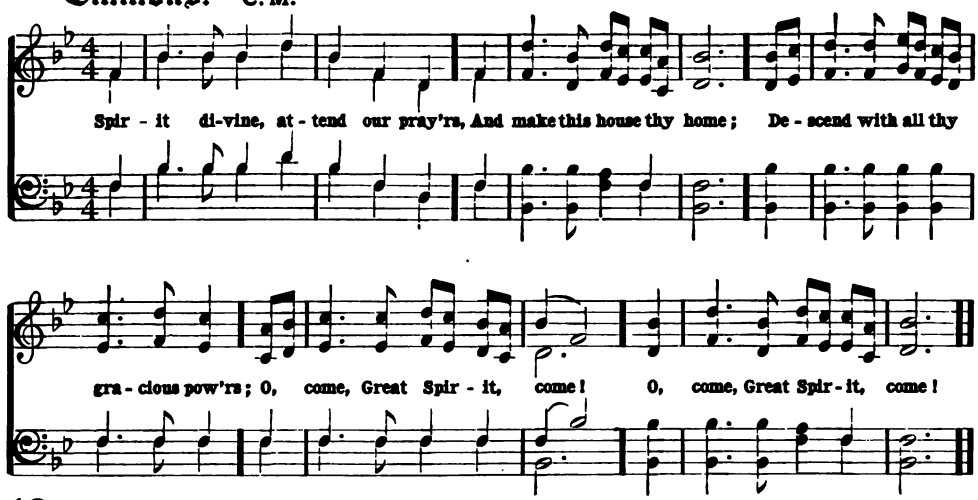
1 Saviour, whom I fain would love,
Jesus, crucified for me,
Fix my roving heart above,
Draw me nearer unto thee.

2 Thee to praise and thee to know,
Make the joy of saints below;
Thee to see and thee to love,
Make the bliss of saints above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny!
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die!

4 Source and Giver of repose,
Only from thy love it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

Emmons. C. M.


Spir - it di-vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house thy home; De - scend with all thy
gra - cious pow'rs; O, come, Great Spir - it, come! O, come, Great Spir - it, come!

13.

1 Spirit divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers;
O, come, Great Spirit, come!

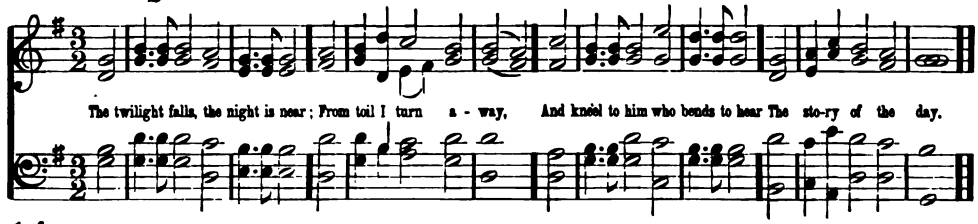
2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love,
And let thy church on earth become
Blessed as thy church above.

5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace,
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.

Arlington. C. M.



14.

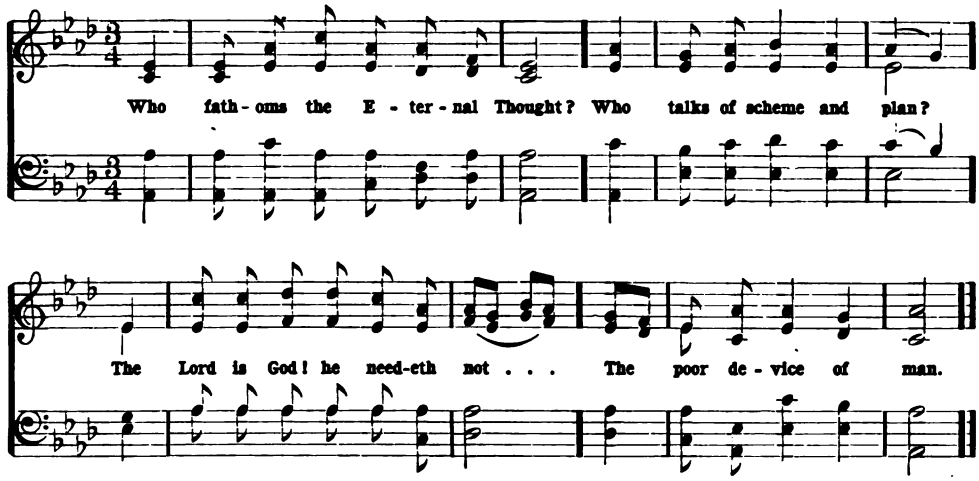
1 The twilight falls, the night is near;
From toil I turn away,
And kneel to him who bends to hear
The story of the day.

2 The old, old story! yet I kneel
To tell it at his call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
My Father knows them all.

3 *Yes,* all! the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

4 Through all he loves me! all my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguish, every smart,
Finds healing in the word.

5 So, then, I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding, on his breast
Who knows and pities all.

Wirth. C. M.

15.

1 WHO fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! he needeth not
The poor device of man.

2 I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Men tread with boldness shod:
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

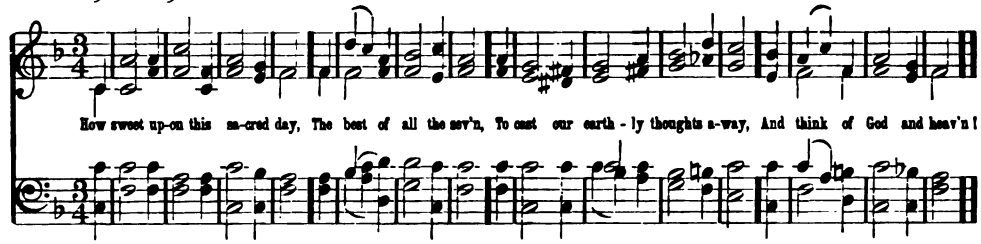
3 They praise his justice: even such
His pitying love I deem;
They seek a king: I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

4 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

5 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

6 And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

Cherith. C. M.



16.

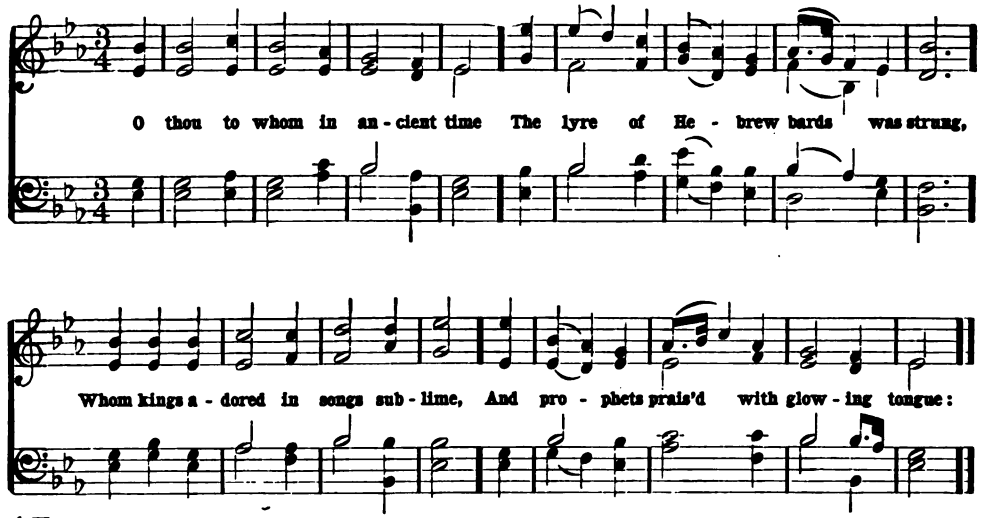
1 How sweet upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray,
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial love and trust to say,
"Father, who art in heaven!"

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear,
From him to whom 't is given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

4 And if, to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

Luton. L. M.


O thou to whom in an - cient time The lyre of He - brew bards was strung,
Whom kings a - dored in songs sub - lime, And pro - phets prais'd with glow - ing tongue:

17.

1 O THOU to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

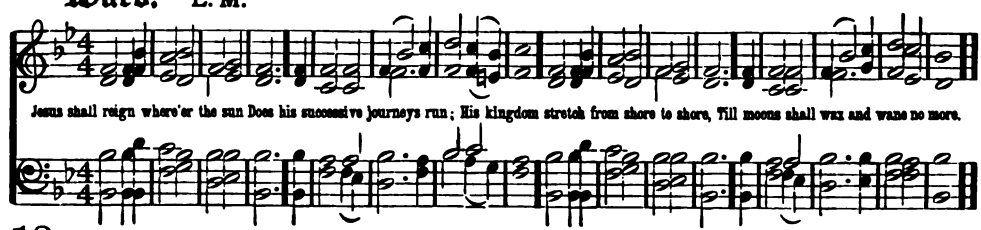
2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon thy Son
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well:

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

5 O thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung, —
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

Ward. L. M.


Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

18.

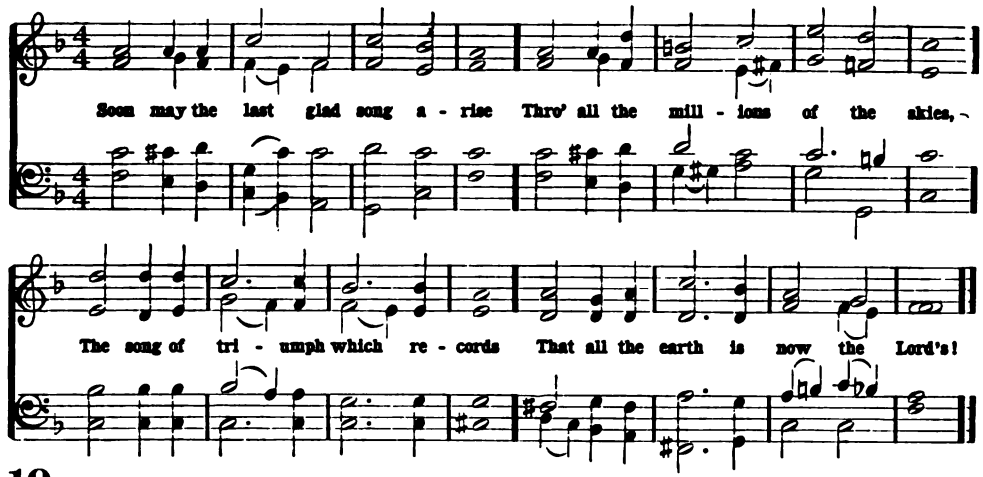
1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

Sweden. L. M.

Soon may the last glad song a - rise Thro' all the mill - ions of the skies,
The song of tri - umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's!

19.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies, —
The song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty Lord, to thee!
And over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign!

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

20.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

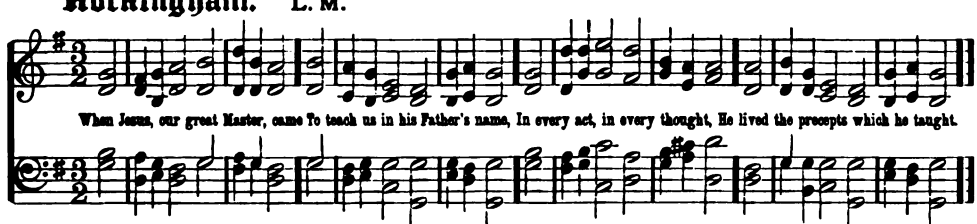
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And, raised to holier courts above,
I praise thee with a purer love.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Rockingham. L. M.

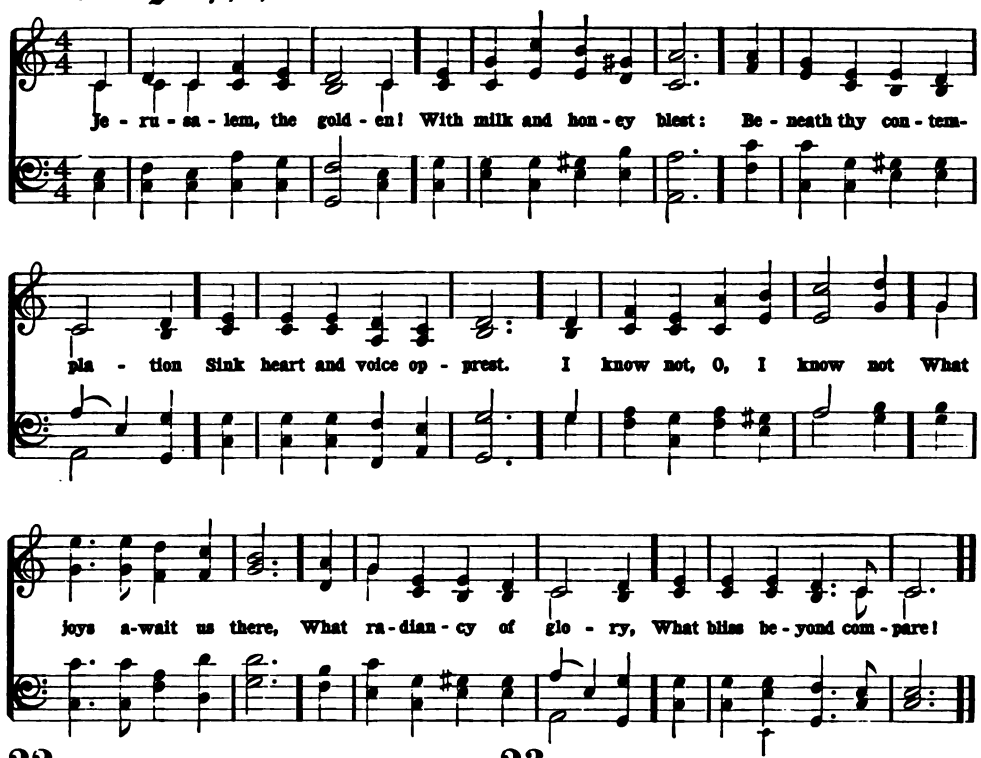

When Jesus, our great Master, came To teach us in his Father's name, In every act, in every thought, He lived the precepts which he taught.

21.

1 When Jesus, our great Master, came
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.

2 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we *profess;*
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Ewing. 7s, 6s, D.

Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest: Be - neath thy con - tem-
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O, I know not What
joys a-wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare!

22.

1 JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest:
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of glory;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

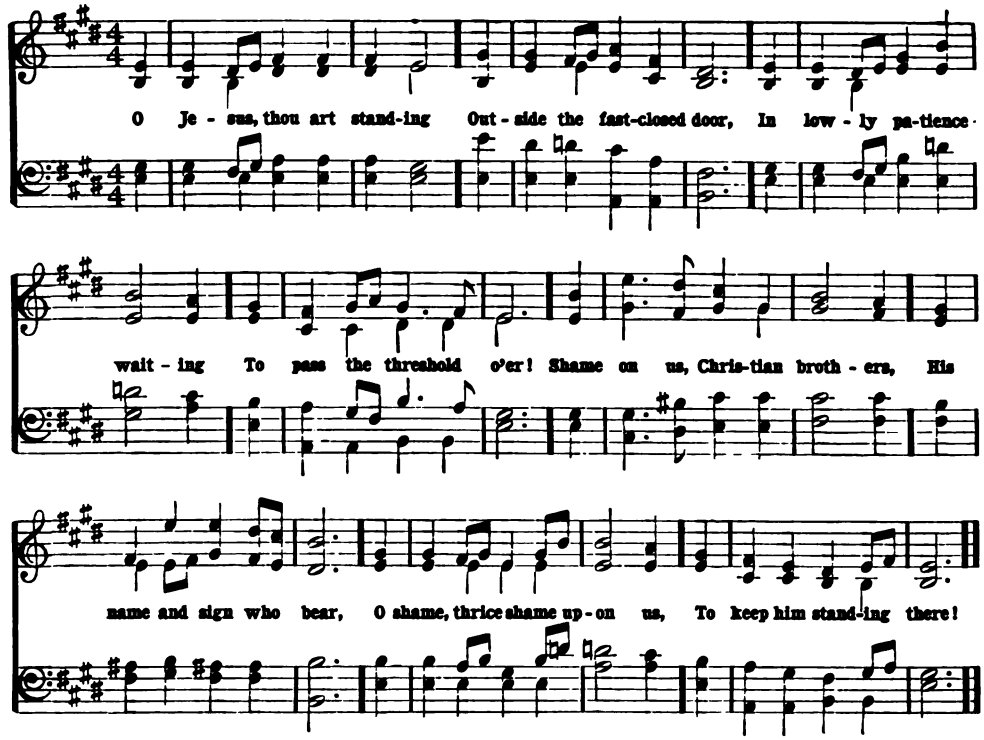
3 And they who, strong and faithful,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
O land that sees no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O royal land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

23.

1 THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

St. Edith. 7s, 6s, D.

O Je - sus, thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience
wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er! Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His
name and sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep him stand-ing there!

24.

1 O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er!
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking!
And, lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred!
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

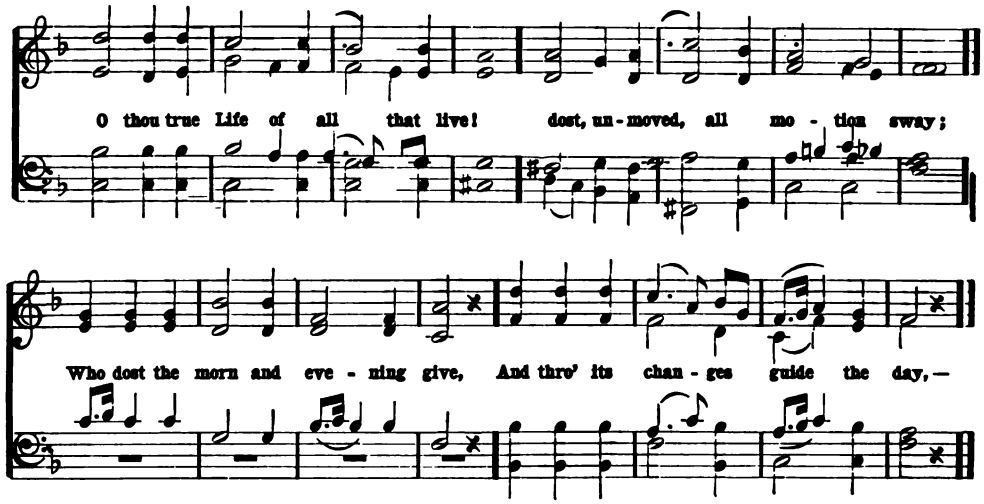
3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, beloved,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door!
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us *nevermore!*

25.

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh;
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Linwood. L. M.

O thou true Life of all that live! dost, un-moved, all mo - tion sway;
Who dost the morn and eve - ning give, And thro' its chan - ges guide the day,—

26.

1 O THOU true Life of all that live!
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And thro' its changes guide the day, —

2 Thy light upon our evening pour:
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

3 Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
To thee our voice at eve we raise;
O, grant us, with thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify!

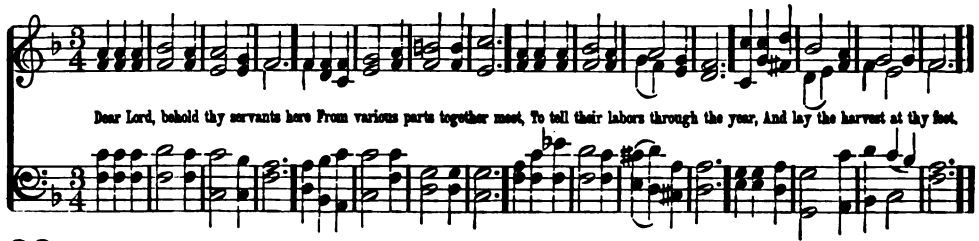
27.

1 O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin;

2 Who, gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day,
Thick flows the flood of darkness down:
O, hear us as we weep and pray;

3 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door,
Teach us the prize of life to win,
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

St. Alban. L. M.


Dear Lord, behold thy servants here From various parts together meet, To tell their labors through the year, And lay the harvest at thy feet.

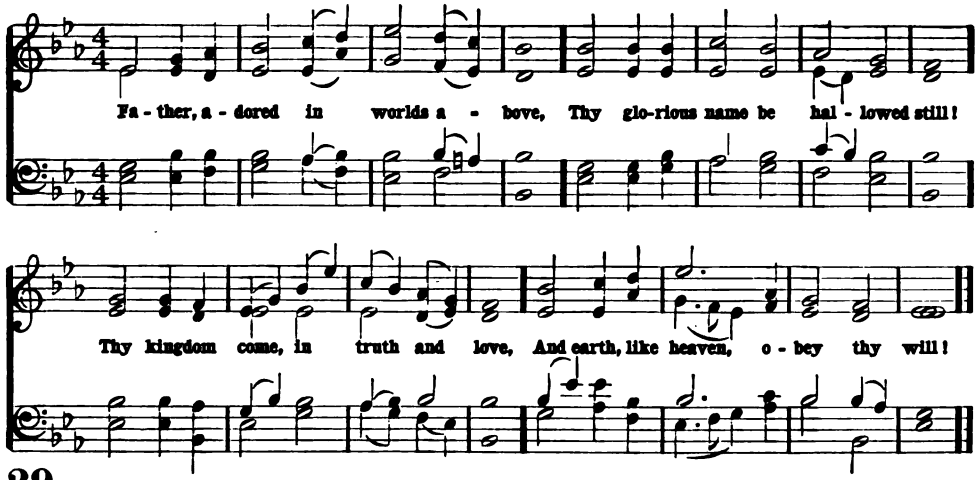
28.

1 DEAR Lord, behold thy servants here
From various parts together meet,
To tell their labors through the year,
And lay the harvest at thy feet.

2 The reapers cry, "Thy fields are white,
All ready to be gathered in,
And harvests wave in changing light,
Far as the eye can trace the scene."

3 Lord, bless us while we here remain;
With holy love our bosoms fill;
O, may thy doctrine drop like rain,
And like the silent dew distil!

4 While we attend thy churches' care,
O, grant us wisdom from above;
With prudent thought and humble prayer,
May we fulfil the works of love!

Duke Street. L. M.

Fa - ther, a - dored in worlds a - bove, Thy glo-rious name be hal - lowed still!
Thy kingdom come, in truth and love, And earth, like heaven, o - bey thy will!

29.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still!
Thy kingdom come, in truth and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will!

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care,
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour, —
Thy kind protection we implore;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore!

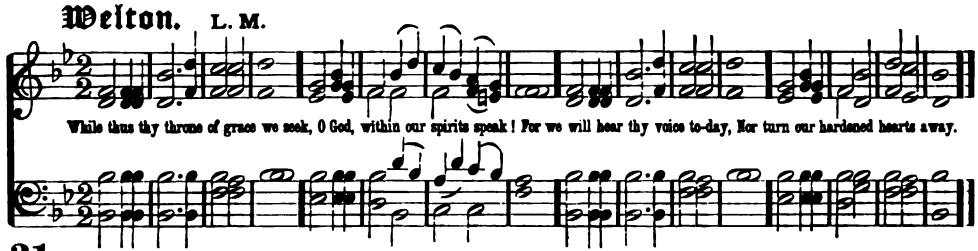
30.

1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Welton. L. M.

While thus thy throne of grace we seek, O God, within our spirits speak! For we will hear thy voice to-day, Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

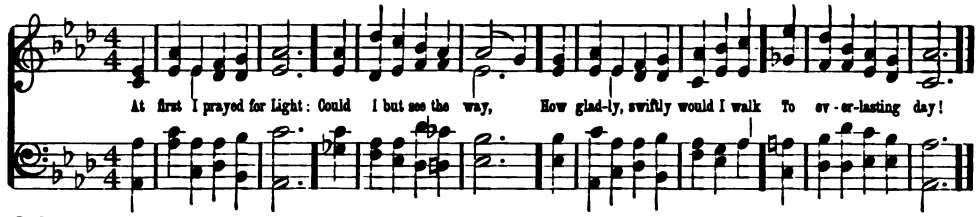
31.

1 WHILE thus thy throne of grace we seek,
O God, within our spirits speak!
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear no meaner call,
But feel that thou art all in all.

3 To conscience speak thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred;
For we would leave no stain of guile
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart;
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

Schumann. S. M.

32.

1 At first I prayed for Light:
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

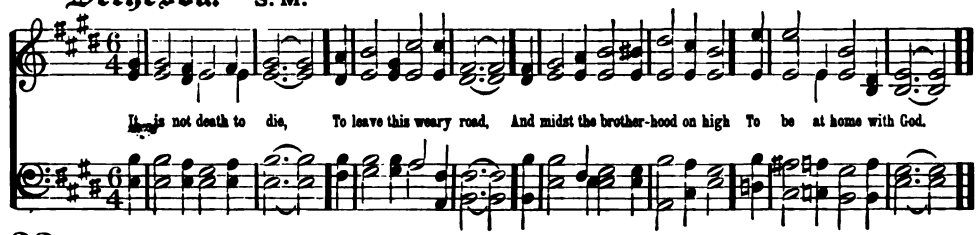
2 And next I prayed for Strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

3 And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I 'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

4 But now I pray for Love, —
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan.

5 And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Bethesda. S. M.



33.

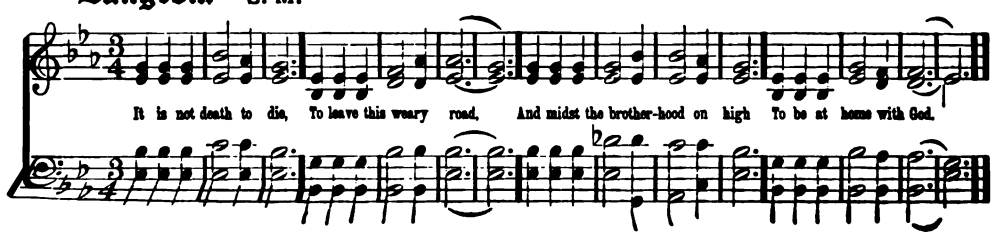
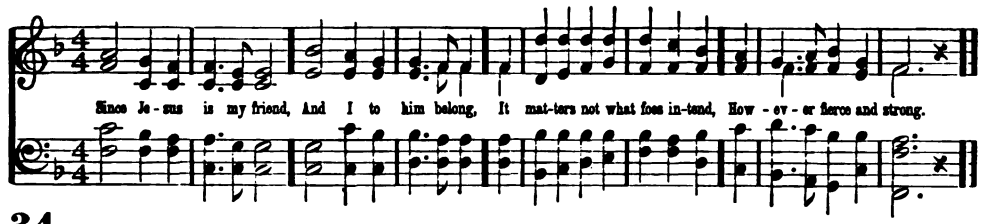
1 It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The stroke that sets us free
From earthly chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this mortal dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

5 Giver and Lord of life!
In thee we cannot die;
Grant us to conquer in the strife,
And dwell with thee on high.

Langton. S. M.

Summons. S. M.

34.

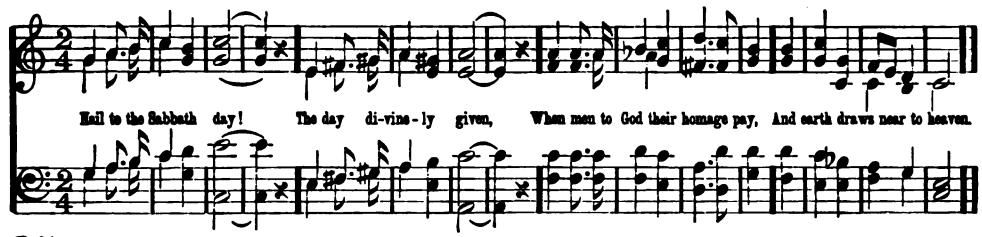
1 Since Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer:
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;

3 How God hath built above,
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it laughs and sings, —
Sees nought but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Amerton. S. M.

35.

1 Hail to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

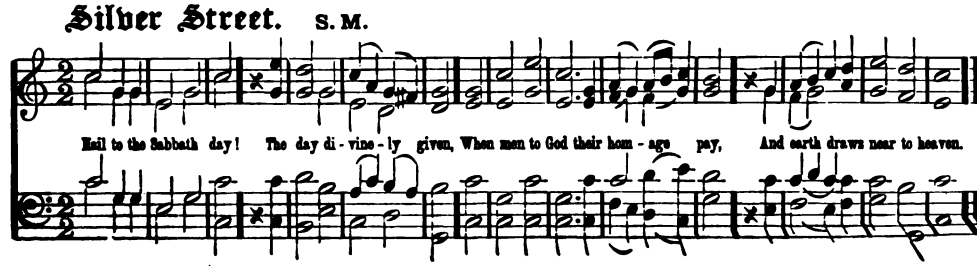
2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

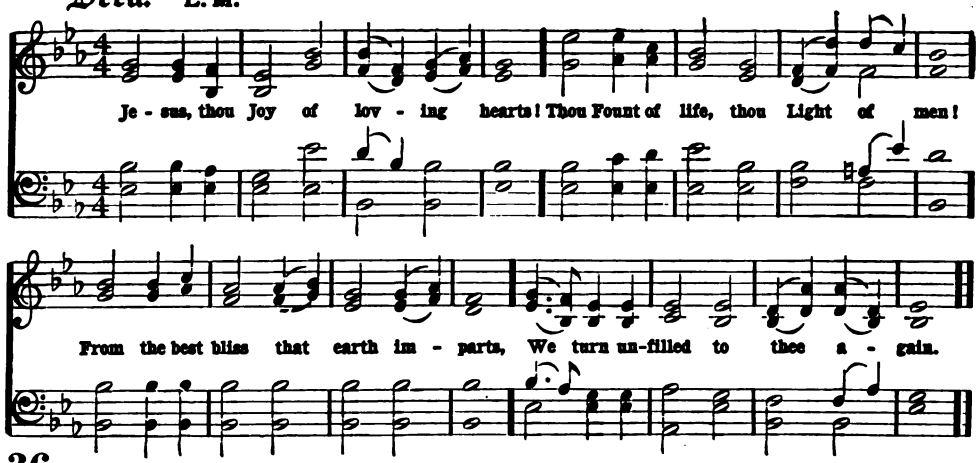
3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Silver Street. S. M.



Vera. L. M.

Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un-filled to thee a - gain.

36.

1 JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, All in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

37.

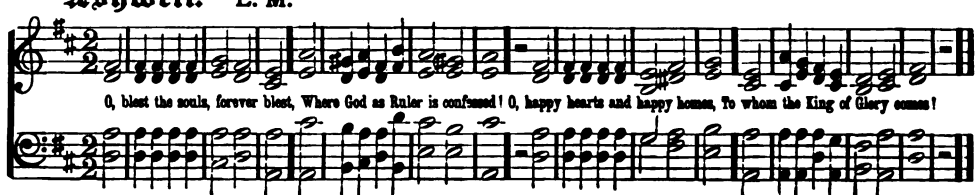
1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Lord, in this day of holy rest,
We would improve the calm repose,
And, in thy service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3 Lord! may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 May Prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

Ashwell. L. M.


O, blest the souls, forever blest, Where God as Ruler is confessed! O, happy hearts and happy homes, To whom the King of Glory comes!

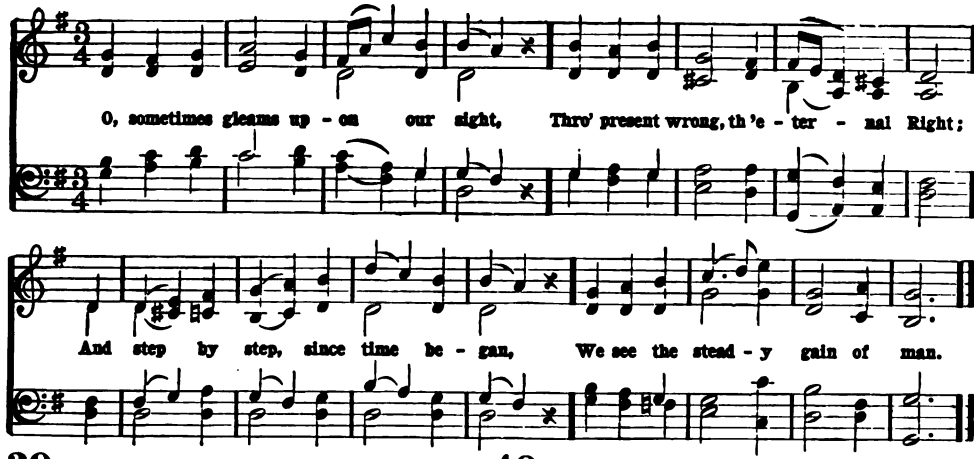
38.

1 O, BLEST the souls, forever blest,
Where God as Ruler is confessed!
O, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the King of Glory comes!

2 *Fling wide thy portals,* O my heart!
Be thou a temple set apart!
So shall thy Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

3 Deliverer, come! we open wide
Our hearts to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let all thy glorious presence feel;
O King of souls, thyself reveal.

Bowen. L. M.


O, sometimes gleams up - on our sight, Thro' present wrong, th'e - ter - nal Right;
And step by step, since time be - gan, We see the stead - y gain of man.

39.

1 O, SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

2 That all of good the past hath had,
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more,
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

40.

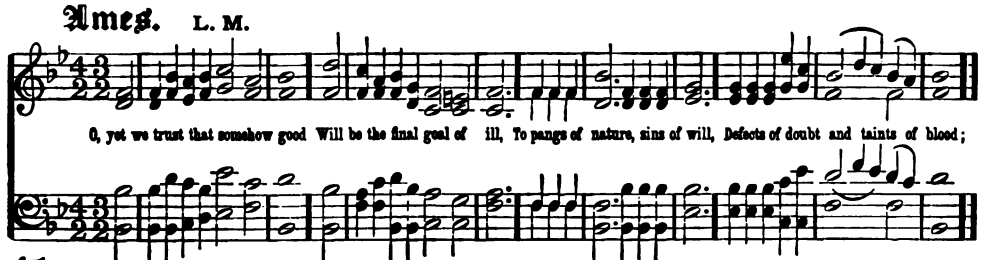
1 AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our Light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

Ames. L. M.


O, yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill, To pangs of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

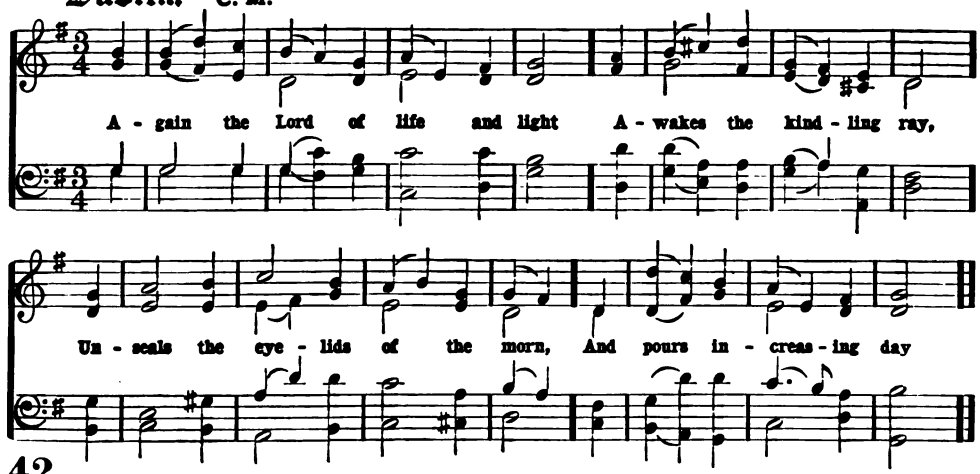
41.

1 O, YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

2 That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the *pile* complete;

3 That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

4 Behold! we know not anything;
We can but trust that good shall fall
At last, — far off, — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

Dublin. C. M.

42.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

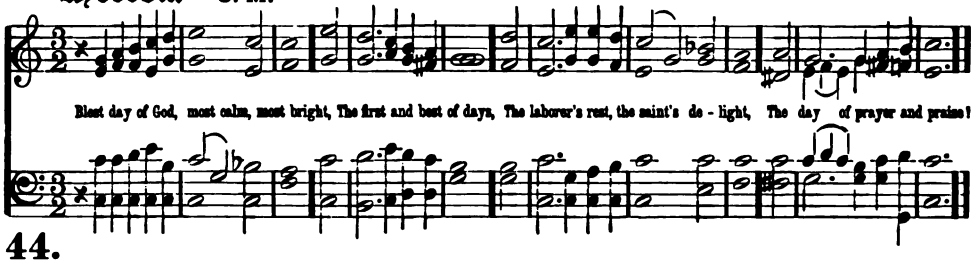
43.

1 EACH fearful storm that o'er us rolls,
Each path of peril trod,
Is but a means whereby our souls
Acquaint themselves with God.

2 Our want and weakness, shame and sin,
His pitying kindness prove,
And all our lives are folded in
The mystery of his love.

3 His sun is shining, sure and fast,
O'er all our nights of dread;
Our darkness by his light, at last
Shall be interpreted.

Merton. C. M.


Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first and best of days, The laborer's rest, the saint's de - light, The day of prayer and praise!

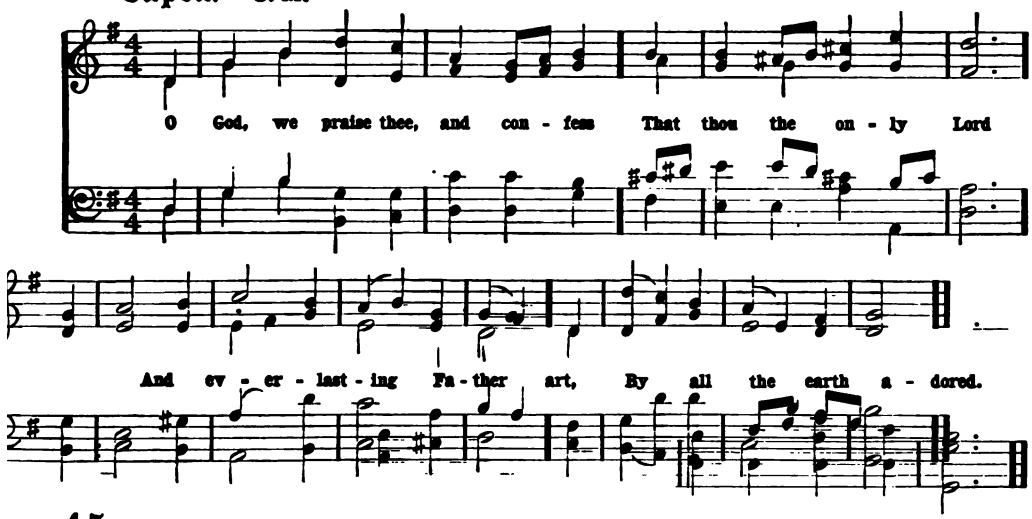
44.

1 BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days,
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise!

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind,
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

Capen. C. M.

45.

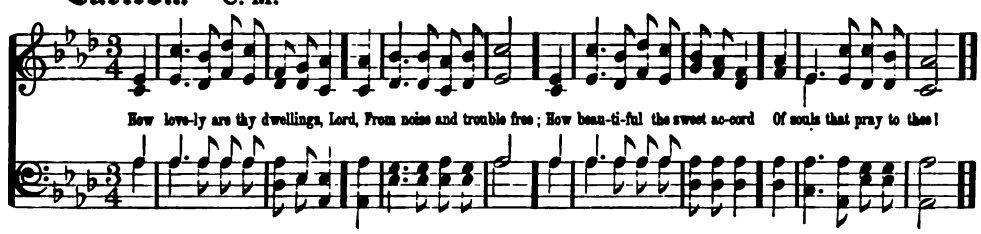
1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Carlton. C. M.

46.

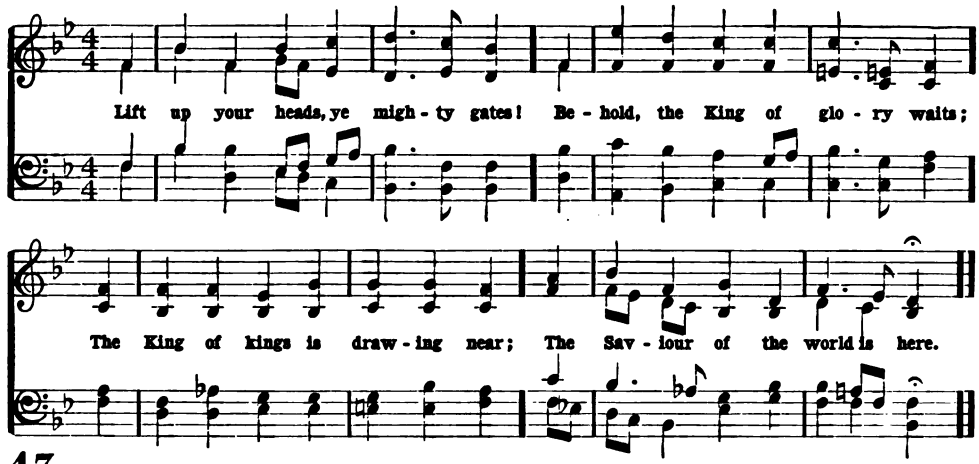
1 How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free;
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee!

2 Lord, God of hosts, that reign'st on high,
They are the truly blest
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass, refreshed, the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

5 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from him shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

St. Drostane. L. M.

Lift up your heads, ye migh - ty gates! Be - hold, the King of glo - ry waits;
The King of kings is draw - ing near; The Sav - iour of the world is here.

47.

1 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 O, blest the land, the city blest
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed;
O, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King of Triumph comes.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

4 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

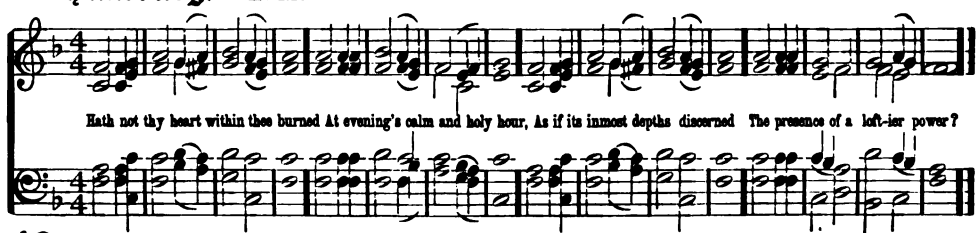
5 So come, my Sovereign, enter in,
And new and nobler life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won.

48.

1 Light of the soul, O Saviour blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

2 Son of the Father, Lord Most High,
How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
Come in thy hidden majesty,
Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

Hamburg. L. M.


Hath not thy heart within thee burned At evening's calm and holy hour, As if its inmost depths discerned The presence of a loft-ier power?

49.

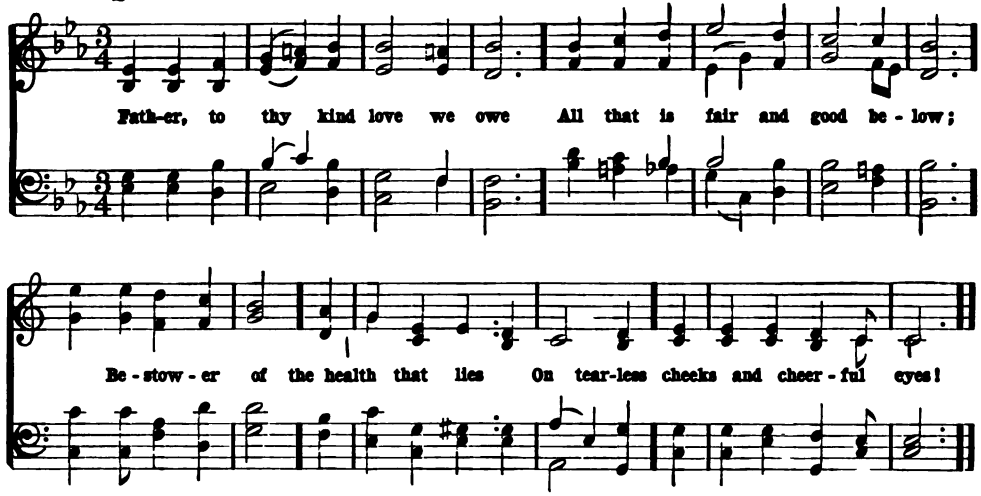
1 Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth th' eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

3 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart,
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

4 Voice of our God, O, yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease!

Angelus. L. M.


Fath-er, to thy kind love we owe All that is fair and good be - low;
Be - stow - er of the health that lies On tear-less cheeks and cheer - ful eyes!

50.

1 FATHER, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

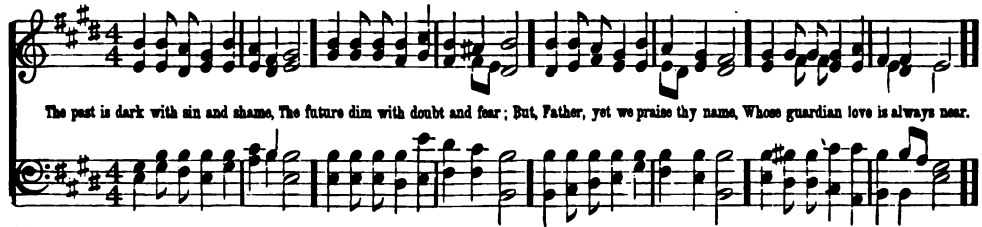
2 Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

3 Who send'st thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind;
Then breathest, o'er the naked scene,
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

4 Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

5 In woe's dark hour our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

Hampstead. L. M.


The past is dark with sin and shame, The future dim with doubt and fear; But, Father, yet we praise thy name, Whose guardian love is always near.

51.

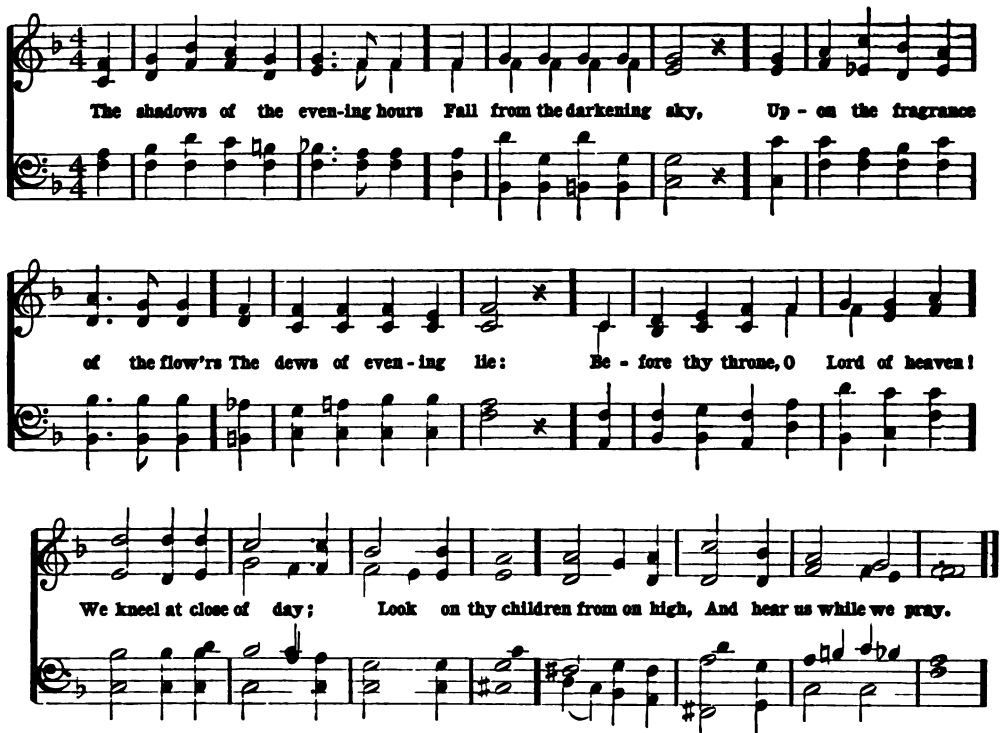
1 THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now;
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou.

5 'T is dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt thy certain love,
And man's true aim shall yet be won.

St. Leonard. C. M. D.

The shadows of the even-ing hours Fall from the darkening sky, Up - on the fragrance
of the flow'rs The dews of even - ing lie: Be - fore thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day; Look on thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.

52.

1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The rays of daylight slowly fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart;
The bright stars slowly, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord! fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

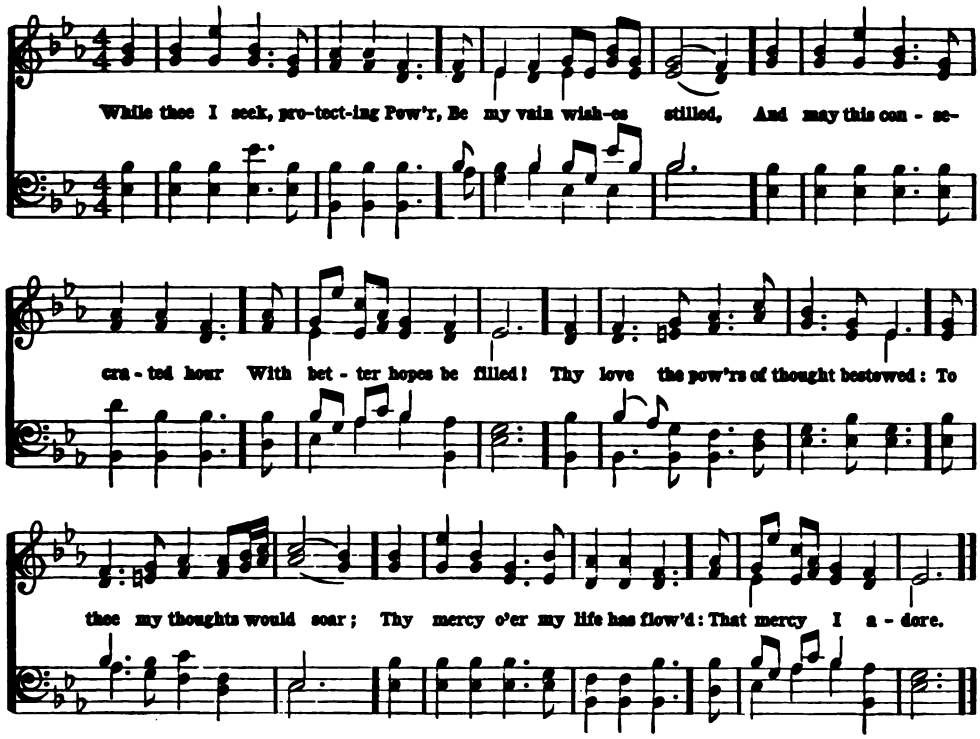
3 Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord:
O, give us now repose!

53.

1 Thine arm, O Lord! in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of light.
And now, O Lord! be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look;
Though they who do thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book,—
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

Brattle Street. C. M. D.

While thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish-es stilled, And may this con - se-
cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled! Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestowed: To
thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd: That mercy I a - dore.

54.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!
Thy love the powers of thought bestowed:
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

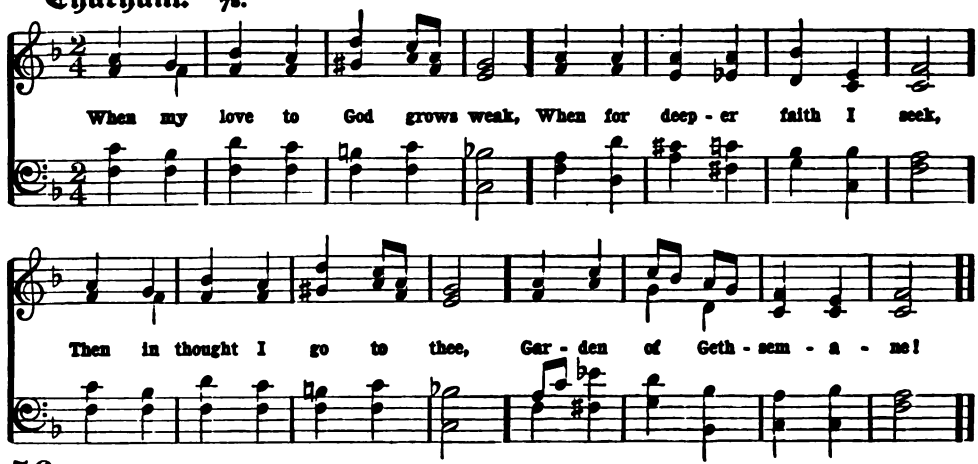
3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee.

55.

1 O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow thee through unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line;
Our wisdom is the child-like heart;
Our strength, to trust in thine.

2 We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

3 Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest!
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And Time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place,
And our eternal home.

Chatham. 7s.

56.

1 When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

3 When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe,—

4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith:
Love triumphant still in death!

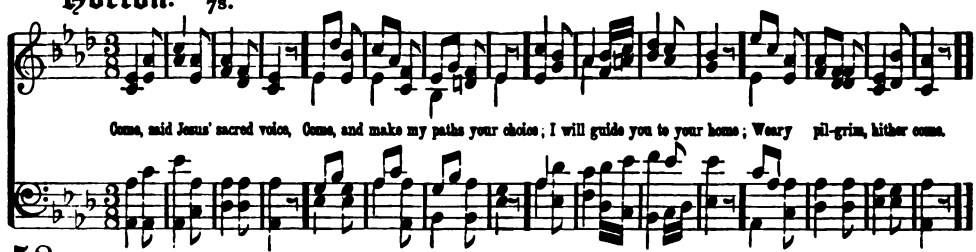
5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

57.

1 Lord, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

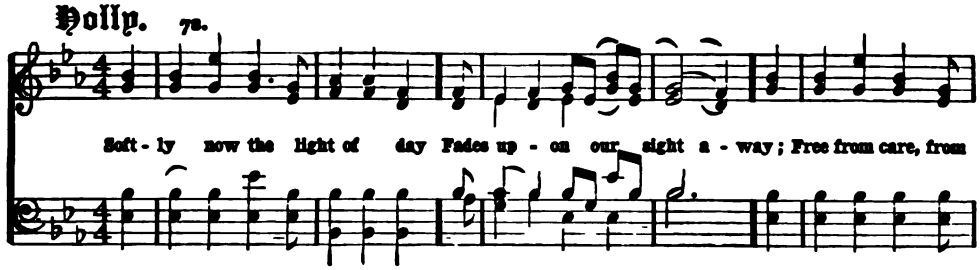
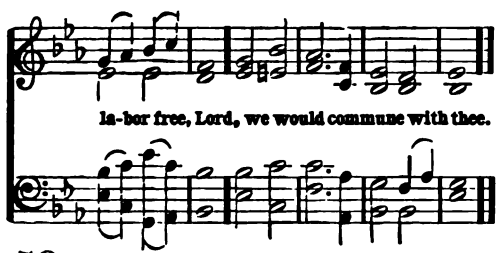
2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

Horton. 7s.

58.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 *Thou* who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.



59.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 When for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

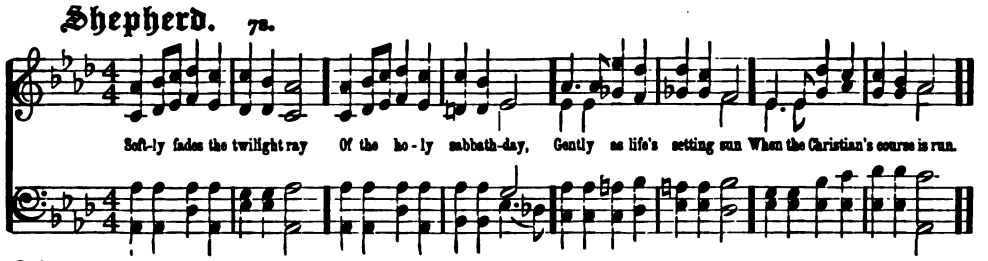
60.

1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey!
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Shepherd. 7s.
Soft-ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly sabbath-day, Gently as life's setting sun When the Christian's course is run.

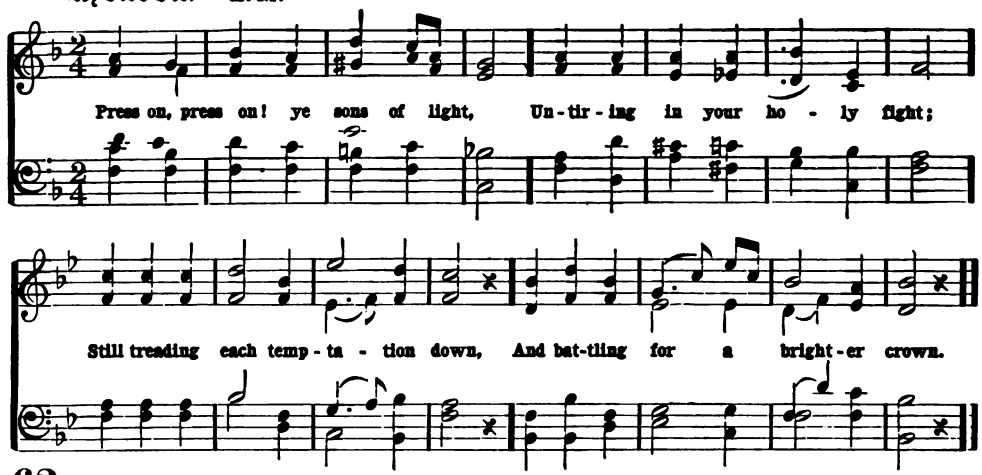
61.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy sabbath-day,
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad:
'T is the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Father, may our sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the sabbath ne'er shall close.

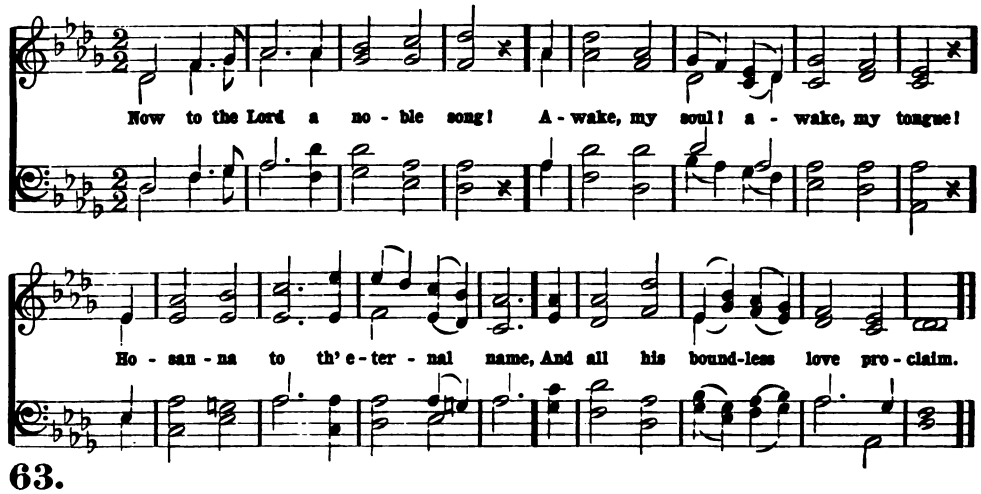
Mendon. L. M.

Press on, press on! ye sons of light, Un-tir-ing in your ho-ly fight;
Still treading each temp-ta-tion down, And bat-tling for a bright-er crown.

62.

1 Press on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight;
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

2 Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

3 Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who conquereth sin and death;
Then shall ye hear his word, "Well done!"
True to the last, press on, press on!

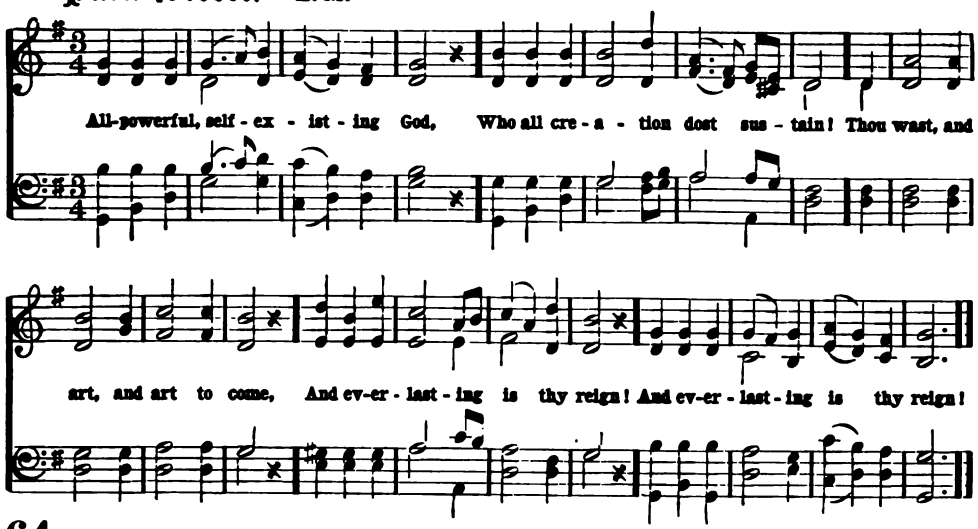
Truro. L. M.

63.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Shine forth in every rolling star.

3 But in the gospel of thy Son
Are all thy mightiest works outdone;
The light it pours upon our eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

4 Our spirits kindle in its beam;
It is a sweet, a glorious theme:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

Park Street. L. M.

All-powerful, self - ex - ist - ing God, Who all cre - a - tion dost sus - tain! Thou wast, and
art, and art to come, And ev-er - last - ing is thy reign! And ev-er - last - ing is thy reign!

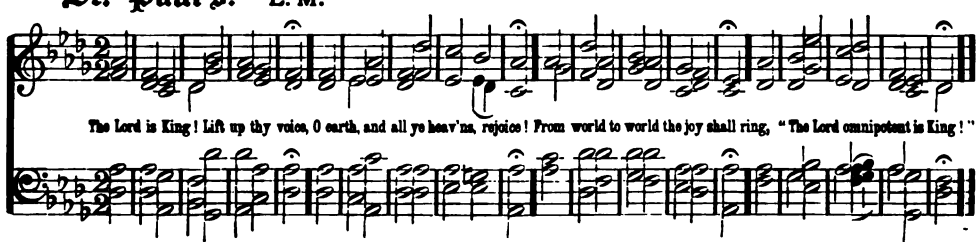
64.

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existing God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign!

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine
Through ages infinite shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain!
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may, with all her powers, dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same,—
I AM, is thy memorial still.

St. Paul's. L. M.

The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns, rejoice! From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord omnipotent is King!"

65.

1 THE Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

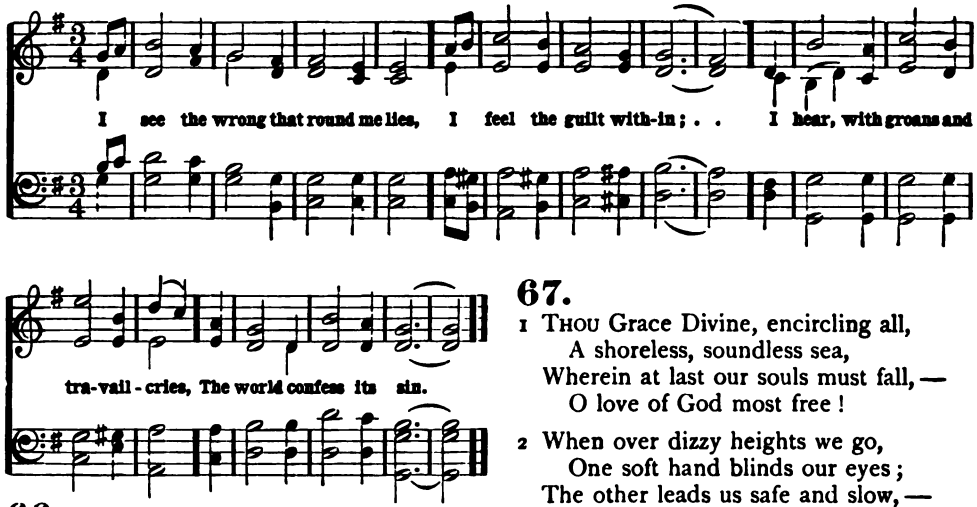
2 The Lord is King! Who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

5 Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie,—
This world of ours, and worlds unseen;
And thin the boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire all secures;
He reigns! and life and death are yours;
Thro' earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

Manoah. C. M.

66.

1 I SEE the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

2 Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed star my spirit clings, —
I know that God is good!

3 Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

67.

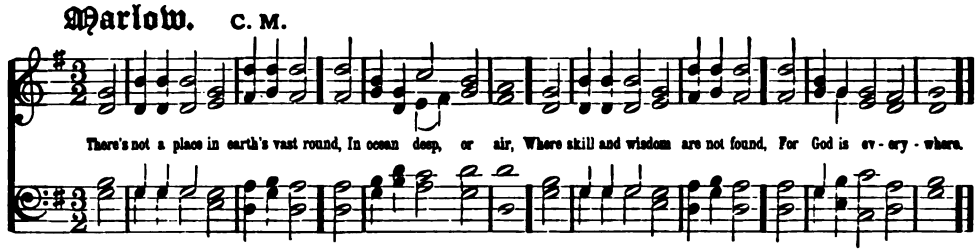
1 THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall, —
O love of God most free!

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes;
The other leads us safe and slow, —
O love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind.

5 And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee!

Marlow. C. M.

68.

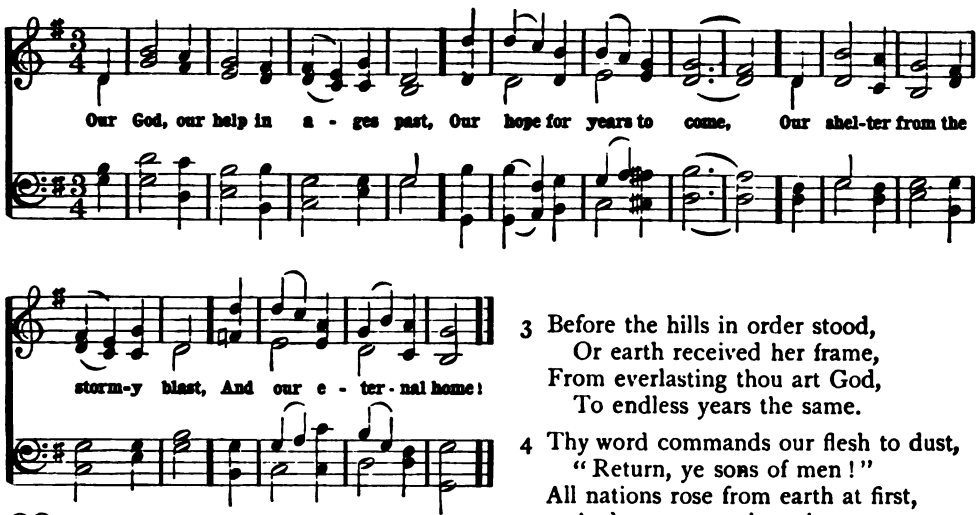
1 THERE 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's wondrous frame,
And built the universe.

4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare,
Nor think the mighty theme too vast,
For God is everywhere.

Belmont. C. M.



69.

1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

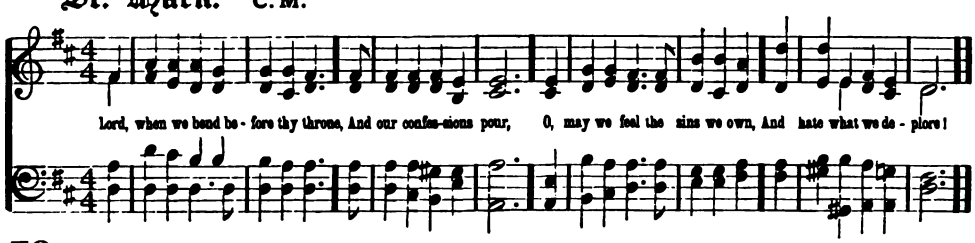
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men!"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

St. Mark. C. M.



70.

1 Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore!

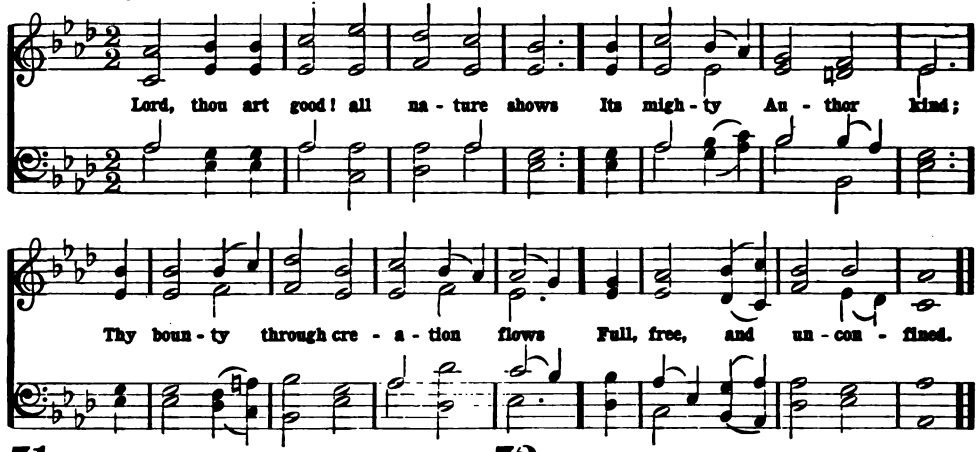
2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay,
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to *thee in praise.*

4 Then on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we 'll renew,
Till love divine transported tell,
Our God 's our father too.

5 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.

6 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

Dedham. C. M.

71.

1 LORD, thou art good! all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

3 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
O, may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!

4 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move,
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

72.

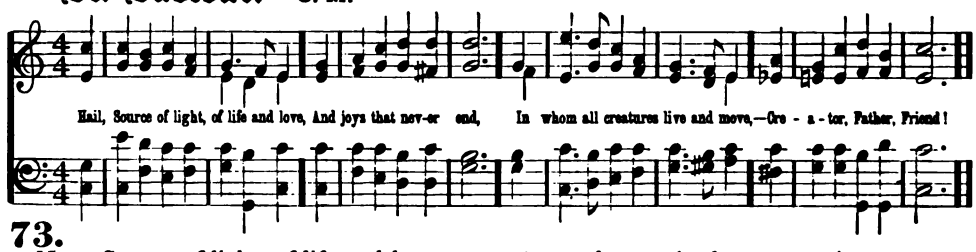
1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee!

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

St. Saviour. C. M.

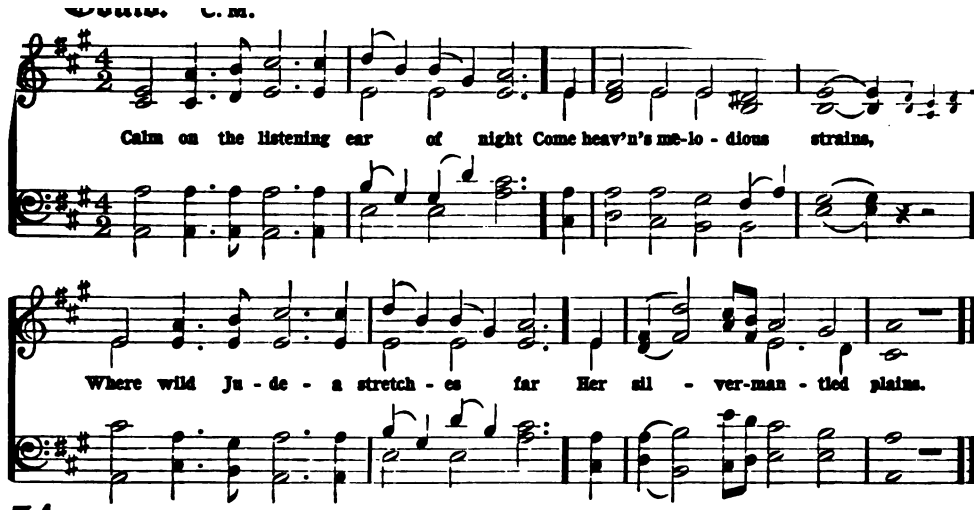


73.

1 HAIL, Source of light, of life and love,
And joys that never end,
In whom all creatures live and move,—
Creator, Father, Friend!

2 All space is with thy presence crowned;
Creation owns thy care;
Each spot in nature's ample round
Proclaims that God is there.

3 Attuned to praise be every voice,
Let not one heart be sad;
Jehovah reigns! let earth rejoice;
Let all the isles be glad.

4 Then sound the anthem loud and long,
In sweetest, loftiest strains,
And be the burden of the song,
The Lord, Jehovah, reigns!

Calm on the listening ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo - dious strains,
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver-man - tled plains.

74.

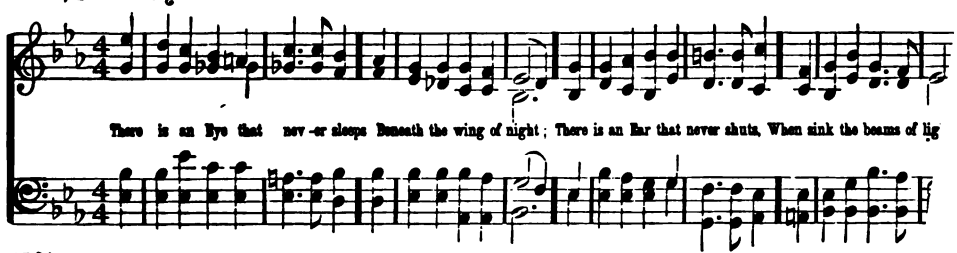
1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back their glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

Barnby. C. M.

75.

1 THERE is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

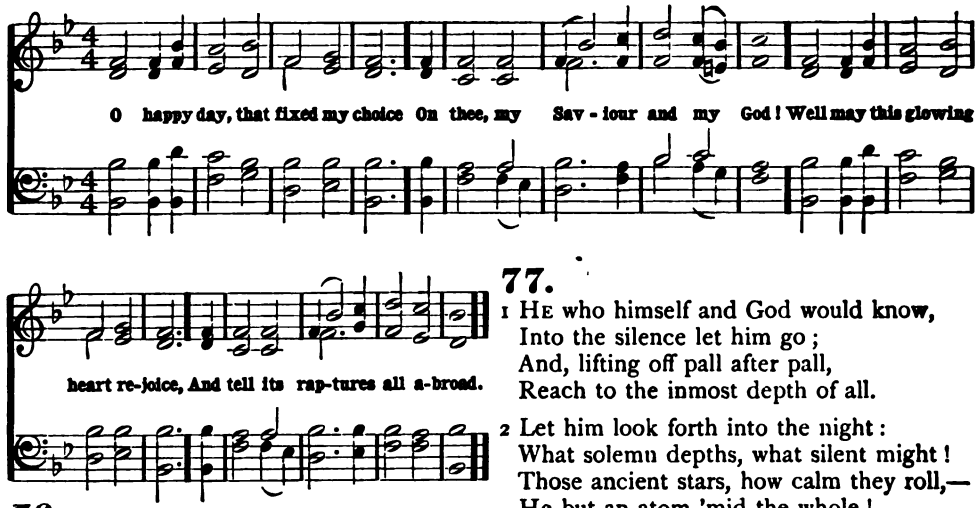
2 There is an Arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
[illegible] upholds the sky;
That Ear is filled with angel songs;
That Love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can
When mortal aid is vain,
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to r
That listening Ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars
Through Jesus, to the Throne,
And moves the Hand that moves t
To bring salvation down.

Ward. L. M.


O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God! Well may this glowing
heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

76.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

77.

1 HE who himself and God would know,
Into the silence let him go;
And, lifting off pall after pall,
Reach to the inmost depth of all.

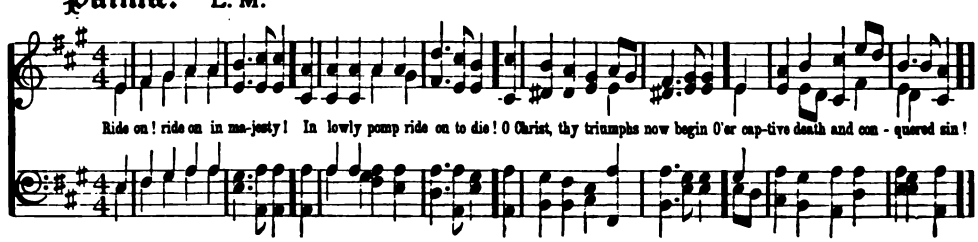
2 Let him look forth into the night:
What solemn depths, what silent might!
Those ancient stars, how calm they roll,—
He but an atom 'mid the whole!

3 And, as the evening wind sweeps by,
He needs must feel his God as nigh:
Must needs that unseen Presence own,
Thus always near, too long unknown.

4 How small, in that uplifted hour,
Temptation's lure, and passion's power!
How weak the foe that made him fall,
How strong the soul to conquer all!

5 A mighty wind of nobler will
Sends through his soul its quickening thrill;
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God.

Palmæ. L. M.



78.

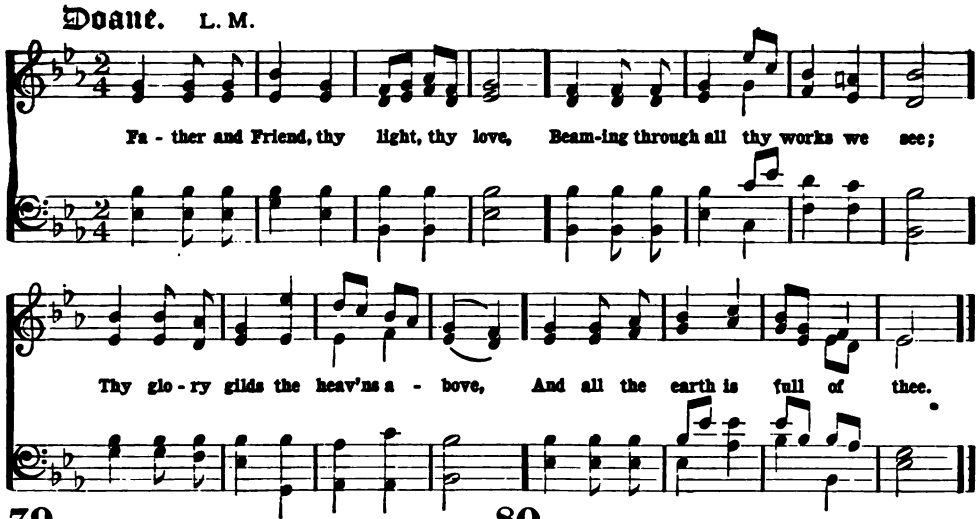
1 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin!

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th'approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign.

Doane. L. M.


Fa - ther and Friend, thy light, thy love, Beam-ing through all thy works we see;
Thy glo - ry gilds the heav'ns a - bove, And all the earth is full of thee.

79.

1 FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
While thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought:
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

80.

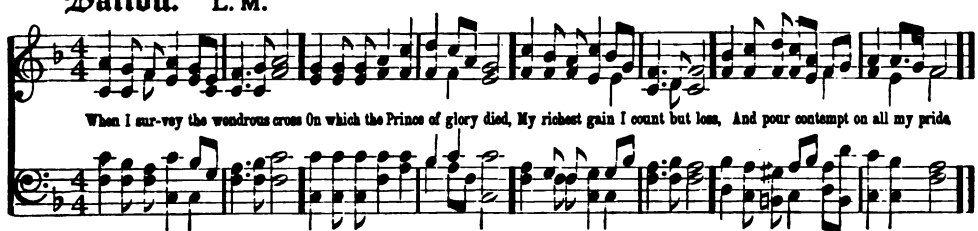
1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head,—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest!

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O God, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

Ballou. L. M.

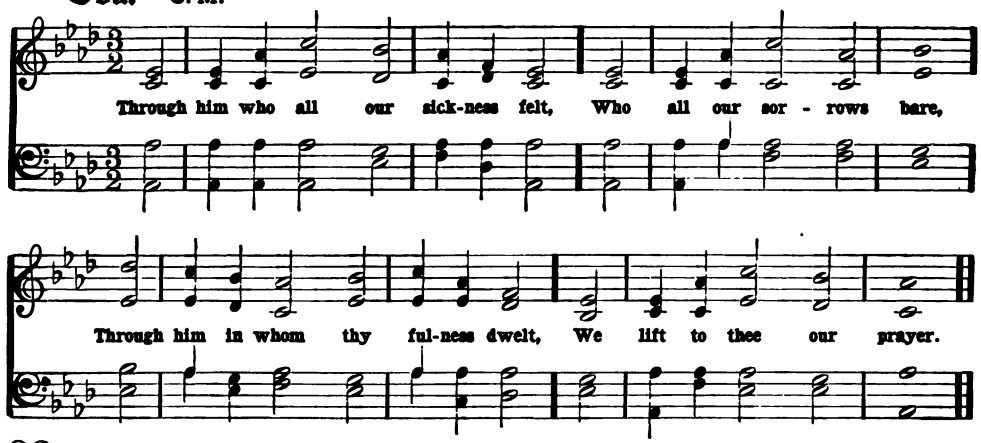

When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

81.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love *flow mingled down!*
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Eva. C. M.

Through him who all our sick-ness felt, Who all our sor - rows bare,
Through him in whom thy ful-ness dwelt, We lift to thee our prayer.

82.

1 THROUGH him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare,
Through him in whom thy fulness dwelt,
We lift to thee our prayer.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

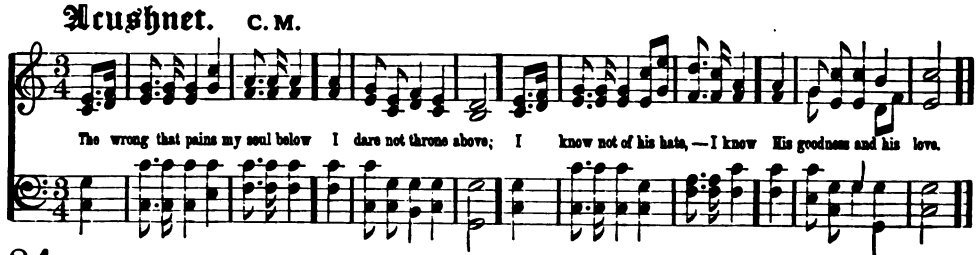
83.

1 A HOLY air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above:
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love!

2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee, nor thine;

3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord!

Acushnet. C. M.



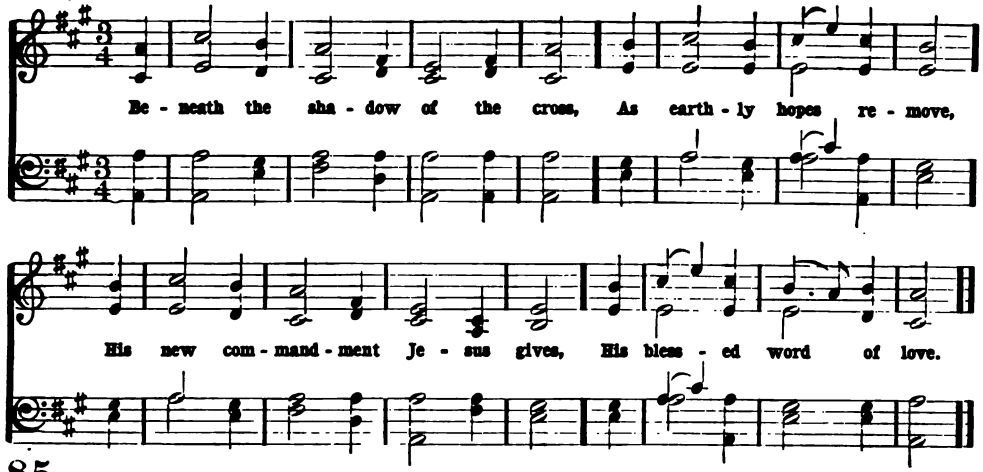
84.

1 THE wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate, — I know
His goodness and his love.

2 I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

3 No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

4 O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

Valerma. C. M.

85.

1 Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

86.

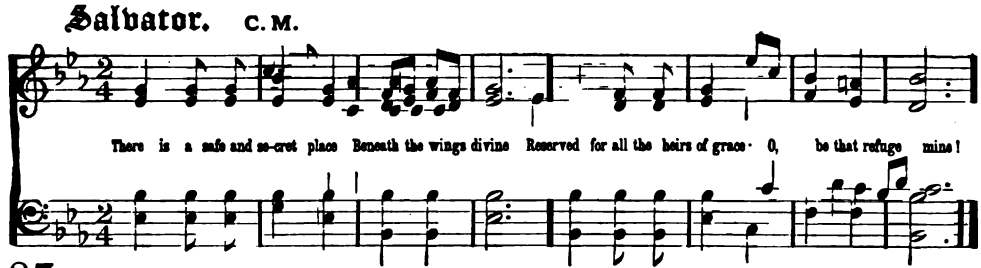
1 Almighty God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors which an hour
May bring, and take away,
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

Salvator. C. M.



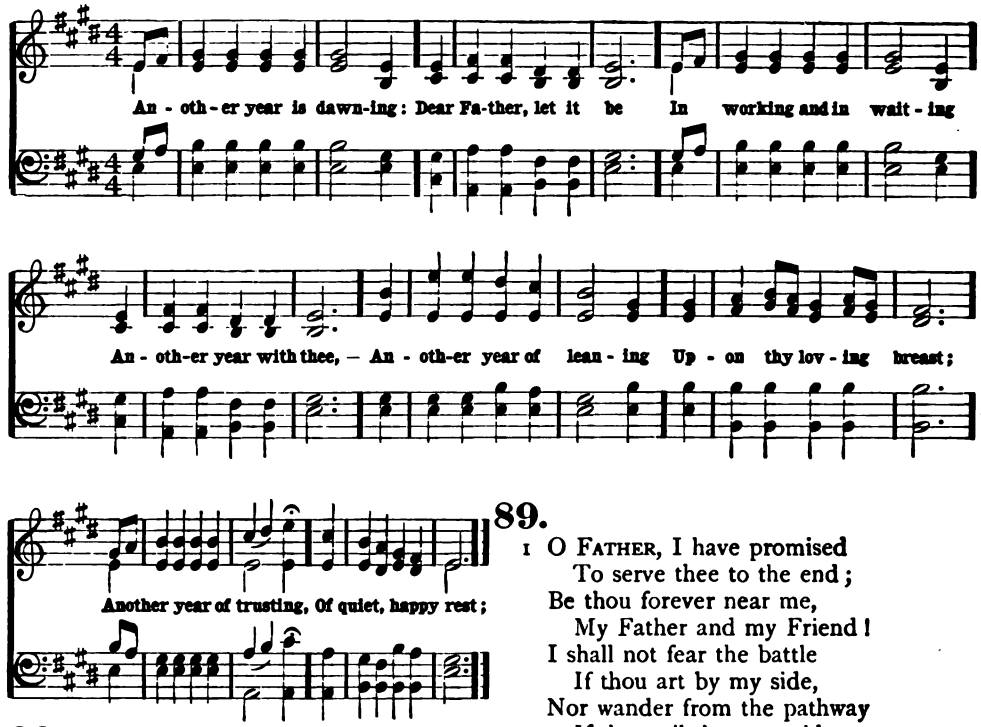
87.

1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
O, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Crucifix. 7s, 6s, D.

An - oth-er year is dawn-ing: Dear Fa-ther, let it be In working and in wait - ing
An - oth-er year with thee, — An - oth-er year of lean - ing Up - on thy lov - ing breast;
Another year of trusting, Of quiet, happy rest;

88.

1 ANOTHER year is dawning:
Dear Father, let it be
In working and in waiting
Another year with thee, —
Another year of leaning
Upon thy loving breast;
Another year of trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest;

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face;
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days;"

3 Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning:
Dear Father, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee.

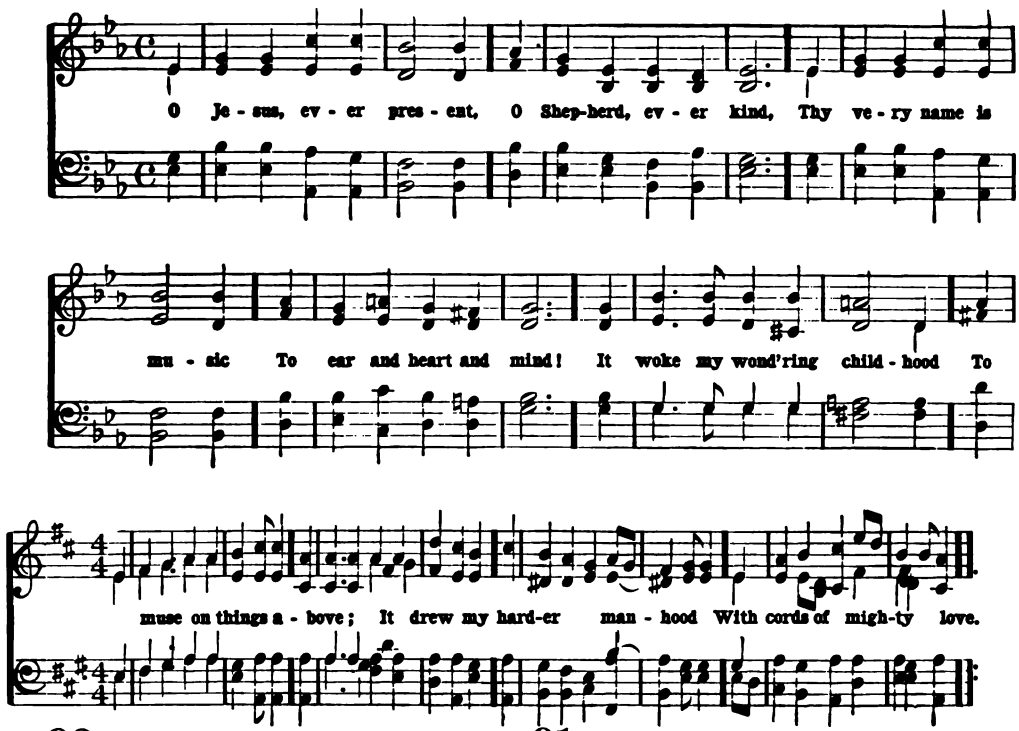
89.

1 O FATHER, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My Father and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.

2 O, let me feel thee near me!
The world is ever near:
I see the sights misleading,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within:
But, Father, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O, let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control!
O, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

4 O Father, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow,
My Father and my Friend!
O, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Father and my Friend!

Homeland. 7s, 6s, D.

O Je - sus, ev - er pres - ent, O Shep-herd, ev - er kind, Thy ve - ry name is
mu - sic To ear and heart and mind! It woke my wond'ring child - hood To
muse on things a - bove; It drew my hard-er man - hood With cords of migh-ty love.

90.

1 O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very name is music
To ear and heart and mind!
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert thou not, patient Shepherd,
The guardian of my way!
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balms poured in!

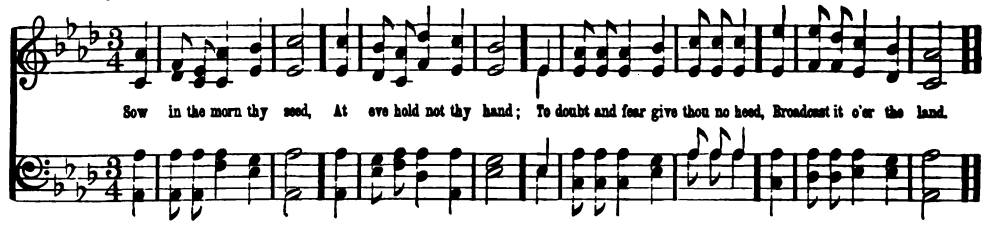
3 O Shepherd Good, I follow
Wherever thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture,
With thee at hand to feed!
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold;
O, bring my ransomed spirit
To thine eternal fold!

91.

1 O ONE with God the Father,
In majesty and might,
The brightness of his glory,
Eternal Light of Light!
O'er this, our home of darkness,
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before thee,
The world's true Light art thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That thou thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads through thee to God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of thy grace!
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of thy face!
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If thou thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness!

Lisbon. S. M.

92.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

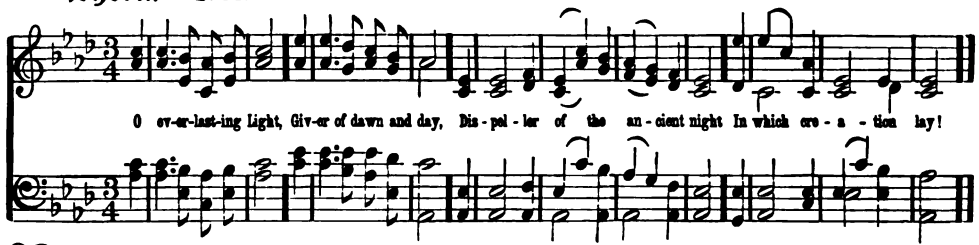
3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

7 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heav'n sing, "Harvest home!"

Ahira. S. M.

93.

1 O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

2 O everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within!
Brightest of all on earth that 's bright,
Come, shine away my sin!

3 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that 's true,
Sure Guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me, and teach me too!

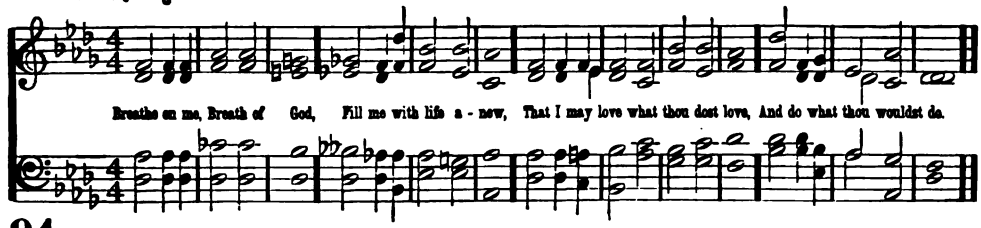
4 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way,
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day!

5 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

6 O everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care,
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear!

7 Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art thou;
Upon thy glorious name we call:
Dear Father, bless us now!

Crosby. S. M.



94.

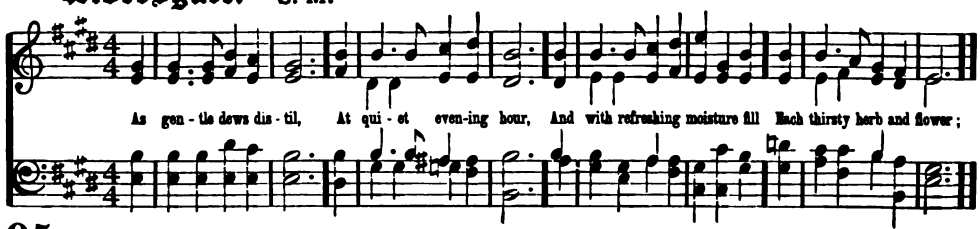
1 BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

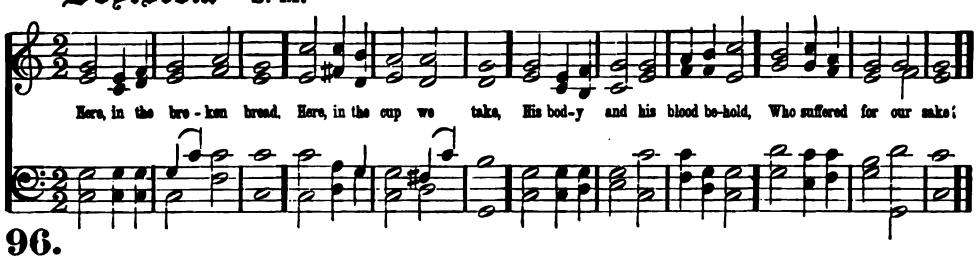
Aldersgate. S. M.



95.

1 As gentle dews distil,
At quiet evening hour,
And with refreshing moisture fill
Each thirsty herb and flower;

2 So from our God shall flow
His sweet, refreshing grace,
To make our Christian virtues grow,
And fill our hearts with praise.

Boylston. S. M.

96.

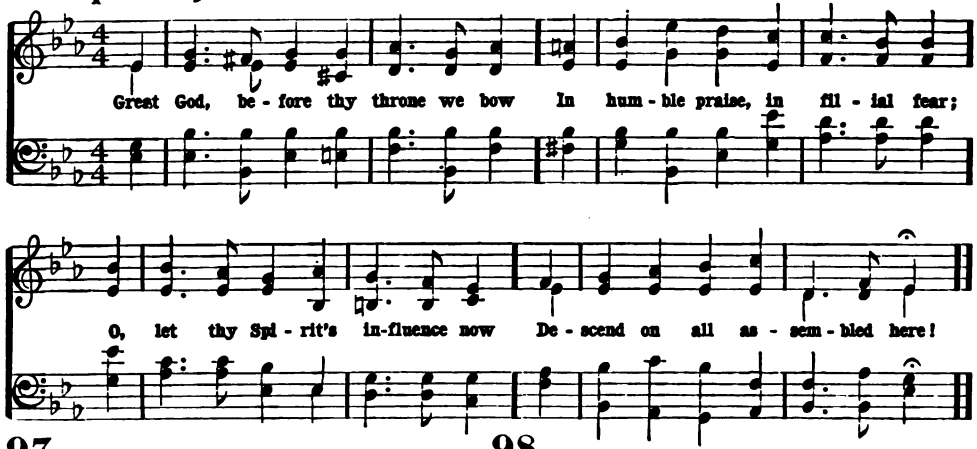
1 HERE, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake!

2 O thou who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than thou hast done for us?

3 We are persuaded now
That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
Displayed in him who died, —

4 Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

Uplift the Banner. L. M.


Great God, be - fore thy throne we bow In hum - ble praise, in fil - ial fear;
O, let thy Spi - rit's in-fluence now De - scend on all as - sem - bled here!

97.

1 GREAT God, before thy throne we bow
In humble praise, in filial fear;
O, let thy Spirit's influence now
Descend on all assembled here!

2 Diffuse thy love and peace abroad,
Bid worldly cares and follies flee;
Here in thy house, O Lord, our God,
We dedicate ourselves to thee.

3 Though poor the offering, thou wilt own
The humble and the contrite heart
That meekly worships at thy throne,
Nor would from thy commands depart.

4 Accept the humble strains we raise,
And when our Sabbaths here decay,
O, may they rise in loftier praise,
Through an eternal Sabbath-day.

98.

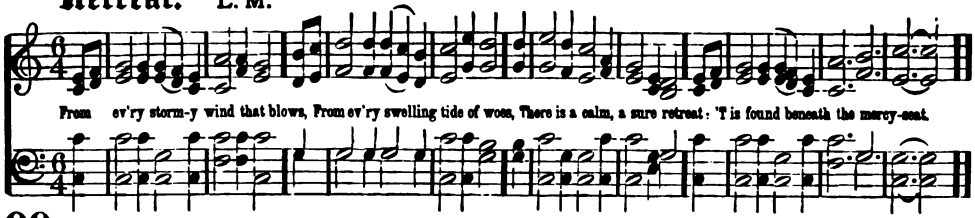
1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child, and thou so high, —
The Lord of earth and air and sky!

2 Art thou my Father? — let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee,
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father? — I 'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? — then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

Retreat. L. M.


From ev'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

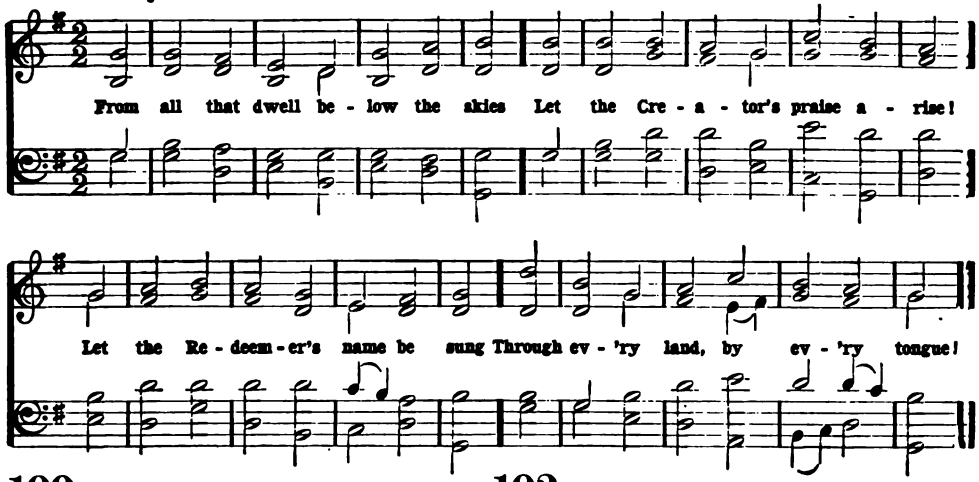
99.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet:
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Old Hundred. L. M.

From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise!
Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue!

100.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

101.

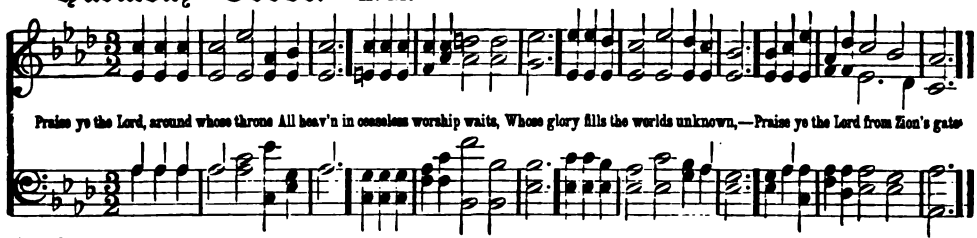
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly throng!
Praise God, the Father, in your song!

102.

1 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 't is bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I 'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Harmony Grove. L. M.

Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne All heav'n in ceaseless worship waits, Whose glory fills the worlds unknown,—Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gate

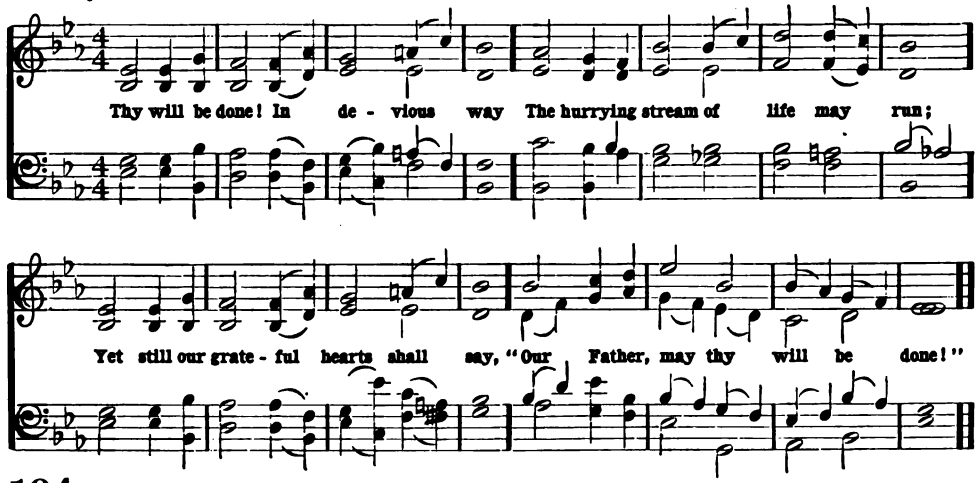
103.

1 Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne
All heaven in ceaseless worship waits,
Whose glory fills the worlds unknown,—
Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gates.

2 With mingling souls and voices join;
To him the swelling anthem raise;
Repeat his name with joy divine,
And fill the temple with his praise.

3 All-gracious God, to thee we owe
Each joy and blessing time affords,—
Light, life, and health, and all below,
Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords.

4 Thine be the praise, for thine the love
That freely all our sins forgave,
Pointed our dying eyes above,
And showed us life beyond the grave.

Miner. L. M.

Thy will be done! In de - vious way The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grate - ful hearts shall say, "Our Father, may thy will be done!"

104.

1 Thy will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Our Father, may thy will be done!"

2 Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine:
"Our Father, may thy will be done!"

3 Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, all prayers in one
Our souls before thy throne shall pour, —
"Our Father, let thy will be done!"

4 Thy will be done! The living way
To thine own kingdom is begun,
Continued, ended, when we pray,
"Our Father, let thy will be done!"

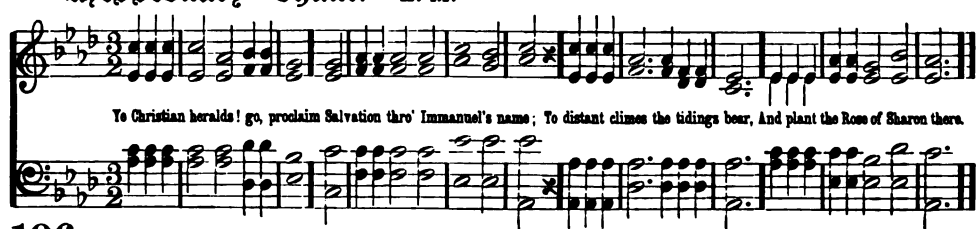
105.

1 Lo, God is here! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face!
Let all within us feel his power;
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

3 Being of beings! may thy praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

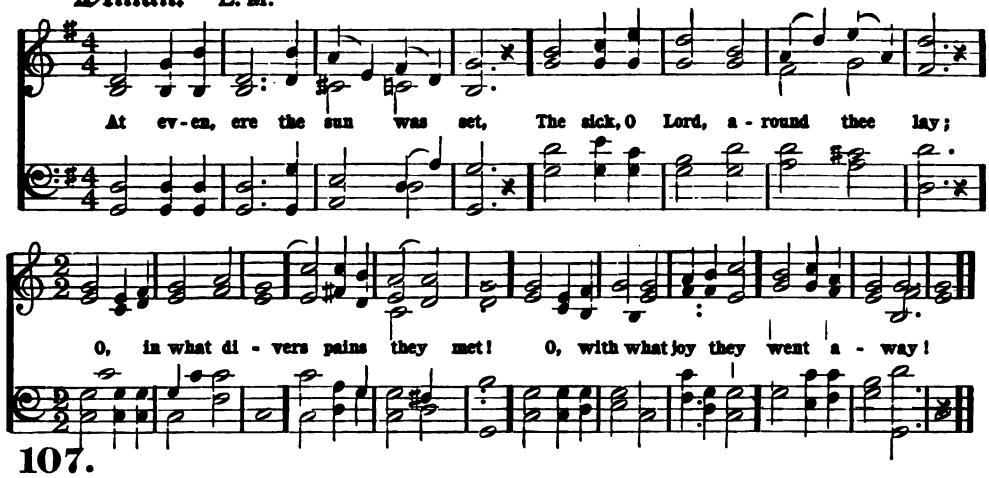

Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim Salvation thro' Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

106.

1 Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 *He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,*
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more, —
Meet with the ransomed throng, to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

Diman. L. M.

107.

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
O, in what divers pains they met!
O, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 't is eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

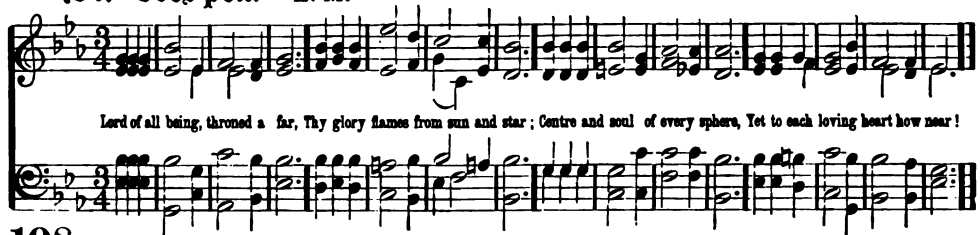
4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall:
Hear, in this solemn blessed hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

St. Crispin. L. M.


Lord of all being, throned a far, Thy glory flames from sun and star; Centre and soul of every sphere, Yet to each loving heart how near!

108.

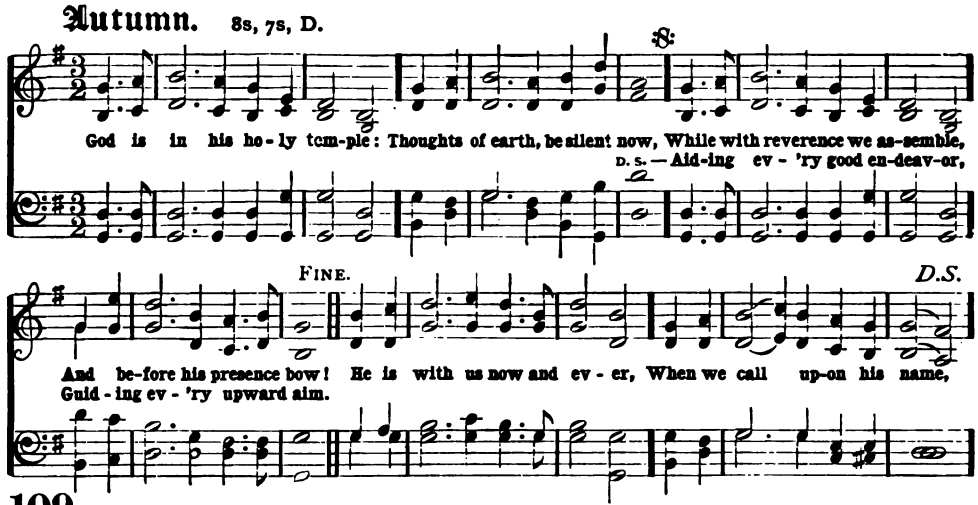
1 Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is *thy gracious dawn;*
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

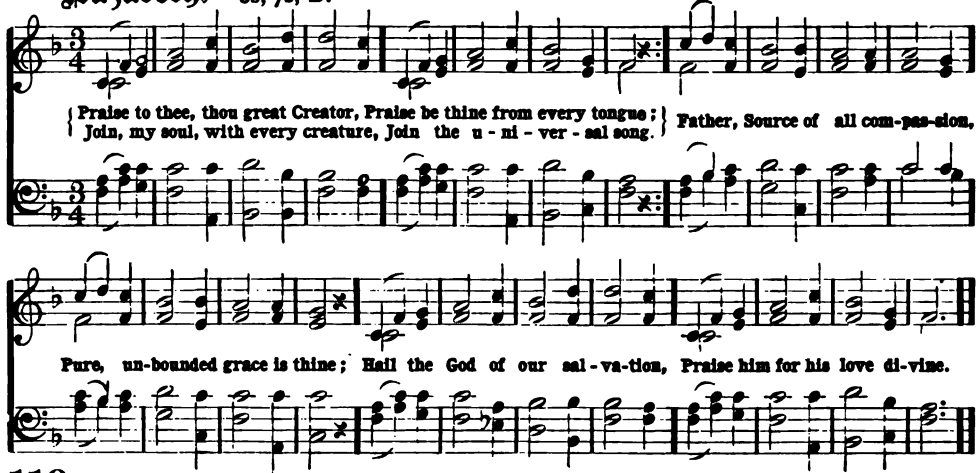
Autumn. 8s, 7s, D.

God is in his ho-ly tem-ple: Thoughts of earth, be silent now, While with reverence we as-semble,
D. S. — Aid-ing ev-'ry good en-deav-or,
FINE.
D.S.
And be-fore his presence bow! He is with us now and ev-er, When we call up-on his name,
Guid-ing ev-'ry upward aim.

109.

1 God is in his holy temple:
Thoughts of earth, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow!
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

2 God is in his holy temple, —
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined.
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls, in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

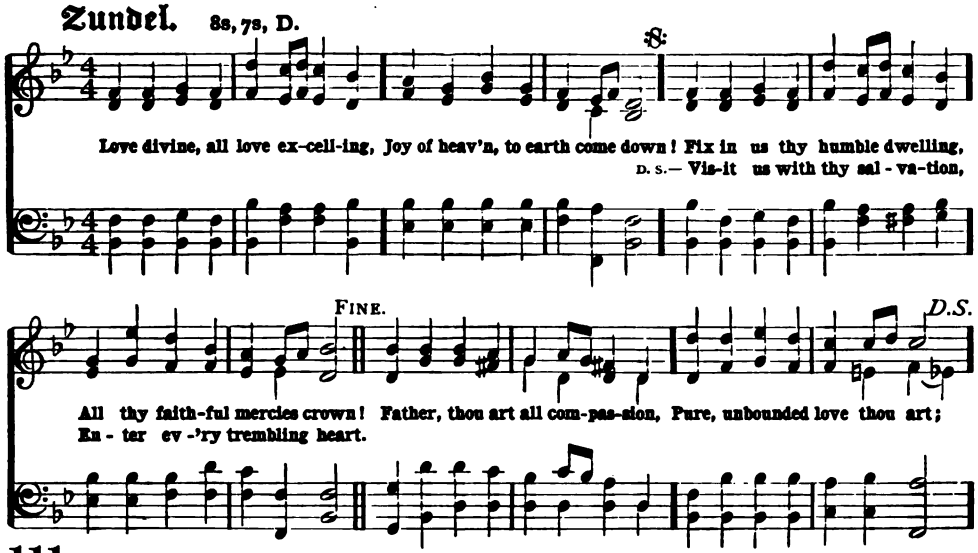
Nazareth. 8s, 7s, D.


Praise to thee, thou great Creator, Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the u-ni-ver-sal song.
Father, Source of all com-pas-sion,
Pure, un-bounded grace is thine; Hail the God of our sal-va-tion, Praise him for his love di-vine.

110.

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

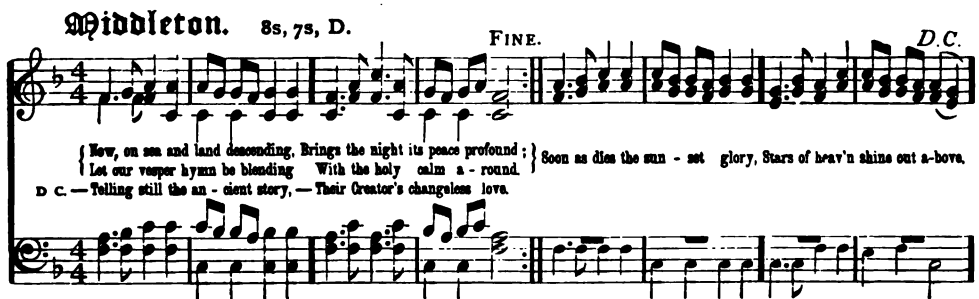

Zundel. 8s, 7s, D.
Love divine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
D. S.— Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion,
FINE.
D.S.
All thy faith-ful mercies crown! Father, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.

111.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive!
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

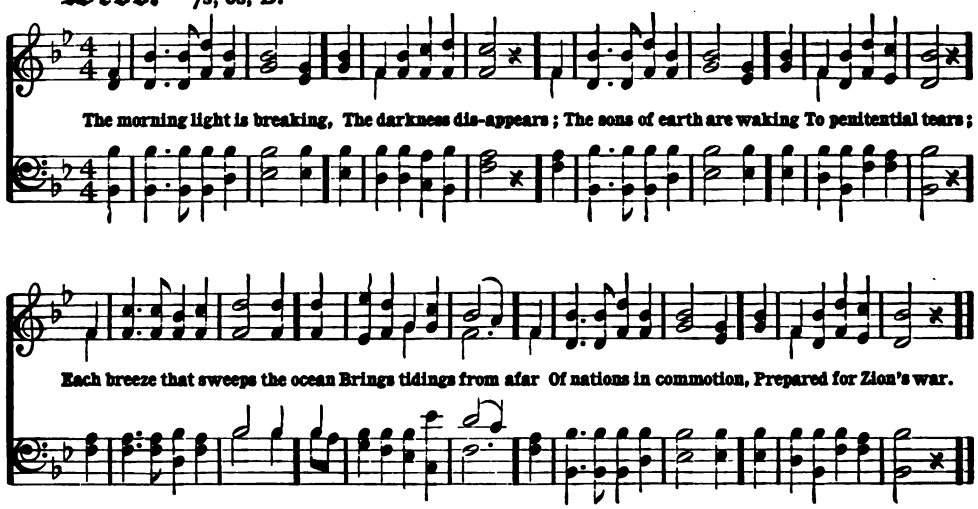

Middleton. 8s, 7s, D.
FINE.
D.C.
Now, on sea and land descending, Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending With the holy calm a-round.
Soon as dies the sun-set glory, Stars of heav'n shine out a-bove,
D C.— Telling still the an-cient story,— Their Creator's changeless love.

112.

1 Now, on sea and land descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,—
Their Creator's changeless love.

2 Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

Webb. 7s, 6s, D.


The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-appears; The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

113.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing, —
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

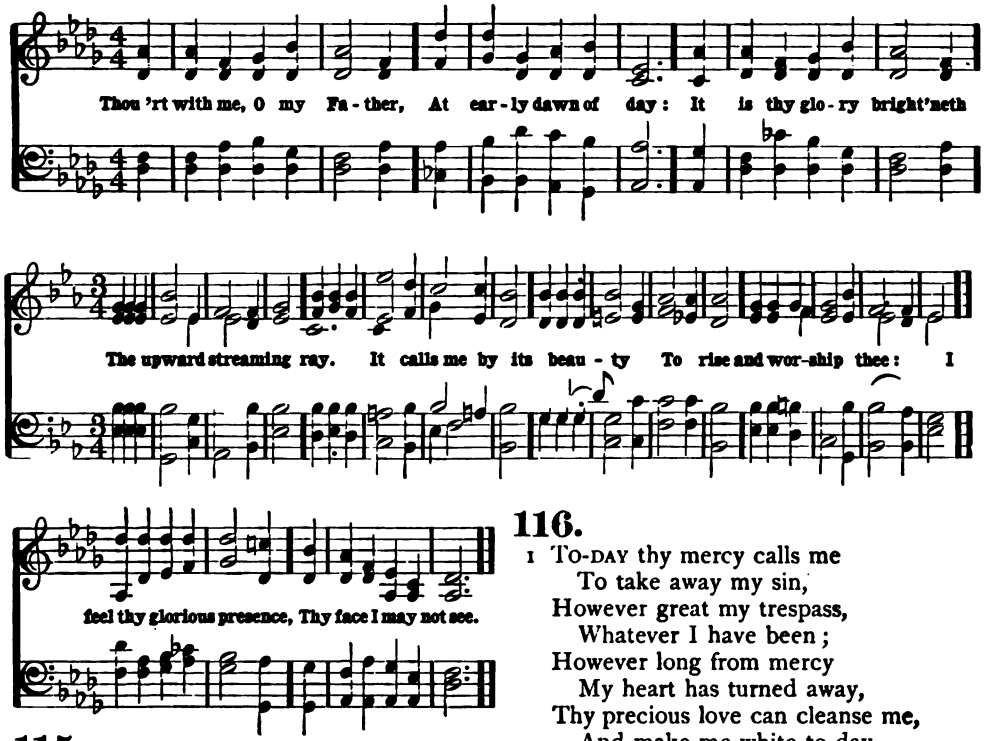
114.

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true;
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light;
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

Lancashire. 7s, 6s, D.

Thou 'rt with me, O my Fa - ther, At ear - ly dawn of day: It is thy glo - ry bright'neth
The upward streaming ray. It calls me by its beau - ty To rise and wor-ship thee: I
feel thy glorious presence, Thy face I may not see.

115.

1 THOU 'RT with me, O my Father,
At early dawn of day:
It is thy glory brighteneth
The upward streaming ray.
It calls me by its beauty
To rise and worship thee:
I feel thy glorious presence,
Thy face I may not see.

2 Thou 'rt with me, O my Father,
In changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
In weariness of strife;
My sufferings, my comforts,
Alternate at thy will:
I trust thee, O my Father, —
I trust thee, and am still.

3 Thou 'rt with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom:
When earth in night is shrouded,
Thy presence fills my room.
The trembling stars bring tidings
Of kindness from above:
I love thee, O my Father,
And feel that thou art love.

116.

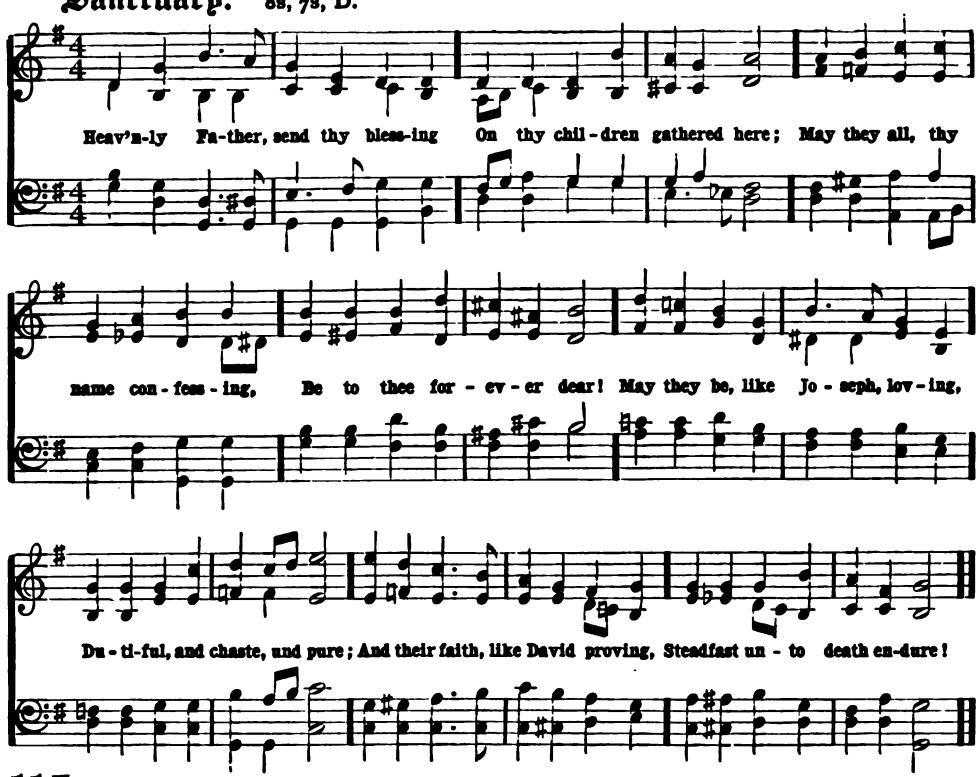
1 TO-DAY thy mercy calls me
To take away my sin,
However great my trespass,
Whatever I have been;
However long from mercy
My heart has turned away,
Thy precious love can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

2 To-day thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,
His Holy Spirit waits,
His blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

4 O, all-embracing mercy,
O, ever-open door,
What should I do without thee,
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

Sanctuary. 8s, 7s, D.


Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, send thy bless-ing On thy chil-dren gathered here; May they all, thy
name con-fess-ing, Be to thee for-ev-er dear! May they be, like Jo-seph, lov-ing,
Du-ti-ful, and chaste, and pure; And their faith, like David proving, Steadfast un-to death en-dure!

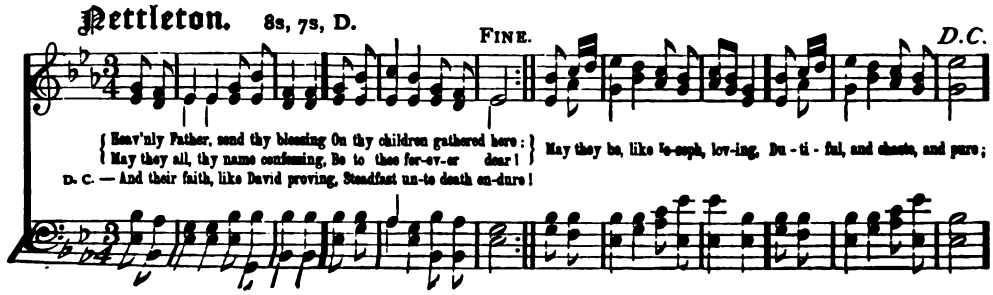
117.

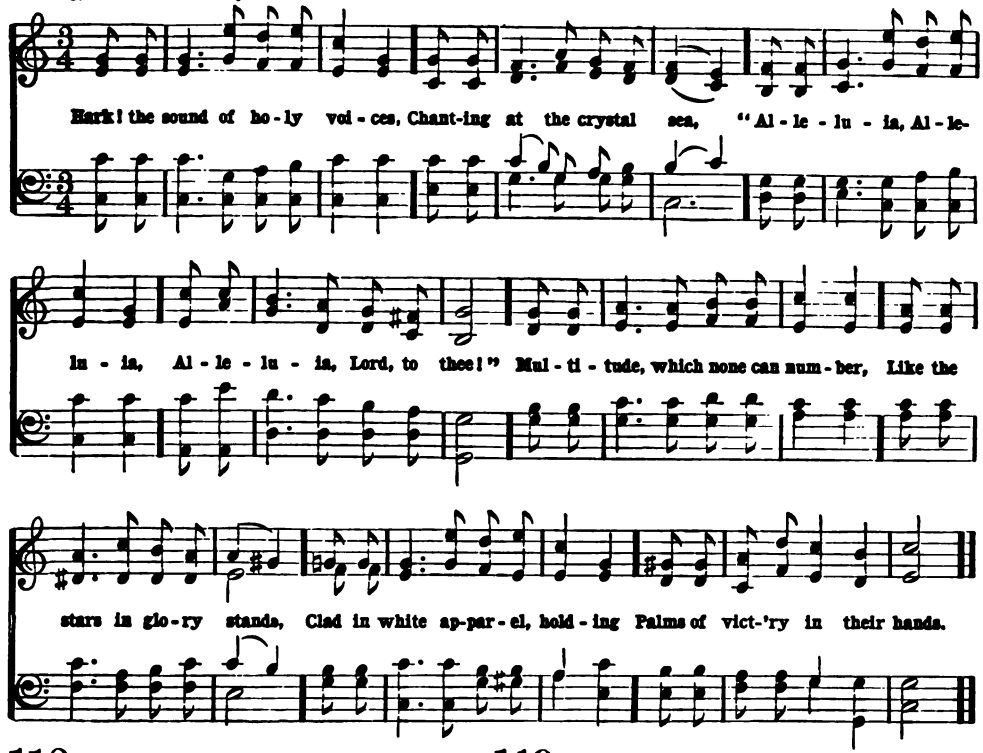
1 Heavenly Father, send thy blessing
On thy children gathered here;
May they all, thy name confessing,
Be to thee forever dear!
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David proving,
Steadfast unto death endure!

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to thee.
Bear thy lambs when they are weary
In thine arms and at thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love;
Temples of thy glorious Godhead,
May they with thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be thine.

Nettleton. 8s, 7s, D.


FINE.
D.C.
{ Heav'nly Father, send thy blessing On thy children gathered here; } May they be, like Jo-seph, lov-ing, Du-ti-ful, and chaste, and pure;
{ May they all, thy name confessing, Be to thee for-ev-er dear! }
D. C. — And their faith, like David proving, Steadfast un-to death en-dure!

Faben. 8s, 7s, D.

Hark! the sound of ho-ly voi-ces, Chant-ing at the crystal sea, "Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-
lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Lord, to thee!" Mul-ti-tude, which none can num-ber, Like the
stars in glo-ry stands, Clad in white ap-par-el, hold-ing Palms of vict-'ry in their hands.

118.

1 HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
"Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to thee!"
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clad in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Marching, with thy Cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

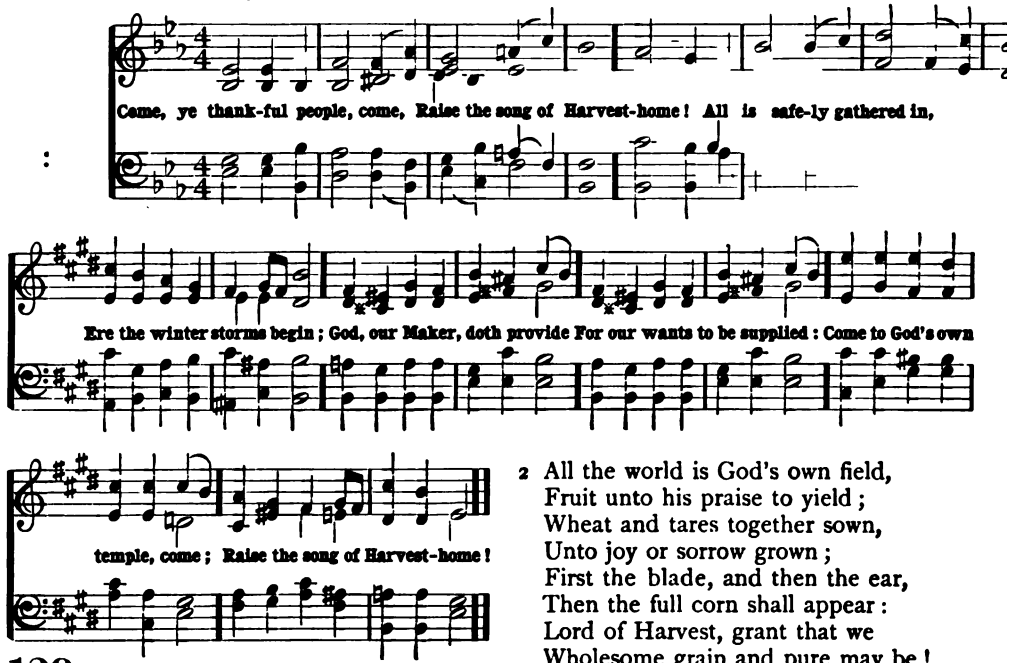
3 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the blessed deity.

119.

1 SING, with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the "former days" belong.
Even now the dawn is breaking;
Soon the night of time shall cease,
And, in God's own likeness waking,
Man shall know eternal peace.

2 O, what glory! far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed th' eternal gates.

3 "Life eternal!" Heaven rejoices;
Jesus lives, who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices;
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

Sorrento. 7s, D.

Come, ye thank-ful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home! All is safe-ly gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin; God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own
temple, come; Raise the song of Harvest-home!

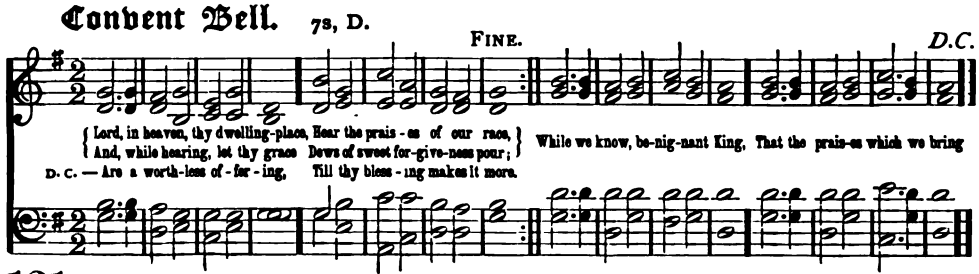
120.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

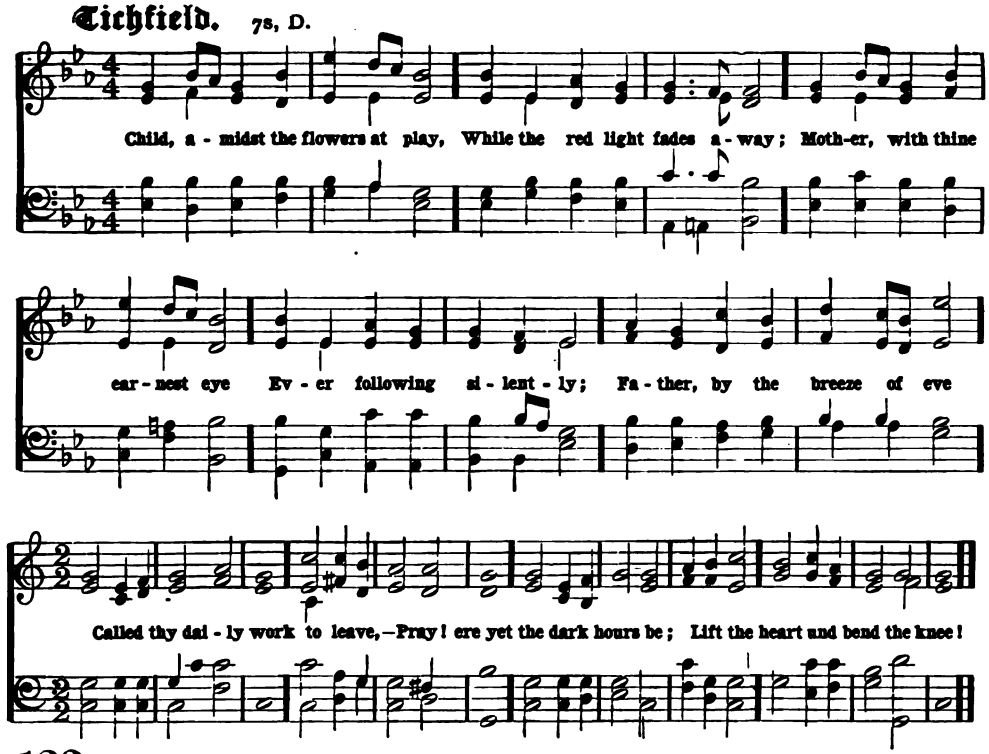
3 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

Convent Bell. 7s, D.


FINE.
D.C.
Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling-place, Hear the prais-es of our race,
And, while hearing, let thy grace Dews of sweet for-give-ness pour;
While we know, be-nig-nant King, That the prais-es which we bring
D. C. — Are a worth-less of-fer-ing, Till thy bless-ing makes it more.

121.

1 LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering,
Till thy blessing makes it more.

2 More of truth and more of might,
More of love and more of light,
More of reason and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given;
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of Heaven.

Lichfield. 7s, D.
Child, a - midst the flowers at play, While the red light fades a - way; Moth-er, with thine
ear - nest eye Ev - er following si - lent - ly; Fa - ther, by the breeze of eve
Called thy dai - ly work to leave,—Pray! ere yet the dark hours be; Lift the heart and bend the knee!

122.

1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily work to leave,—
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be;
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

123.

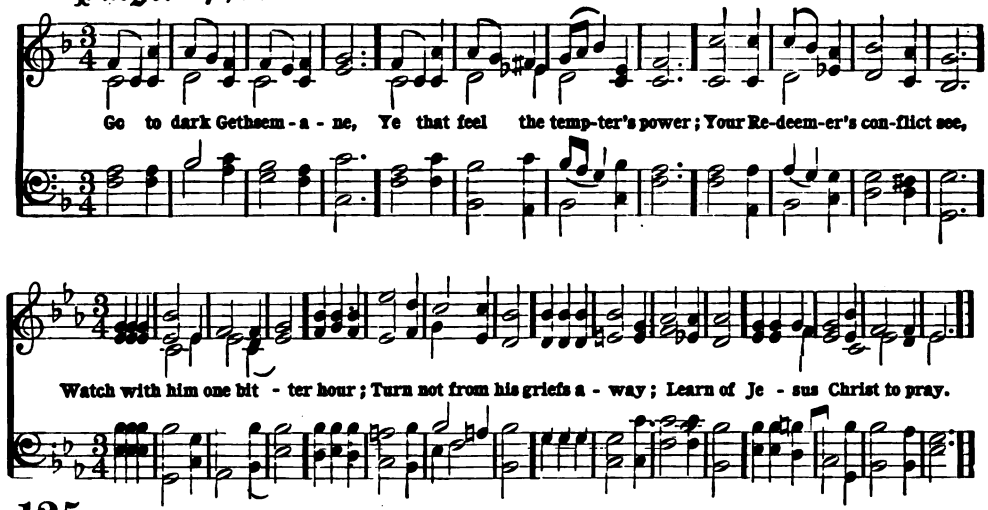
1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near!
Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought,—is less than nought:
Thou, our God, art all in all.

2 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell,
Yet presume to look to thee
'Midst thy light ineffable.
O, receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

124.

1 GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Listen to thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs.
Deep our shame for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

2 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.
These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own,
Humbled, at thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

Paige. 7s, 6l.

Go to dark Gethsem - a - ne, Ye that feel the temp-ter's power; Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see,
Watch with him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from his griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

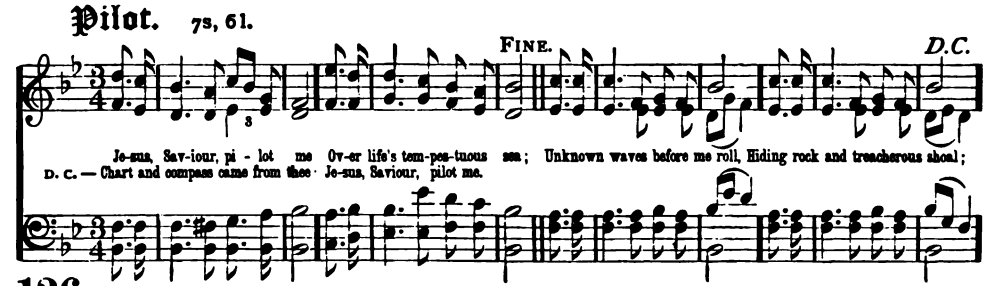
125.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned!
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom.
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Pilot. 7s, 6l.

FINE.
D.C.
Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me Ov-er life's tem-pes-tuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
D. C. — Chart and compass came from thee: Je-sus, Saviour, pilot me.

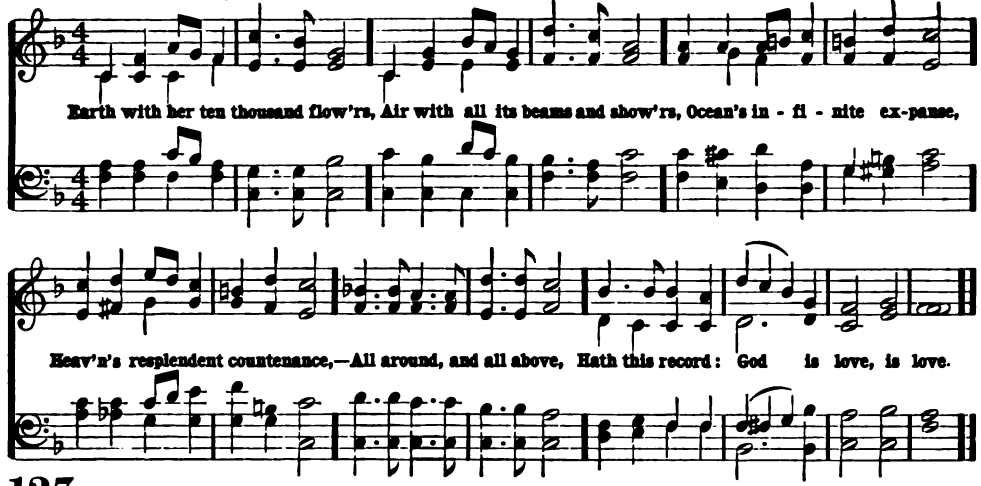
126.

1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 When th' Apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

3 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou sayst to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

Atwood. 7s, 6l. [With Hymn 127 only.]


Earth with her ten thousand flow'rs, Air with all its beams and show'rs, Ocean's in - fi - nite ex-panse,
Heav'n's resplendent countenance,—All around, and all above, Hath this record: God is love, is love.

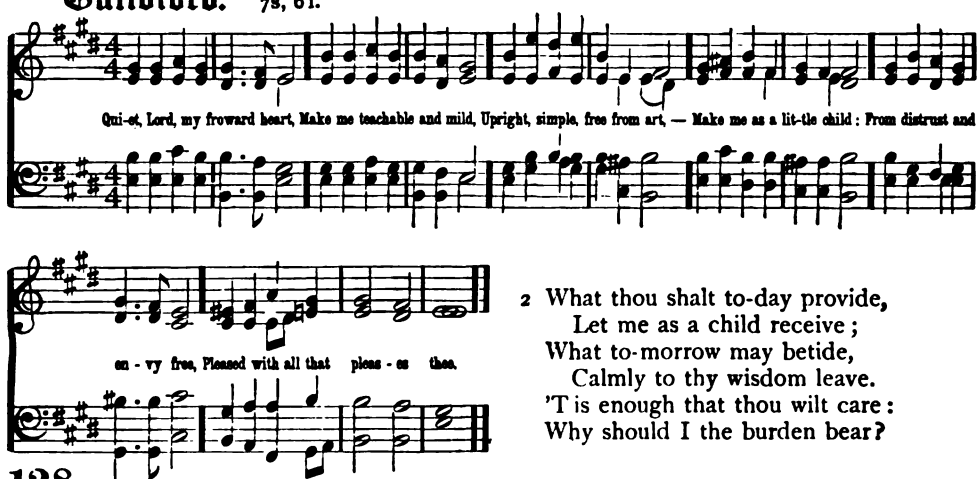
127.

1 Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance, —
All around, and all above,
Hath this record: God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred,—
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden: God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, God is love.

Guildford. 7s, 6l.


Qui-et, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teachable and mild, Upright, simple, free from art, — Make me as a lit-tle child: From distrust and
en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es thee.

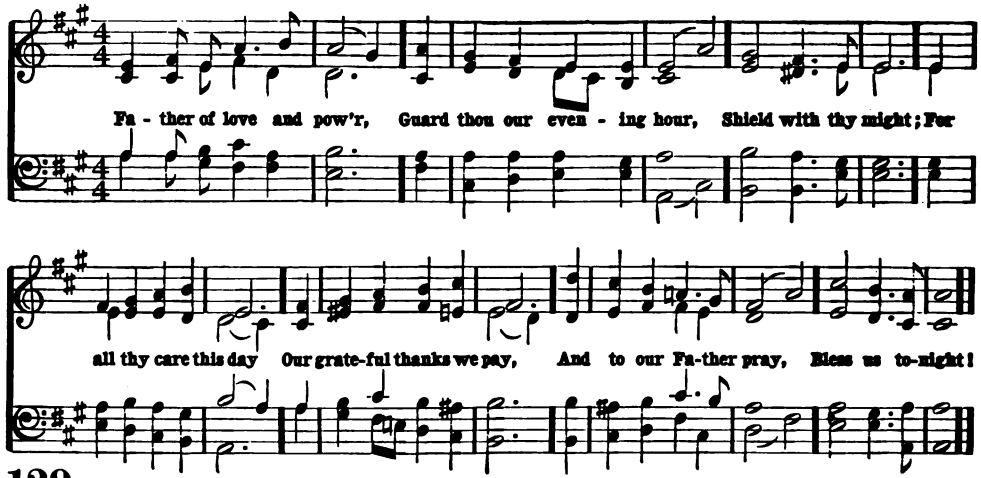
128.

1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art, —
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased *with all that pleases thee.*

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'T is enough that thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone, —
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Dighton. 6s, 4s.


Fa - ther of love and pow'r, Guard thou our even - ing hour, Shield with thy might; For
all thy care this day Our grate-ful thanks we pay, And to our Fa-ther pray, Bless us to-night!

129.

1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard thou our evening hour,
Shield with thy might;
For all thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night!

2 Jesus Immanuel!
Come in thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we thy grace receive,
And in thy word believe:
Bless us to-night!

3 Spirit of Holiness,
Gently transforming grace,
Indwelling Light,
Soothe thou each weary breast,
Now let thy peace, possest,
Calm us to perfect rest,
Bless us to-night!

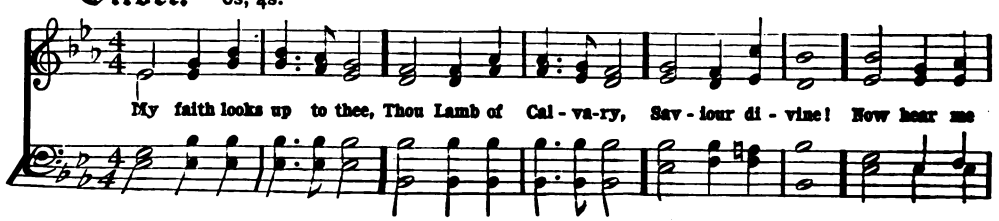
130.

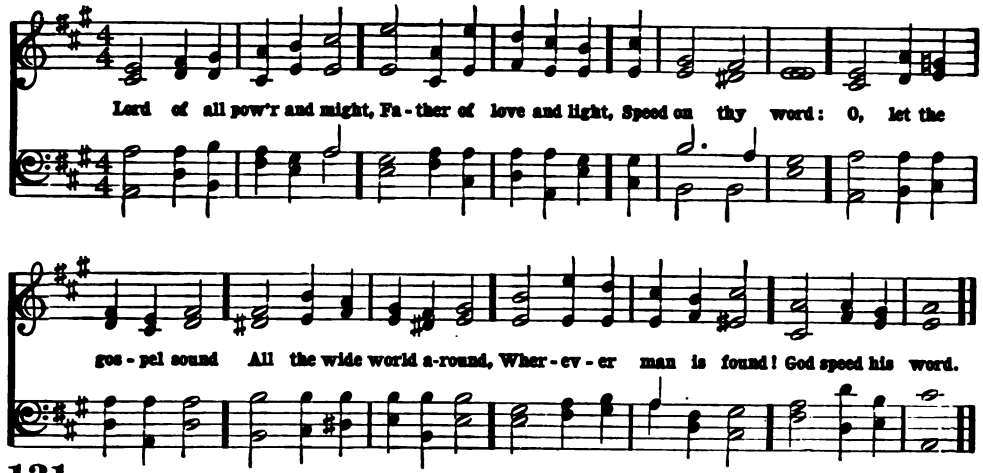
1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

Stobel. 6s, 4s.


Lord of all pow'r and might, Fa - ther of love and light, Speed on thy word: O, let the
gos - pel sound All the wide world a-round, Wher - ev - er man is found! God speed his word.

131.

1 LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy word:
O, let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found!
God speed his word.

2 Hail, blessed Jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Praise ye the Lord!
One for his truth we stand,
Strong in his own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield his word.

3 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless his word.

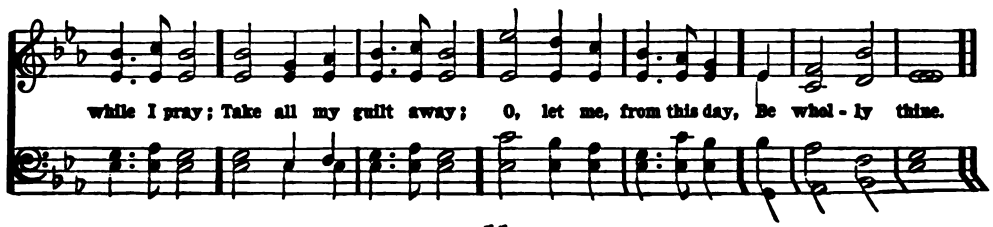
132.

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways,
Christ our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring
Tributes of praise.

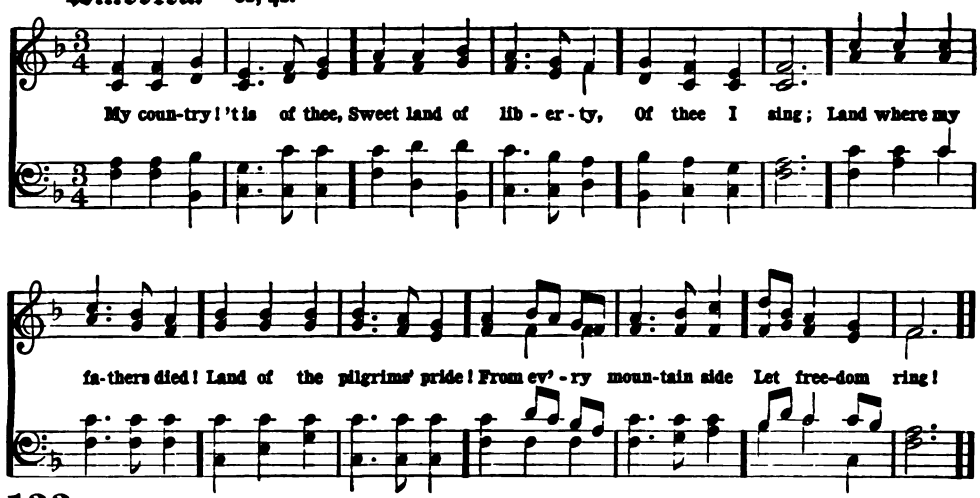
2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst thyself abase,
The perfect way didst trace,
That thou might'st save our race,
And give us life.

3 Ever be thou our guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song.
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!



America. 6s, 4s.


My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev' - ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!

133.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

134.

1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

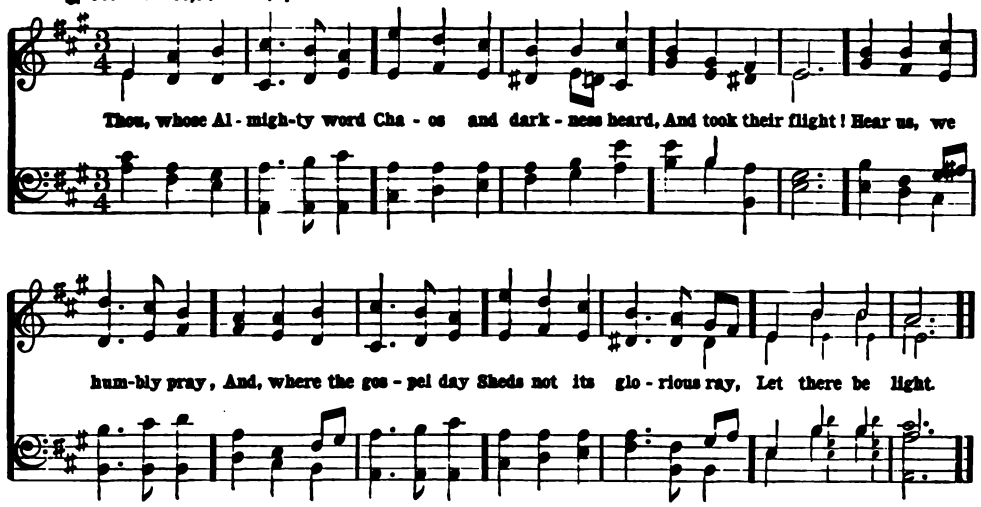
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

135.

1 Gone are those great and good
Who here in peril stood
And raised their hymn:
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The glorious past has shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

2 Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust,—
The faith that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

3 Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills,
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O, let thy light repose
On these thy hills!

Fiat Lux. 6s, 4s.

Thou, whose Al - migh-ty word Cha - os and dark - ness heard, And took their flight! Hear us, we
hum-bly pray, And, where the gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light.

136.

1 THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

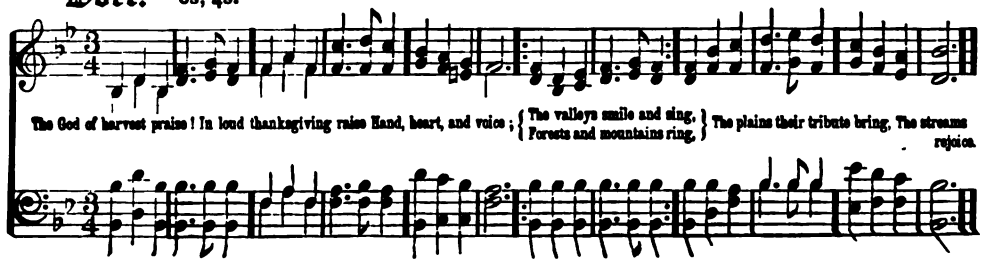
3 Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,—
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

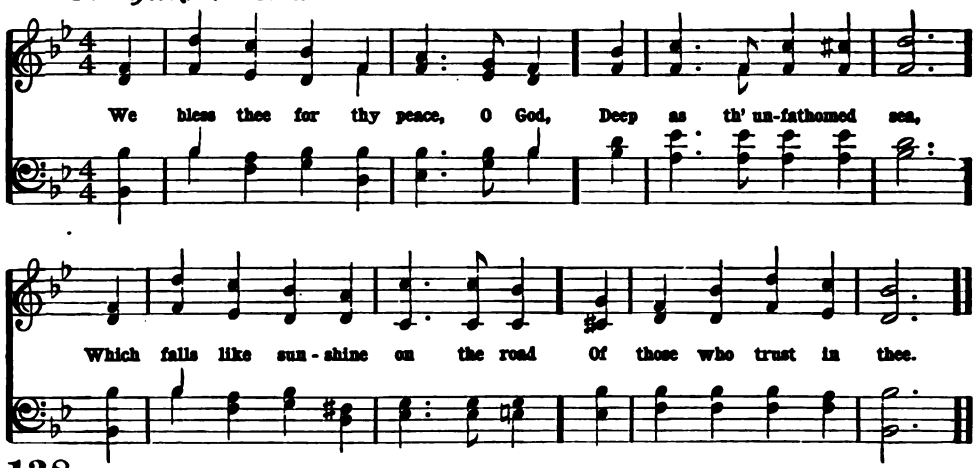
137.

1 THE God of harvest praise!
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth!
To glory in your lot
Is duty; but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise!
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord!

Dort. 6s, 4s.

The God of harvest praise! In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart, and voice; { The valleys smile and sing, / Forests and mountains ring, } The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.

Elmhurst. C. M.

138.

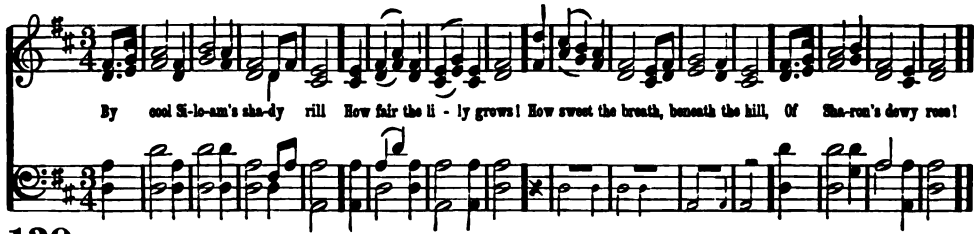
1 We bless thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee.

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Siloam. C. M.

139.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

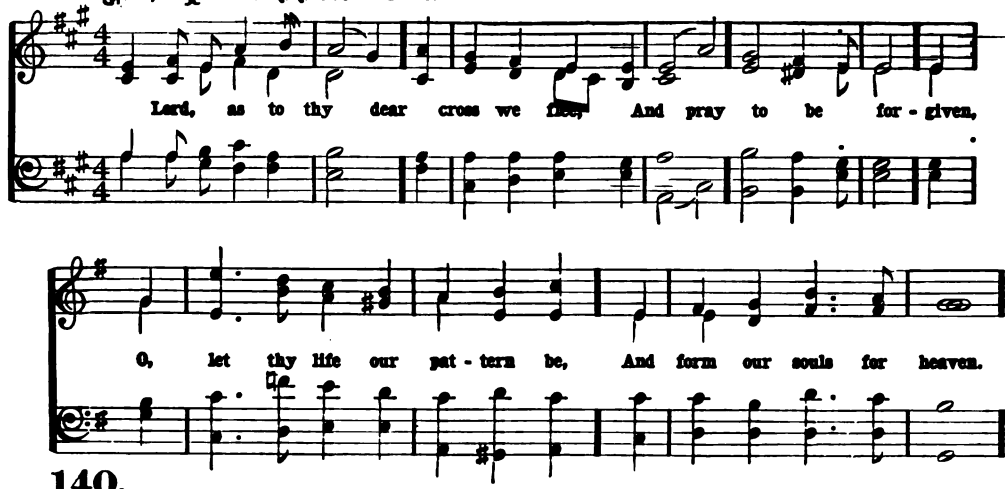
2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine, —

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Nox Præcessit. C. M.

140.

1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
O, let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like thee to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

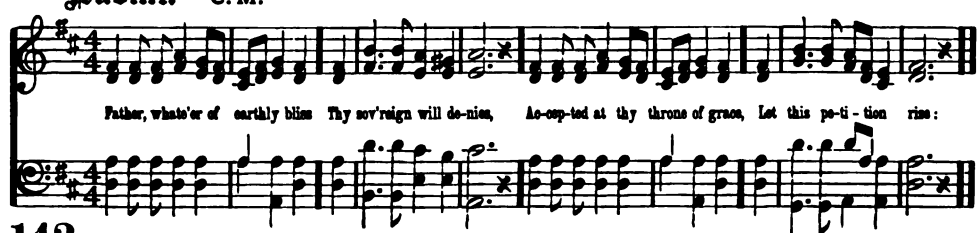
5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

141.

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

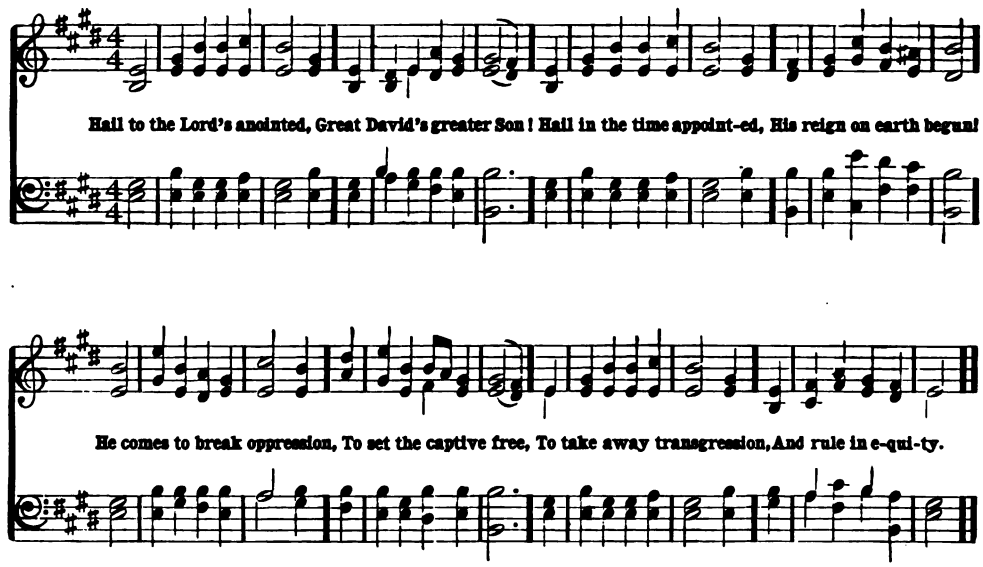
Naomi. C. M.

142.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every *murmur free;*
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s.


Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail in the time appoint-ed, His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in e-qui-ty.

143.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And help the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever:
That name to us is — Love!

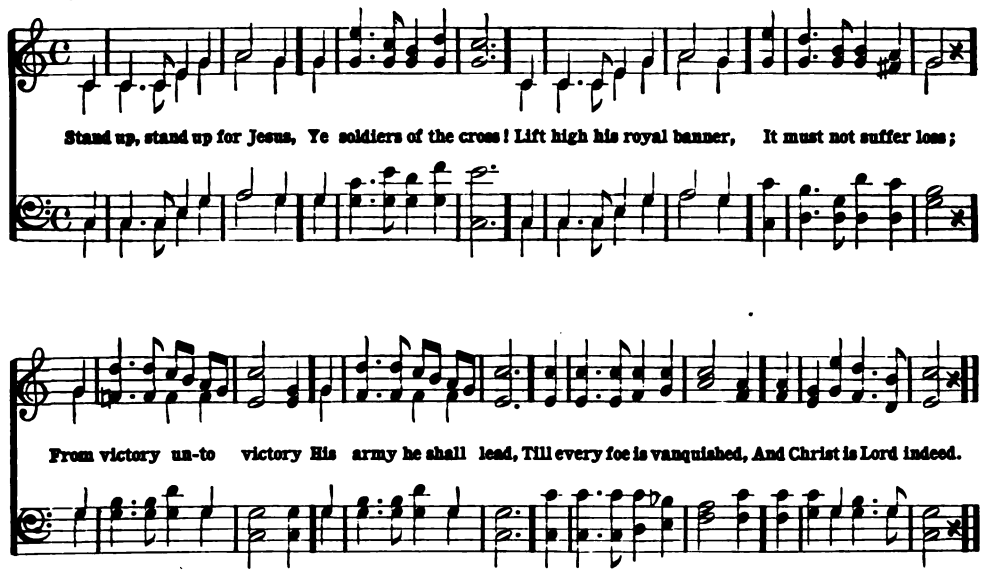
144.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high, —
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Farmer. 7s, 6s, D.


Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss;
From victory un-to victory His army he shall lead, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

145.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

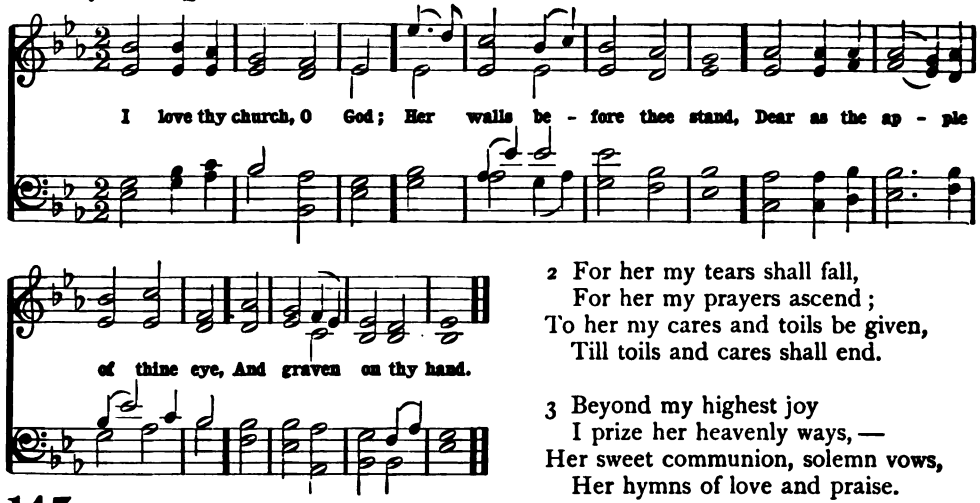
4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

146.

1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear;
O, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near!

3 Thy gracious love possessing,
In all my pilgrim road,
My soul shall feel thy blessing
In thy divine abode.
There, bowing down before thee,
My every conflict o'er,
My spirit shall adore thee
Forever, evermore.

Mornington. S. M.

147.

1 I LOVE thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, —
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

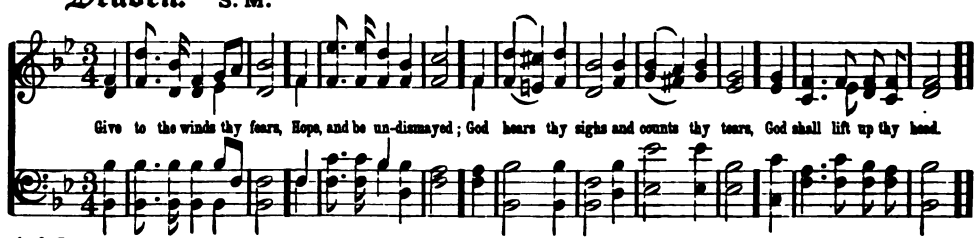
148.

1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Braden. S. M.

149.

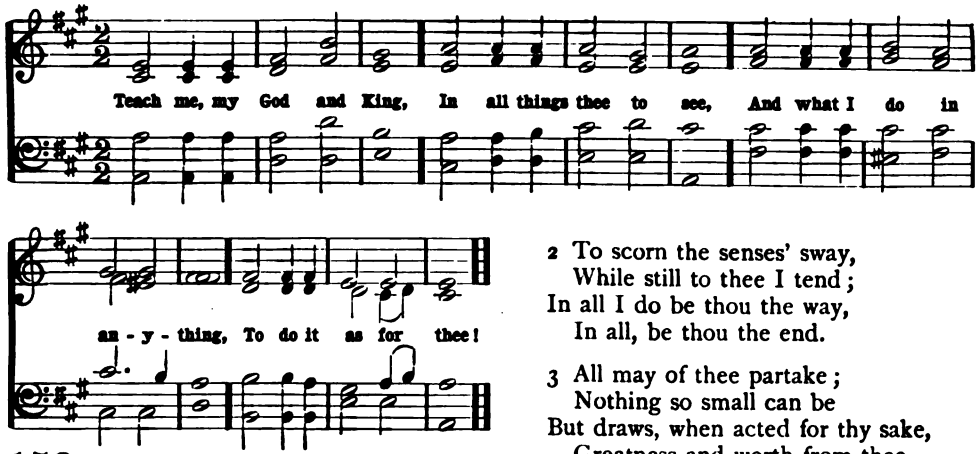
1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Beatitude. S. M.



150.

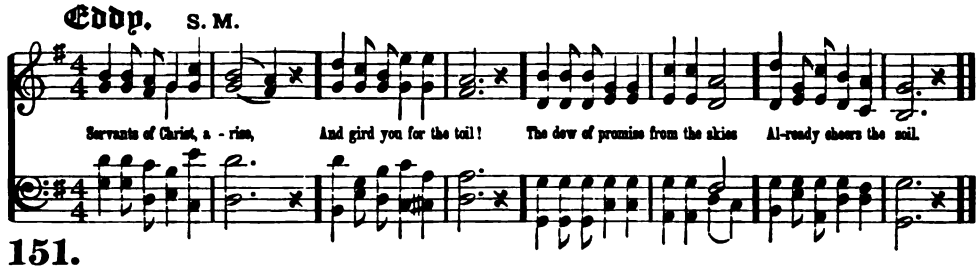
1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
Ev'n servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

Eddy. S. M.



151.

1 Servants of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

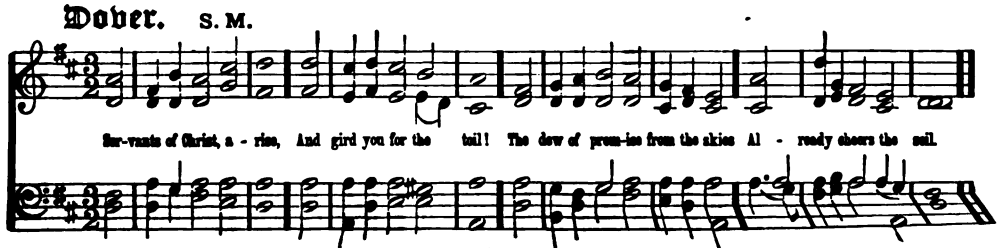
2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

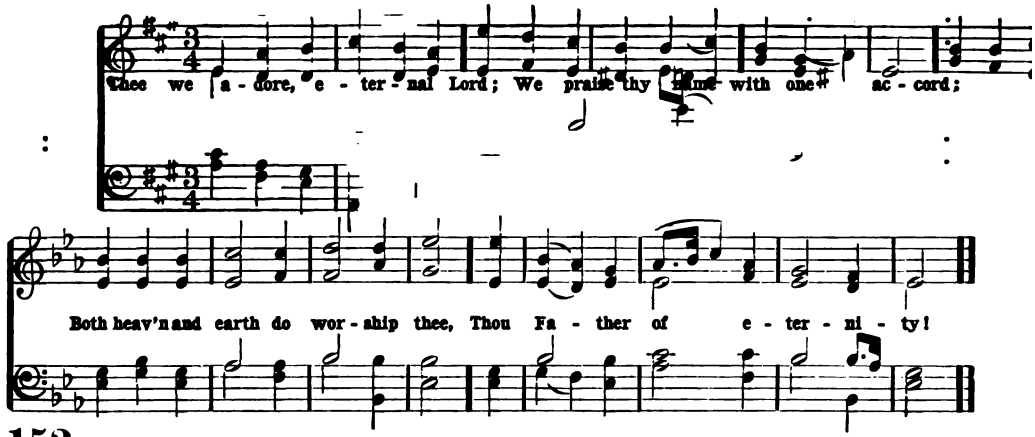
3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Dover. S. M.



Luton. L. M.

Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Lord; We praise thy name with one ac - cord;
Both heav'n and earth do wor - ship thee, Thou Fa - ther of e - ter - ni - ty!

152.

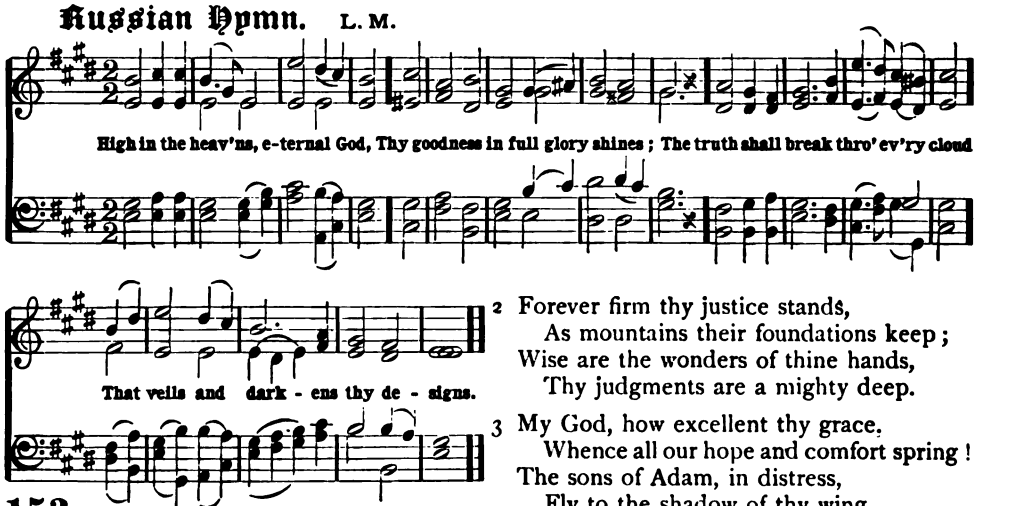
1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord;
We praise thy name with one accord;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high;
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets swell th' immortal song,
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
Have mercy, Lord; we trust in thee;
O, let us ne'er confounded be!

Russian Hymn. L. M.

High in the heav'ns, e-ternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines; The truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and dark - ens thy de - signs.

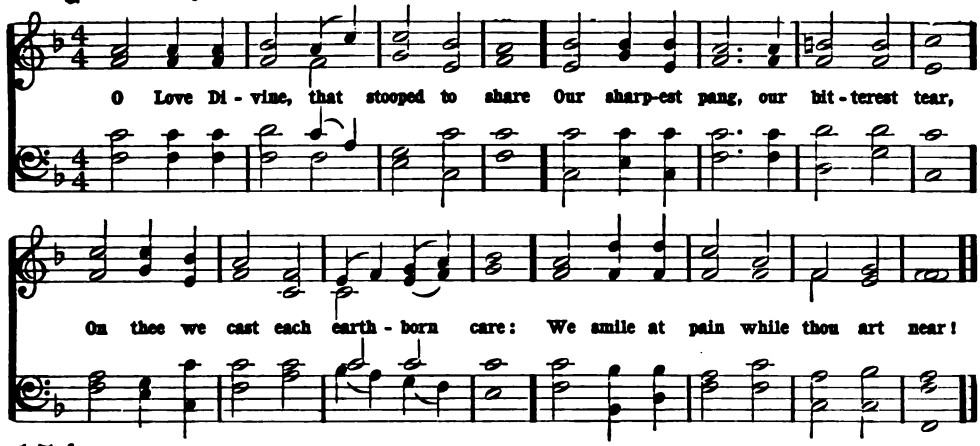
153.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
The truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Federal Street. L. M.

O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit - terest tear,
On thee we cast each earth - born care: We smile at pain while thou art near!

154.

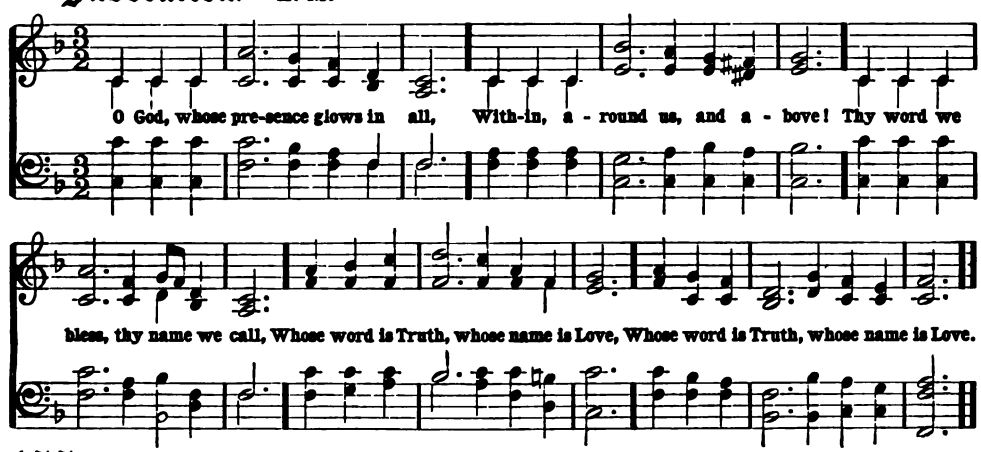
1 O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care:
We smile at pain while thou art near!

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

Invocation. L. M.


O God, whose pre-sence glows in all, With-in, a - round us, and a - bove! Thy word we
bless, thy name we call, Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love, Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

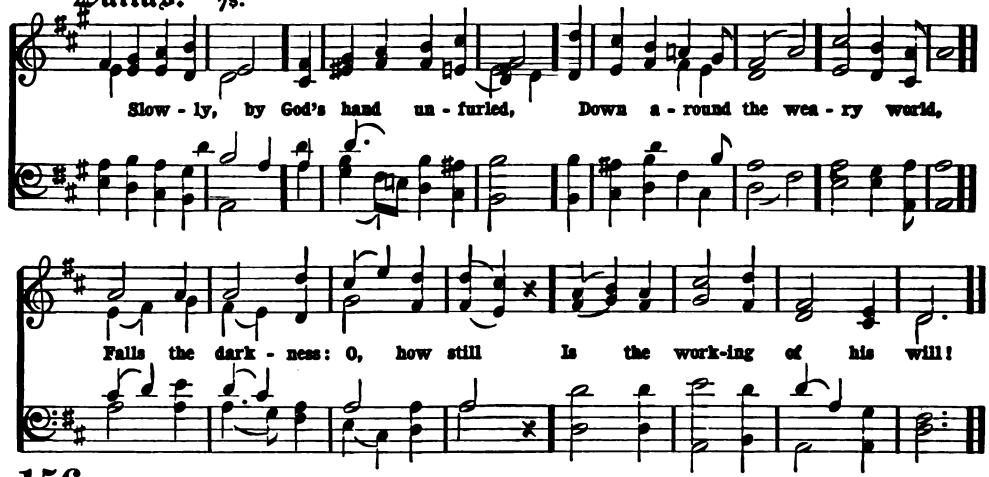
155.

1 O God, whose presence glows in all,
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our Spirit's light, *thy Spirit's grace.*

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

4 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

Dallas. 7s.

156.

1 Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness: O, how still
Is the working of his will!

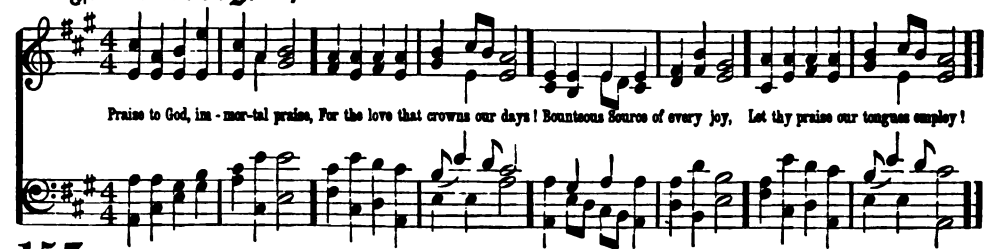
2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

5 Let my life attunéd be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

Nuremberg. 7s.


Praise to God, im - mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days! Bounteous Source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ!

157.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;

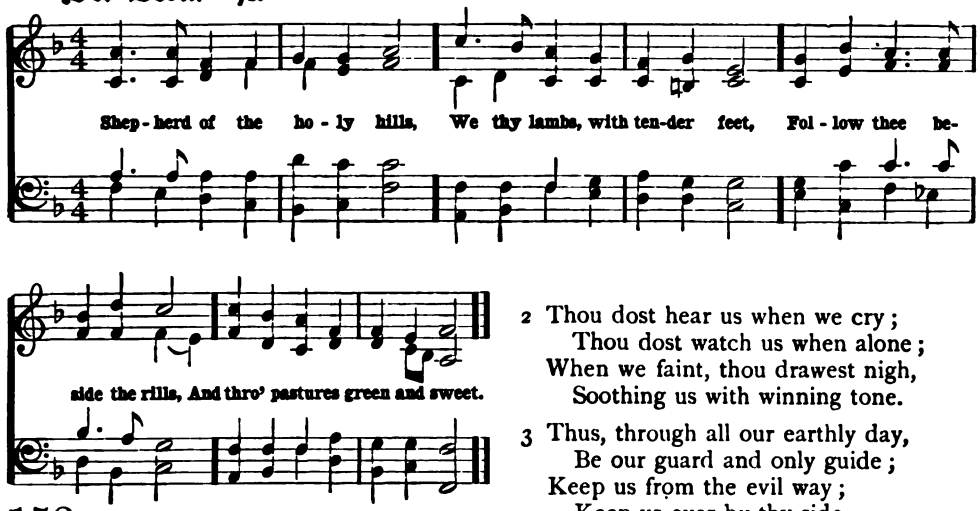
3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;

4 These, to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 Should thine altered hand restrain
Th' early and the later rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising ear destroy, —

6 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

St. Zita. 7s.



158.

1 Shepherd of the holy hills,
We thy lambs, with tender feet,
Follow thee beside the rills,
And through pastures green and sweet.

2 Thou dost hear us when we cry;
Thou dost watch us when alone;
When we faint, thou drawest nigh,
Soothing us with winning tone.

3 Thus, through all our earthly day,
Be our guard and only guide;
Keep us from the evil way;
Keep us ever by thy side.

4 And, when fall the shades of night
On the path we tread below,
Take us to the fields of light,
Where the living waters flow.

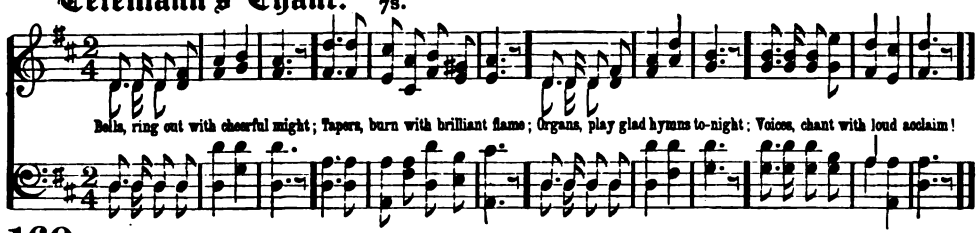
159.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, e'er long
Here to meet in peace again.

Telemann's Chant. 7s.


Bells, ring out with cheerful might; Tapers, burn with brilliant flame; Organs, play glad hymns to-night; Voices, chant with loud acclaim!

160.

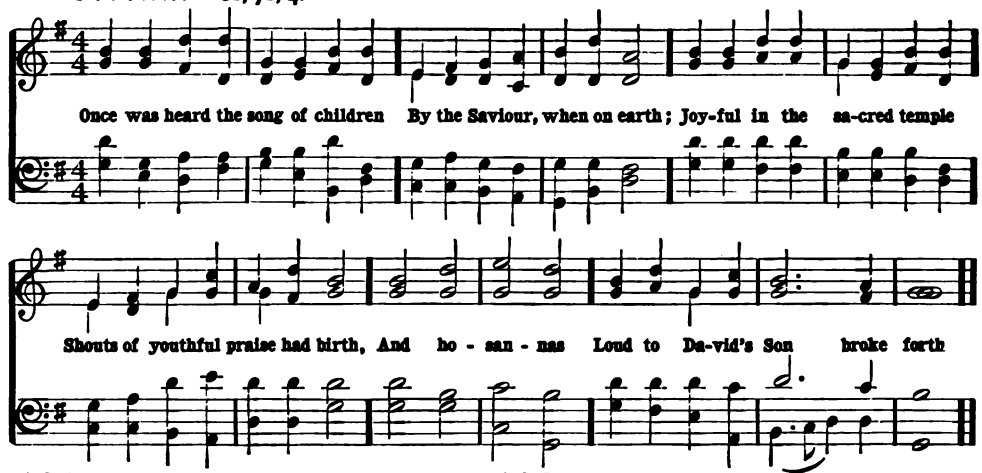
1 Bells, ring out with cheerful might;
Tapers, burn with brilliant flame;
Organs, play glad hymns to-night;
Voices, chant with loud acclaim!

2 Hands, adorn the sacred wall,
Twine the wreath and braid the vine,
And upraise the fir-tree tall;
Minstrels, sing the glowing line!

3 For the blessed eve has come,
Star-lit, bright as none before;
Magi, seek the Saviour's home,
Shepherds, find his humble door.

4 With your outward rites and gifts,
Let the heart to Christ be given;
For the heart his power uplifts,
Leading it to truth and heaven.

5 Offering from hand or lip,
Like the ointment Mary poured,
Meaneth inward fellowship
With the Saviour, Christ the Lord.

Coronæ. 8s, 7s, 4.

Once was heard the song of children By the Saviour, when on earth; Joy-ful in the sa-cred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth, And ho - san - nas Loud to Da-vid's Son broke forth

161.

1 Once was heard the song of children
By the Saviour, when on earth;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays, from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4 Saviour, now in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring, —
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

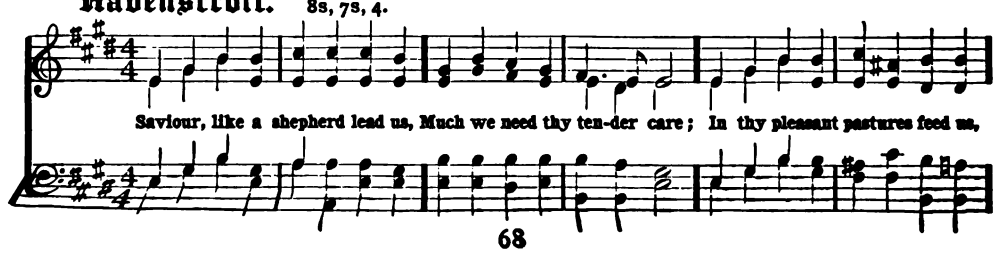
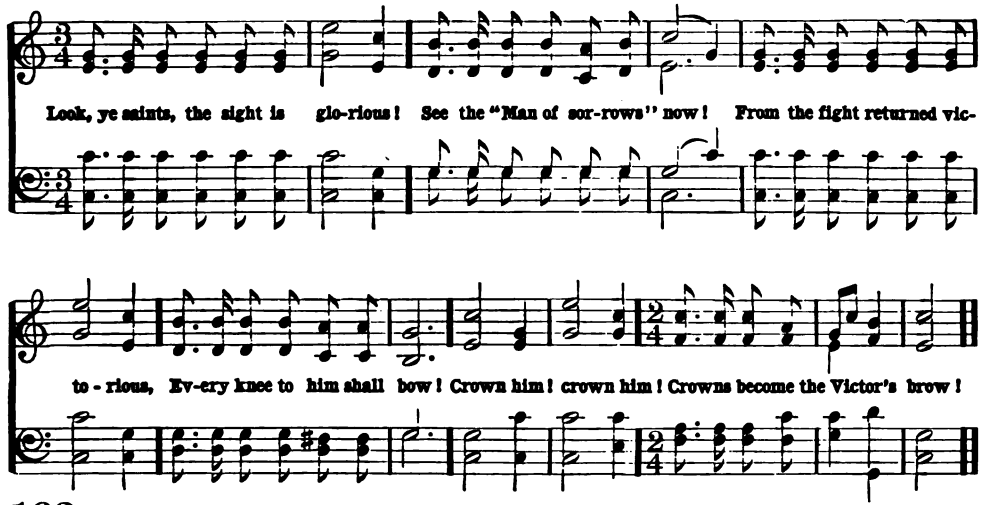
162.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast sought us, thine we are!

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray!

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee!

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosoms fill;
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still!

Ravenscroft. 8s, 7s, 4.

Victory. 8s, 7s, 4.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious! See the "Man of sor-rows" now! From the fight returned vic-
to-rious, Ev-ery knee to him shall bow! Crown him! crown him! Crowns become the Victor's brow!

163.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the "Man of sorrows" now!
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow!
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow!

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings!
Crown him! crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

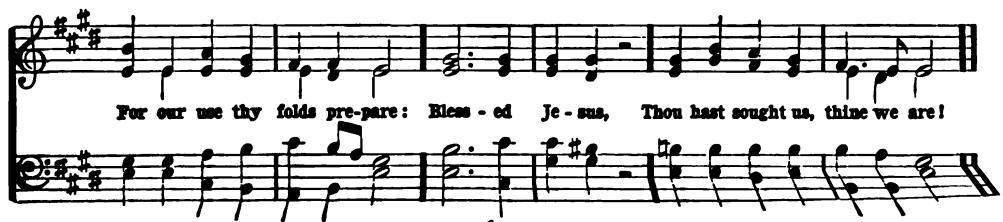
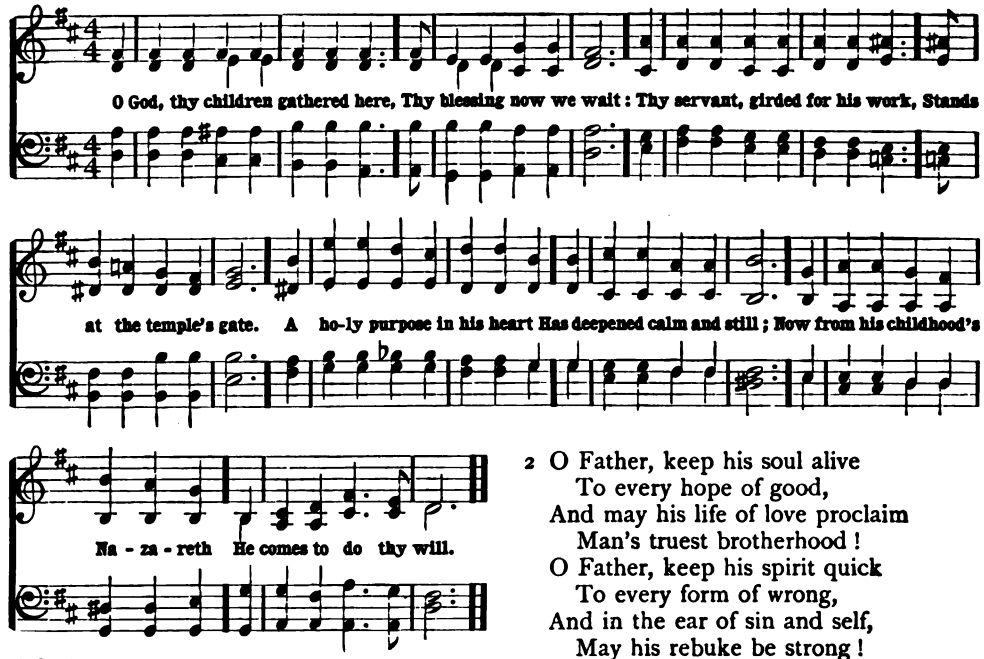
3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
King of kings and Lord of lords!

164.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day!
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound!

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light!
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Strong, triumphant, win the day!

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

Petition. C. M. D.

O God, thy children gathered here, Thy blessing now we wait: Thy servant, girded for his work, Stands
at the temple's gate. A ho-ly purpose in his heart Has deepened calm and still; Now from his childhood's
Na - za - reth He comes to do thy will.

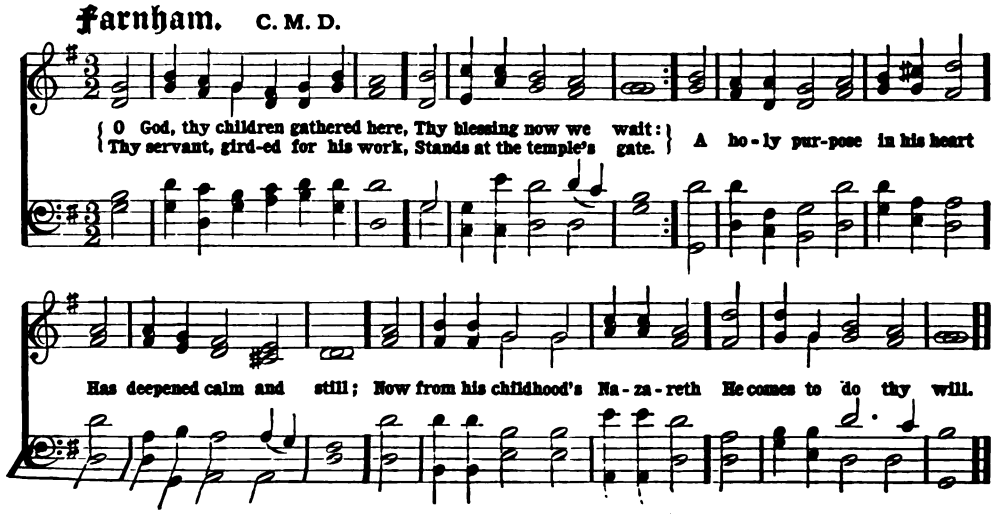
165.

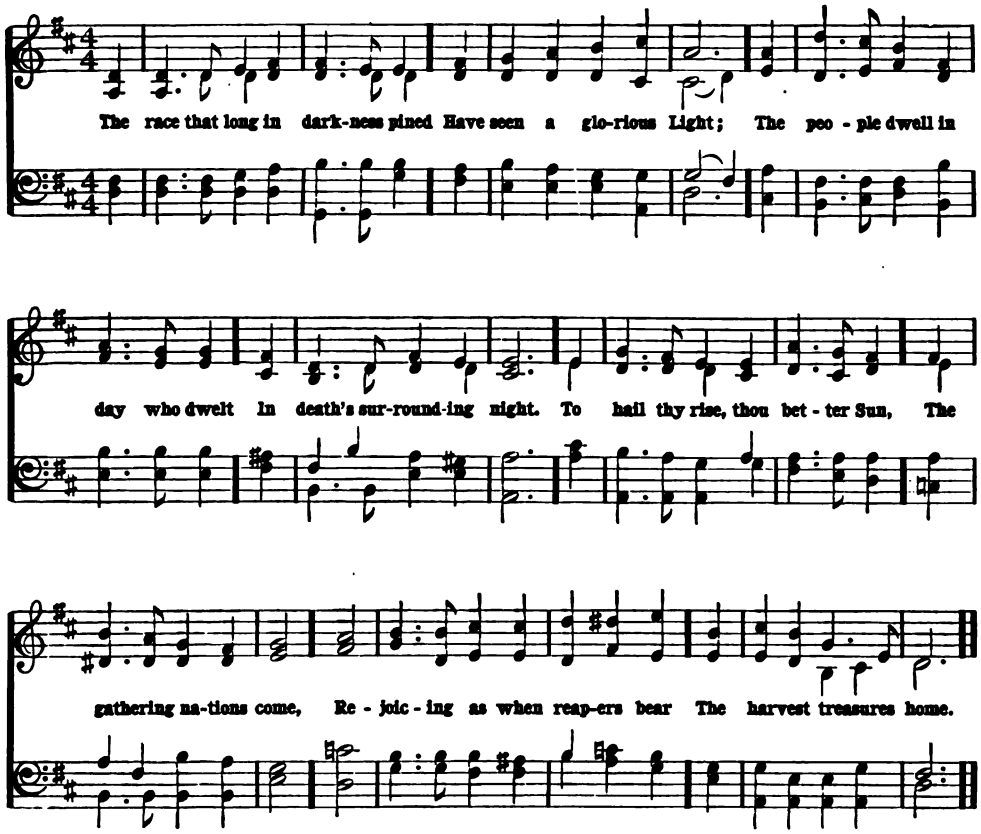
1 O God, thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait:
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.
A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes to do thy will.

2 O Father, keep his soul alive
To every hope of good,
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!
O Father, keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong,
And in the ear of sin and self,
May his rebuke be strong!

3 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him!
And grant him many hearts to lead
Into thy perfect rest;
Bless thou him, Father, and his work,
Bless, and they shall be blest!

Farnham. C. M. D.


O God, thy children gathered here, Thy blessing now we wait:
Thy servant, gird-ed for his work, Stands at the temple's gate.
A ho - ly pur-pose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still; Now from his childhood's Na - za - reth He comes to do thy will.

Deliverance. C. M. D.

The race that long in dark-ness pined Have seen a glo-rious Light; The peo - ple dwell in
day who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night. To hail thy rise, thou bet - ter Sun, The
gathering na-tions come, Re - joic - ing as when reap-ers bear The harvest treasures home.

166.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Rejoicing as when reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

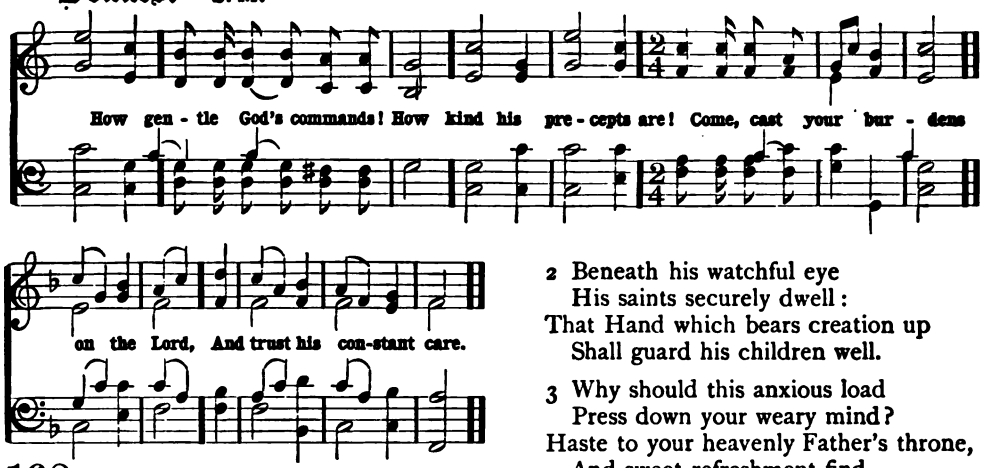
2 For thou our darkness hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.
To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

3 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
His power, increasing still, shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
His righteousness shall rule above,
His peace abound below.

167.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire,
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake!

Dennis. S. M.

168.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell:
That Hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I 'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

169.

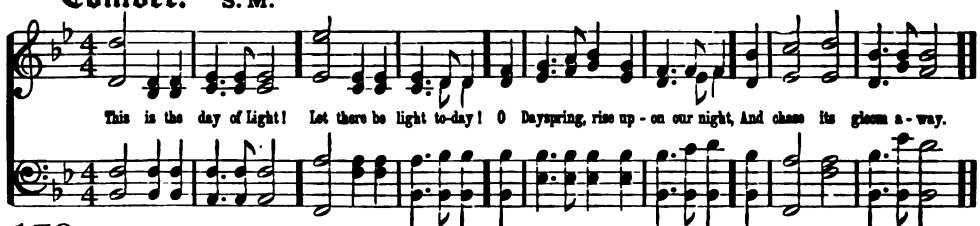
1 Come at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And, finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say:
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

Comber. S. M.



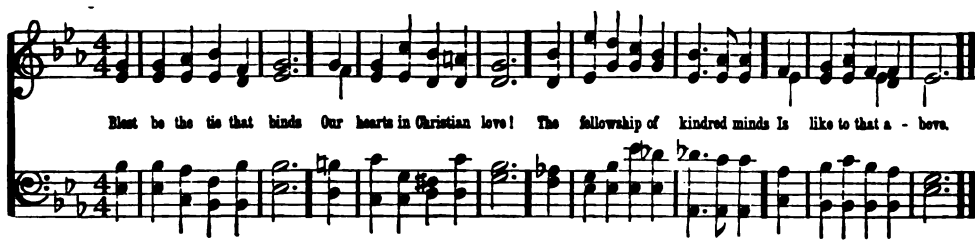
170.

1 This is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day!
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace!
Thy Peace our spirits fill!
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of Prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there:
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days!
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death!

171.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

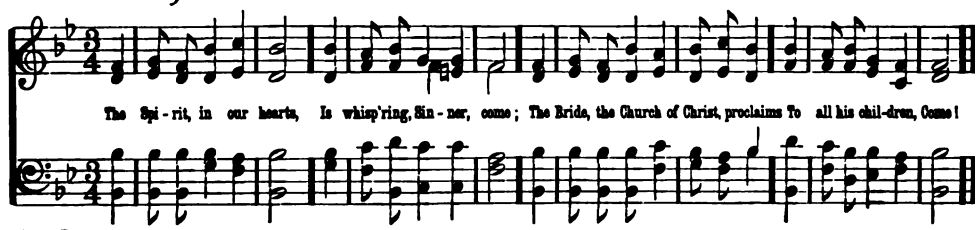
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Olmutz. S. M.

172.

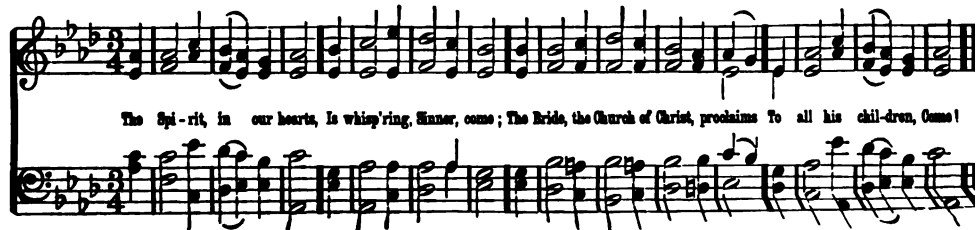
1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinner, come;
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, Come!

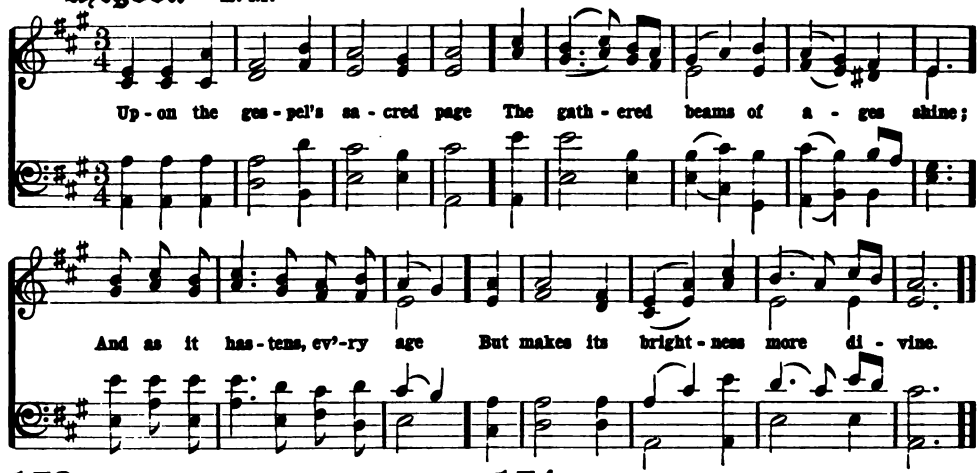
2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come!
Lord, even so; I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

Dedication. S. M.



Migdol. L. M.

Up - on the gos - pel's sa - cred page The gath - ered beams of a - ges shine;
And as it has - tens, ev'-ry age But makes its bright - ness more di - vine.

173.

1 Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self become more wise.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world, —

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

174.

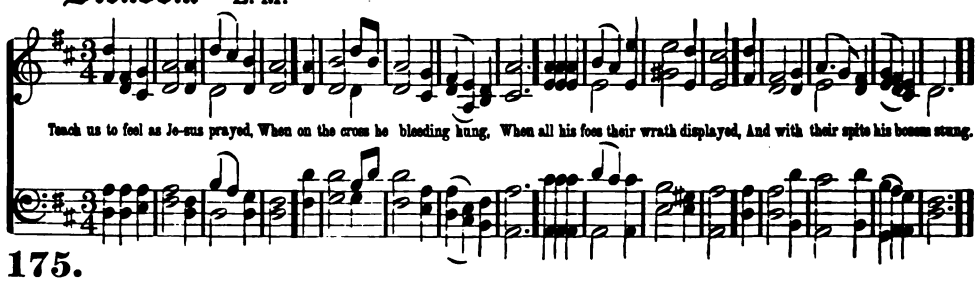
1 I know that my Redeemer lives:
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives who once was dead!
He lives, my everlasting head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour still the same!
What joy the blest assurance gives:
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Blendon. L. M.

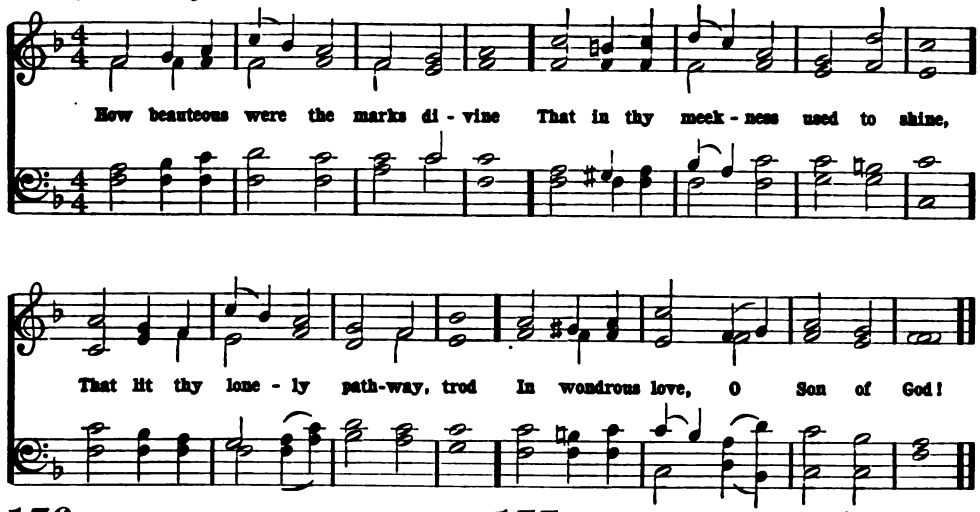

Teach us to feel as Je-sus prayed, When on the cross he bleeding hung, When all his foes their wrath displayed, And with their spite his bosom stung.

175.

1 Teach us to feel as Jesus prayed,
When on the cross he bleeding hung,
When all his foes their wrath displayed,
And with their spite his bosom stung.

2 *Till death, he loved* his foes, and said,
"Father, forgive!" then groaned and died;
And when arisen from the dead,
His mercy to their souls applied.

3 For such a heart and such a love,
O Lord, we raise our prayer to thee!
O, pour thy spirit from above,
That we may like our Saviour be!

Humility. L. M.

How beauteous were the marks di - vine That in thy meek - ness used to shine,
That lit thy lone - ly path-way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God!

176.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O, who like thee so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light!
O, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before,
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

4 O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

177.

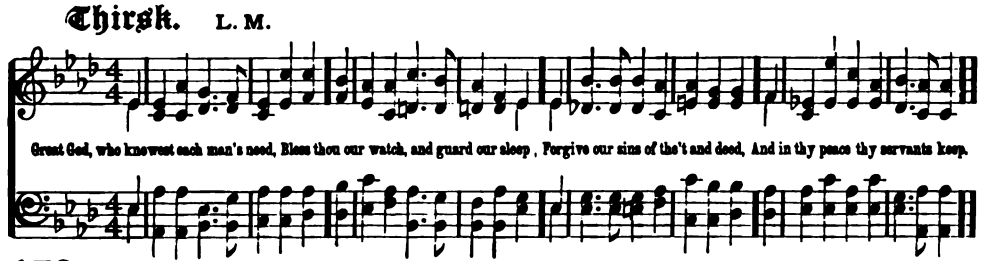
1 O THOU who on thy chosen Son
Didst send thy spirit like a dove,
To mark the long-expected one,
And seal the messenger of love;

2 And when the heralds of his name
Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame
To hallow each devoted head, —

3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above,
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.

4 Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day,
Accept our work, our souls possess!
T' is ours to labor, watch, and pray;
Be thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

Thirst. L. M.

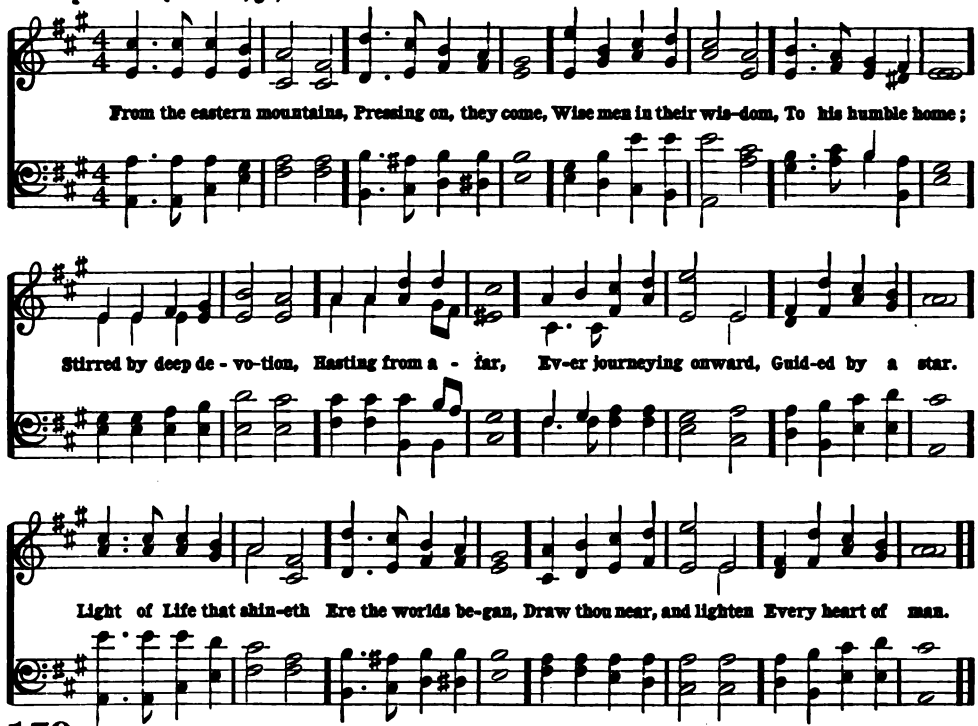

Great God, who knowest each man's need, Bless thou our watch, and guard our sleep, Forgive our sins of tho't and deed, And in thy peace thy servants keep.

178.

1 GREAT God, who knowest each man's need,
Bless thou our watch, and guard our sleep;
Forgive our sins of thought and deed,
And in thy *peace thy servants* keep.

2 We thank thee for the day that 's done,
We trust thee for the days to be;
Thy love we learn in Christ thy Son:
O, may we all his glory see!

Hermas. 6s, 5s, 12 l.


From the eastern mountains, Pressing on, they come, Wise men in their wis-dom, To his humble home;
Stirred by deep de - vo-tion, Hasting from a - far, Ev-er journeying onward, Guid-ed by a star.
Light of Life that shin-eth Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw thou near, and lighten Every heart of man.

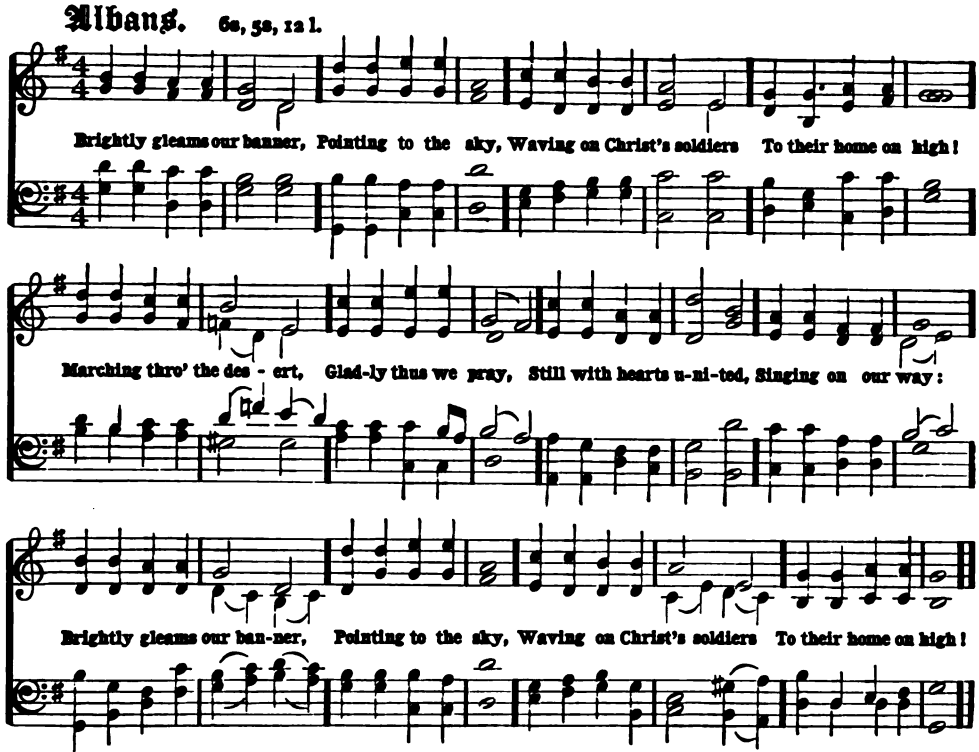
179.

1 From the eastern mountains,
Pressing on, they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To his humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.
Light of Life that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.
Light of Life, etc.

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of thy guiding star.
Light of Life, etc.

4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them,
With thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By thy guiding star.
Light of Life, etc.

5 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows thee
O'er the distant mountains,
To that heavenly home
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Life, etc.

Albans. 6s, 5s, 12 l.
Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high!
Marching thro' the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, Still with hearts u-ni-ted, Singing on our way:
Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high!

180.

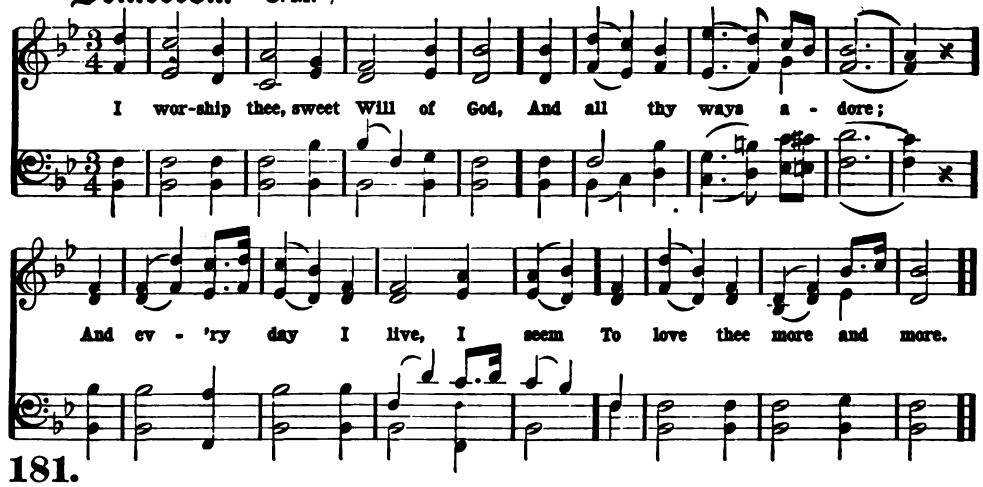
1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united,
Singing on our way:
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See thy children meet.
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee
Save to thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto thee?
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe;
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace;
Jesus in his beauty!
Songs that never cease!
Brightly gleams, etc.

Bemerton. C. M.

181.

1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

4 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

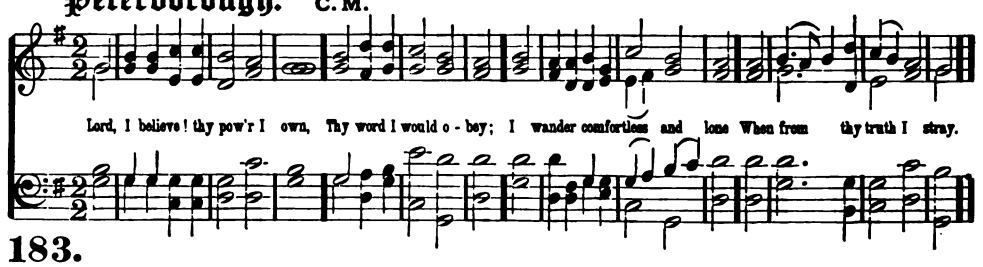
5 Ride on, ride on triumphantly!
Thou glorious Will, ride on!
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

182.

1 WE now invoke thy blessing, Lord,
On this day's worship here;
Help us to lean upon thy word,
And find our comfort there.

2 Hallow the hours that unto thee
In faith and love we 've given,
And daily help our souls to see
More of the bliss of heaven.

Peterborough. C. M.



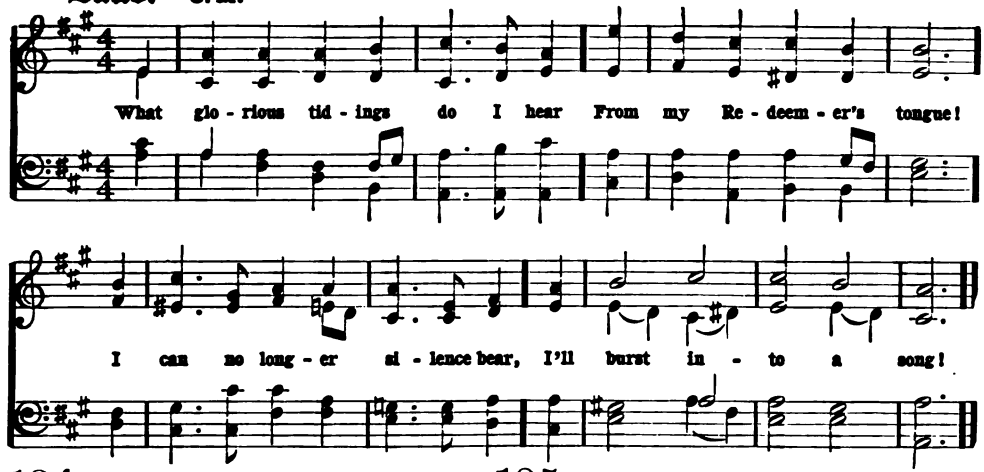
183.

1 LORD, I believe! thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe! but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe! but oft I know
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe! and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

Laud. C. M.

184.

1 What glorious tidings do I hear
From my Redeemer's tongue!
I can no longer silence bear,
I 'll burst into a song!

2 The blind receive their sight with joy,
The lame can walk abroad,
The dumb their loosened tongues employ,
The deaf can hear the word,

3 The dead are raised to life anew
By renovating grace,
The glorious gospel 's preached to you,
The poor of Adam's race.

4 O, wondrous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from woe the sinking mind,
To reign in realms above!

185.

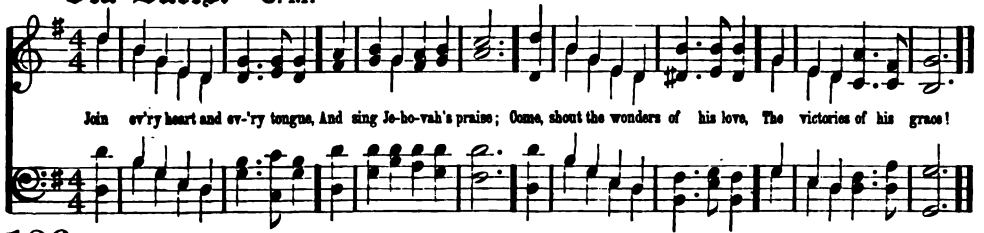
1 One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

3 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet, on mercy's errand swift,
Do make her pilgrimage.

4 O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime,
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
Redeem the evil time!

Via Lucis. C. M.



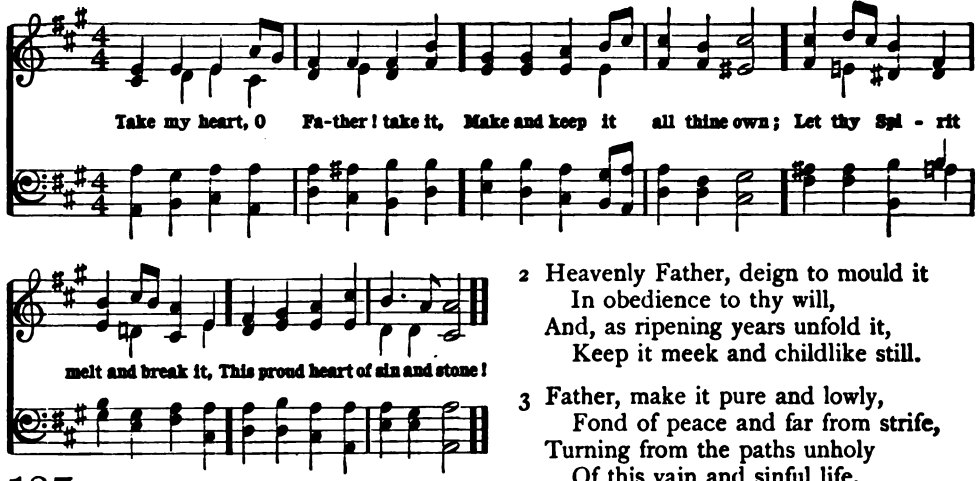
186.

1 Join every heart and every tongue,
And sing Jehovah's praise;
Come, shout the wonders of his love,
The victories of his grace!

2 Far as the circuit of the sun
He makes his mercy known;
To every soul through every land
He sends his blessings down.

3 So let his highest praise be sung
By all, through every clime,
While moon and stars reflect their light,
Or suns propitious shine.

Carter. 8s, 7s.


Take my heart, O Fa-ther! take it, Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy Spi - rit
melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone!

187.

1 TAKE my heart, O Father! take it,
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it,
This proud heart of sin and stone!

2 Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will,
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

3 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

4 Ever let thy grace surround it,
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy chords of love have bound it,
Made it to be wholly thine.

188.

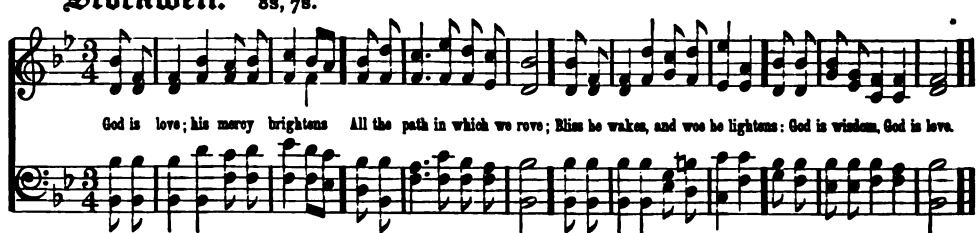
1 YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

4 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

Stockwell. 8s, 7s.



189.

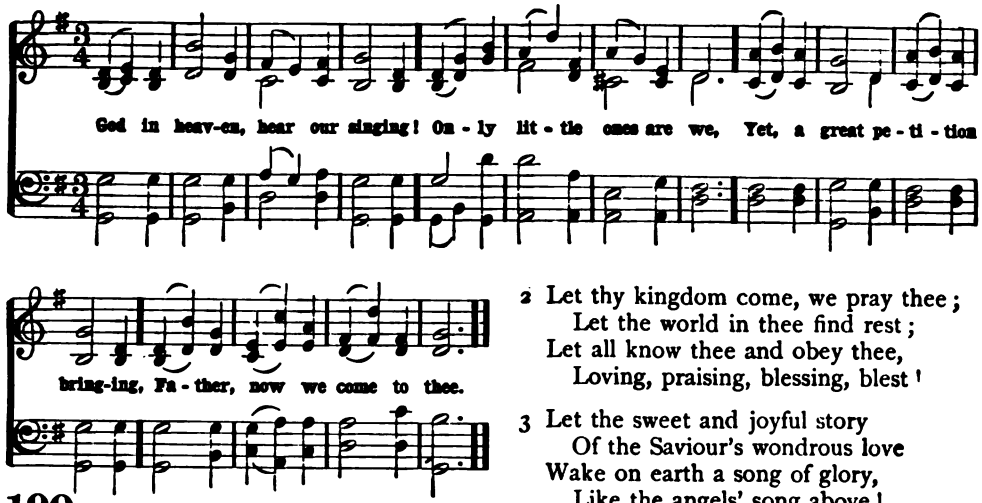
1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Bowring. 8s, 7s.



190.

1 God in heaven, hear our singing!
Only little ones are we,
Yet, a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to thee.

2 Let thy kingdom come, we pray thee;
Let the world in thee find rest;
Let all know thee and obey thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above!

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be thine alone!
For the kingdom and the power
And the glory are thine own.

191.

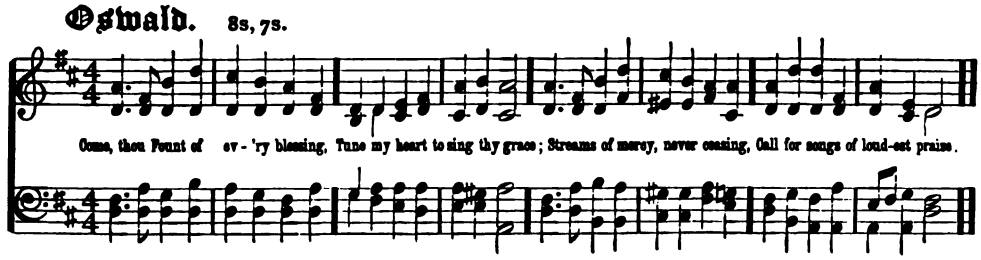
1 Saviour, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share, —

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Oswald. 8s, 7s.

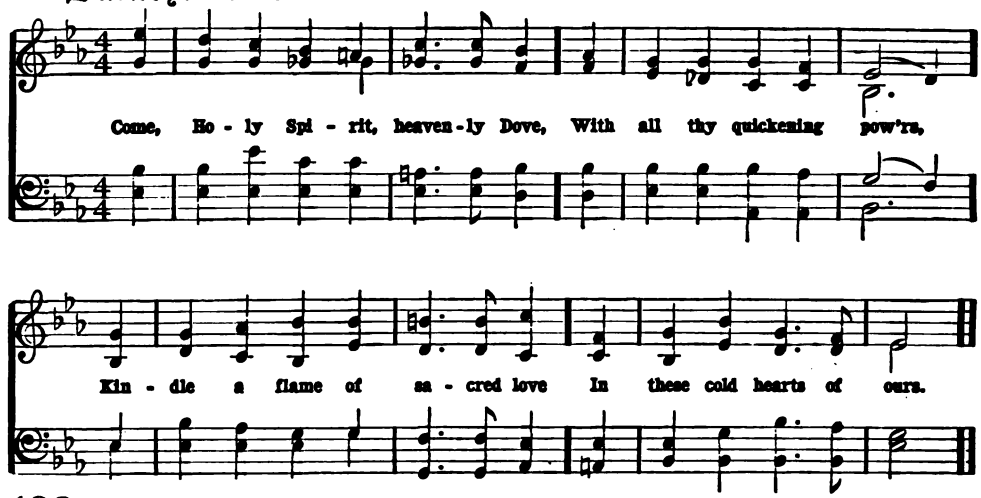

Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.

192.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise!

2 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I *'m constrained to be!*
Let thy grace now like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to thee!

3 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart: O, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

Barnby. C. M.

193.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

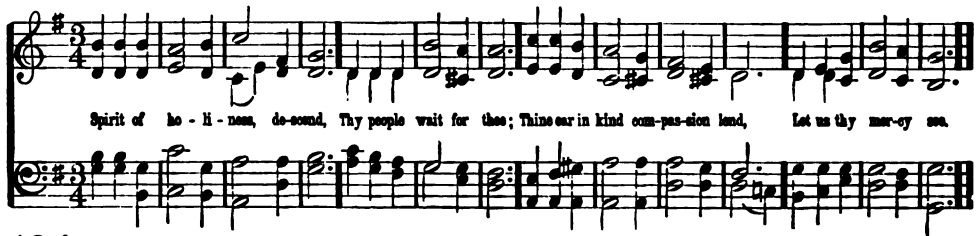
2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we try to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

St. Agnes. C. M.



194.

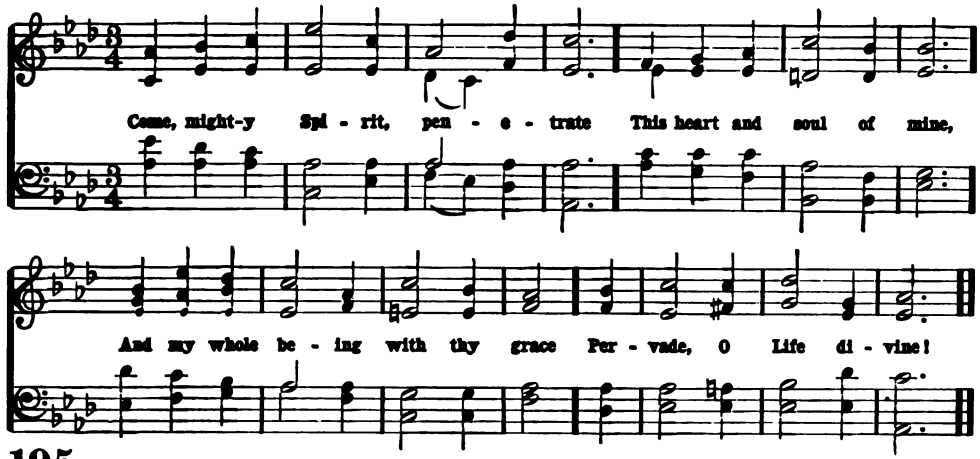
1 Spirit of holiness, descend,
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend,
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O, bid thy light arise!

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone,—
Alone thy people be.

4 O, bring our dearest friends to God,
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 't is thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,— for we wait thy power divine,—
Let us thy mercy share!

Beatitudo. C. M.

195.

1 Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine,
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

2 As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

3 As from the clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

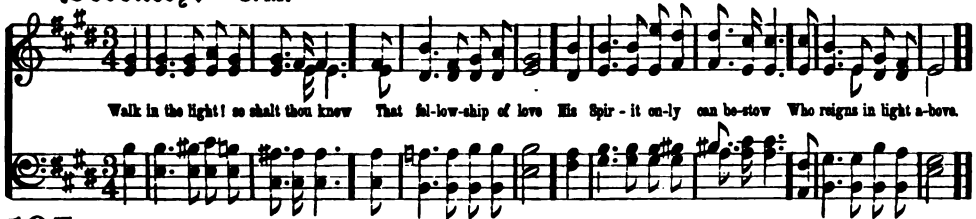
4 Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode,
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

196.

1 Eternal God, we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord, let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel,
That fear all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O, let thy grace supply!
The good unasked in mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

Serenity. C. M.

197.

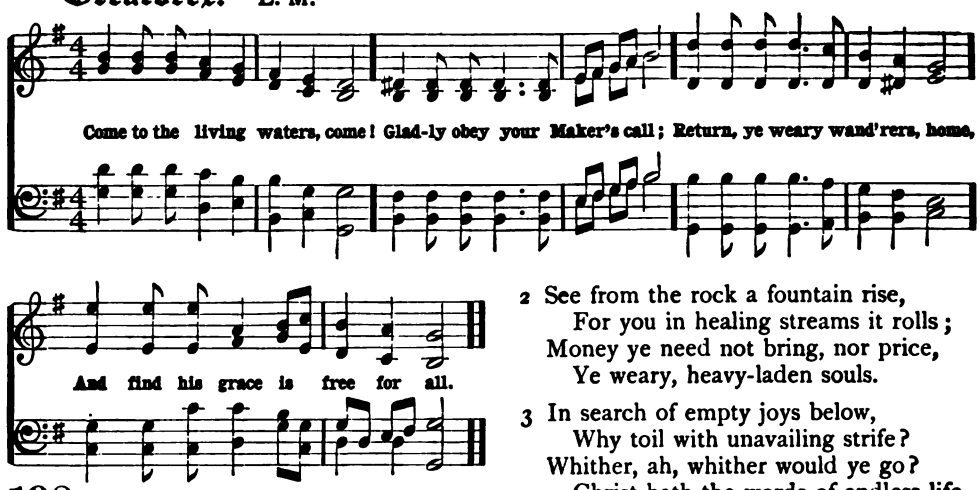
1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light on thee hath shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light! and even the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there!

4 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee
And God himself is light!

Greatorex. L. M.


Come to the living waters, come! Glad-ly obey your Maker's call; Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

198.

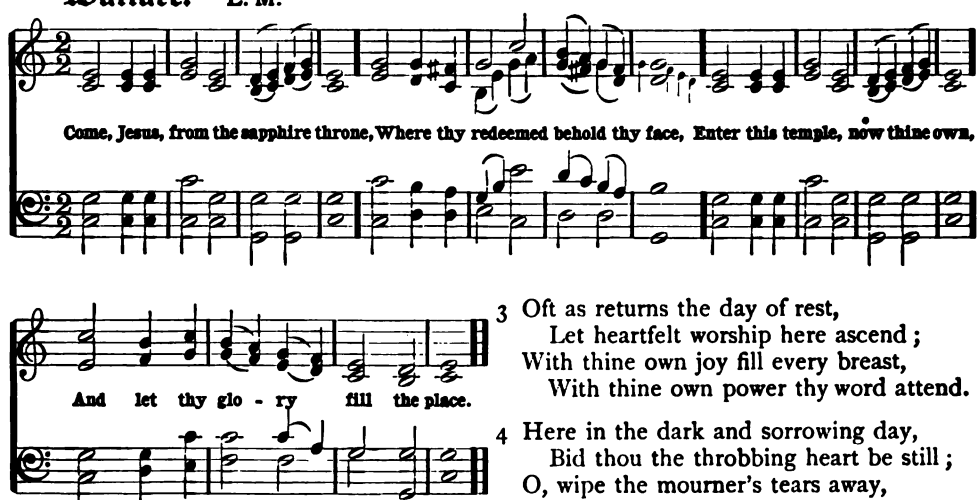
1 COME to the living waters, come!
Gladly obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

2 See from the rock a fountain rise,
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye weary, heavy-laden souls.

3 In search of empty joys below,
Why toil with unavailing strife?
Whither, ah, whither would ye go?
Christ hath the words of endless life.

4 Your willing ears and hearts incline,
His words believingly receive;
Quickened, you then, by faith divine,
A heavenly life on earth shall live.

Wallace. L. M.


Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne, Where thy redeemed behold thy face, Enter this temple, now thine own,
And let thy glo - ry fill the place.

199.

1 COME, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,
Where thy redeemed behold thy face,
Enter this temple, now thine own,
And let thy glory fill the place.

2 We praise thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before thee stand;
'T*is* thine for us, 't is ours for thee,
Reared by thy kind assisting hand.

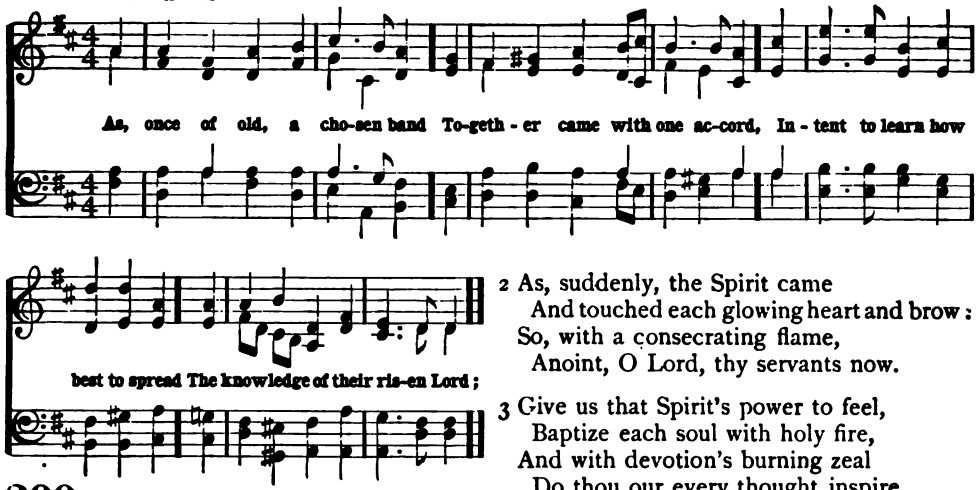
3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With thine own joy fill every breast,
With thine own power thy word attend.

4 Here in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid thou the throbbing heart be still;
O, wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet thy will.

5 When round this Board thine own shall meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet
With thee and with thy Church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed thy sheep,
In thine own arms the lambs enfold,
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till thy full glory we behold.

Bishopsgate. L. M.


As, once of old, a cho-sen band To-geth-er came with one ac-cord, In-tent to learn how
best to spread The knowledge of their ris-en Lord;

200.

1 As, once of old, a chosen band
Together came with one accord,
Intent to learn how best to spread
The knowledge of their risen Lord;

2 As, suddenly, the Spirit came
And touched each glowing heart and brow:
So, with a consecrating flame,
Anoint, O Lord, thy servants now.

3 Give us that Spirit's power to feel,
Baptize each soul with holy fire,
And with devotion's burning zeal
Do thou our every thought inspire.

4 Then can we move, a conquering host,
Jesus our leader and our Lord;
With highest power to save the lost,
And lead them upward to our God.

201.

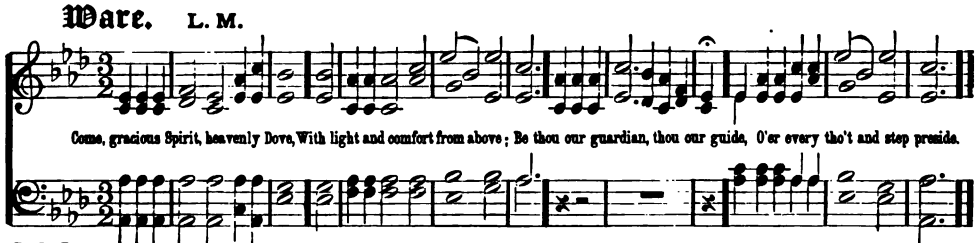
1 Bless, Lord, this household and its head,
With food from heaven may each be fed;
Bless thou the tie we weave to-night,
In tender love all hearts unite!

2 Eager for toil, thy servant stands,
With girded loins and ready hands;
O, grant, whate'er his work may be,
His labor may be blest by thee!

3 No lot of ease for him we ask,
But strength to meet his daily task,
Wisdom from thee aright to see
And use each opportunity.

4 O heavenly Source of Light and Love,
Our hearts to reverent worship move,
And in thy spirit's unity
Bind each to each and all to thee!

Ware. L. M.


Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above; Be thou our guardian, thou our guide, O'er every tho't and step preside.

202.

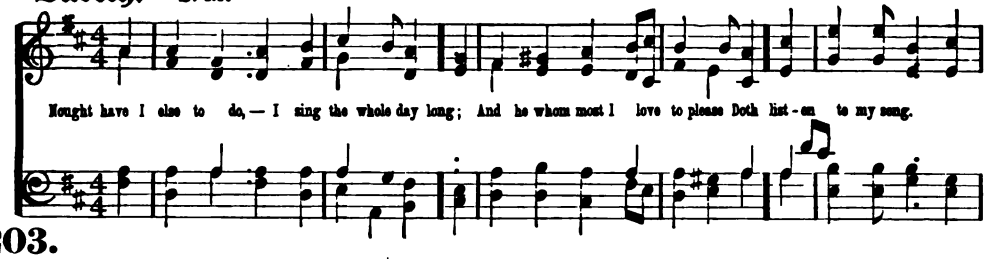
1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, — the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, — the living way, —
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, — our final rest, —
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy forever there.

Zurich. S. M.



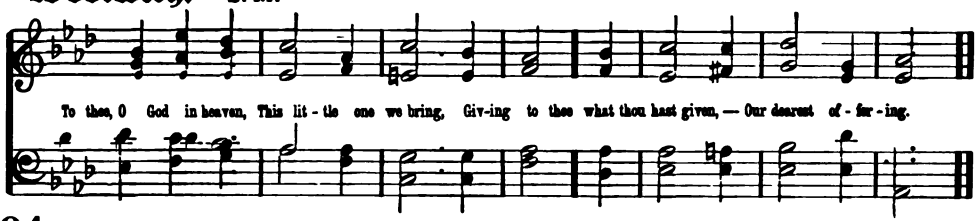
203.

1 Nought have I else to do, —
I sing the whole day long;
And he whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.

2 O, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To thee whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;

3 To feel thy mighty will
My wilfulness control,
And learn, a prisoner of the Lord,
The freedom of the soul.

Woolwich. S. M.



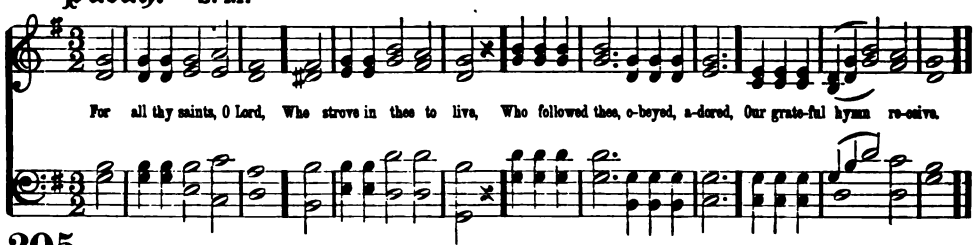
204.

1 To thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given, —
Our dearest offering.

2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3 O, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

Parah. S. M.



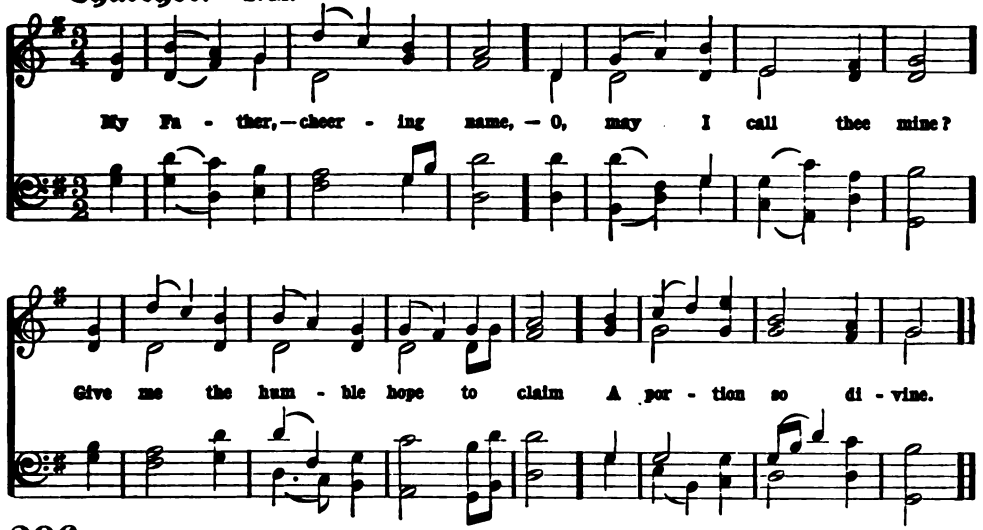
205.

1 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

3 They all in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned, from thy Holy Spirit's breath,
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Thatcher. S. M.

206.

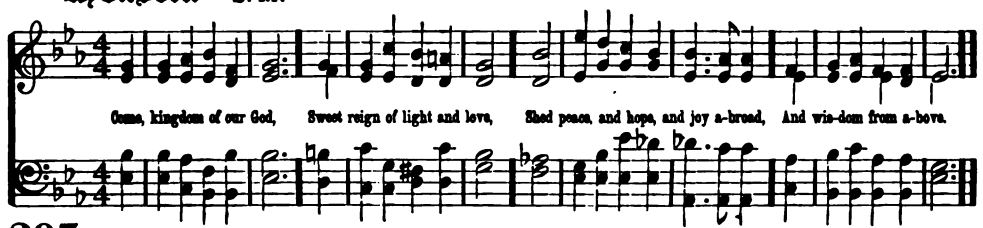
1 My Father, — cheering name, —
O, may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O, bend my will to thine!

3 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.

4 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

5 My Father, — blissful name, —
Above expression dear! —
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

Monsell. S. M.

207.

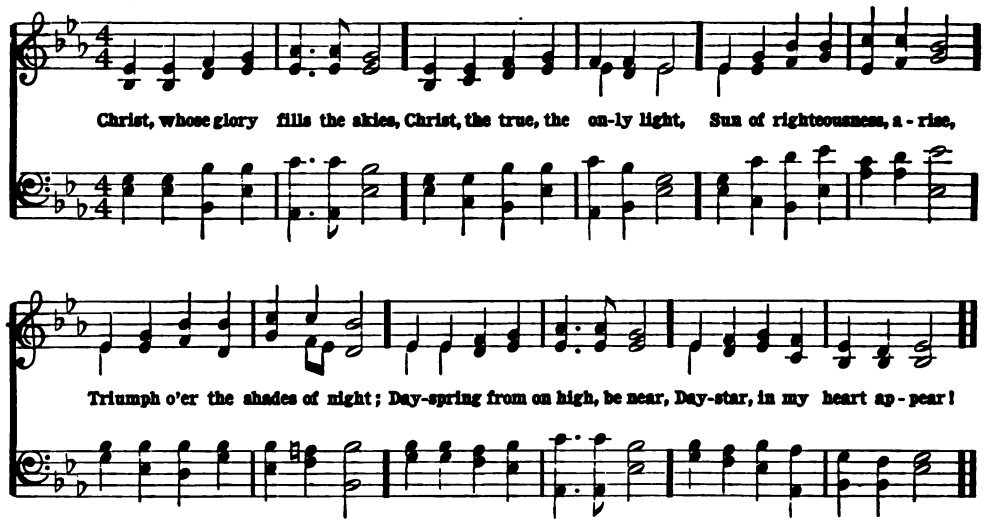
1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade, like brothers, rest,
Sons of one family.

5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise the glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
When God shall bless his own.

Gethsemane. 7s, 6l.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on-ly light, Sun of righteousness, a-rise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star, in my heart ap-pear!

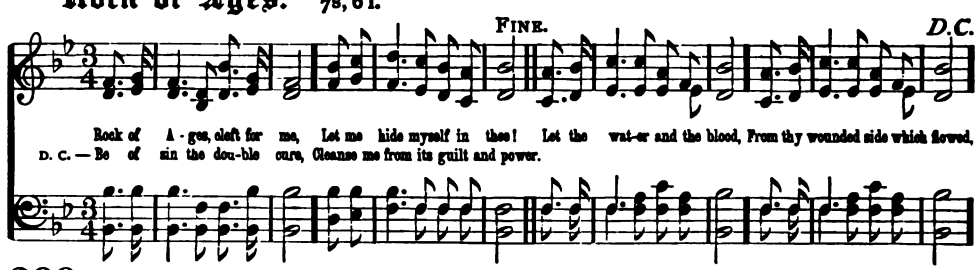
208.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Daystar, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rock of Ages. 7s, 6l.


FINE.
D.C.
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee! Let the wat-er and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,
D. C. — Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

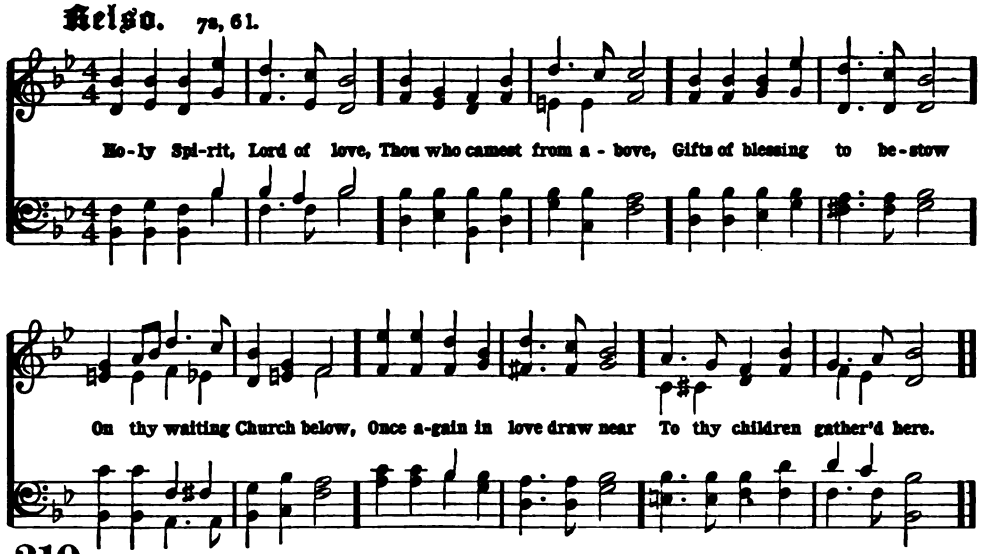
209.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Sinful, to thy fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy glorious throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Kelso. 7s, 6l.


Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord of love, Thou who camest from a - bove, Gifts of blessing to be-stow
On thy waiting Church below, Once a-gain in love draw near To thy children gather'd here.

210.

1 Holy Spirit, Lord of love,
Thou who camest from above,
Gifts of blessing to bestow
On thy waiting Church below,
Once again in love draw near
To thy children gathered here.

2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now, till life shall end,
Choose and know thee as their friend!

3 Give them light thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come, in this most solemn hour,
With thy sevenfold gifts of power!
Come, thou blessèd Spirit, come,
Make each heart thy happy home!

211.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heaven adored,
Dwelling in the loving heart,
Surely thou our Father art!
From thy love our spirits came:
Father, hallowed be thy name!

2 In our spirits may we feel
Filial love, thy Spirit's seal!
Then, in all our want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same:
Father, hallowed be thy name!

3 Living near to thee alway,
Thy command may we obey,
Gladly by thy hand be led,
Seek from thee our daily bread,
While our daily prayer we frame:
Father, hallowed be thy name!

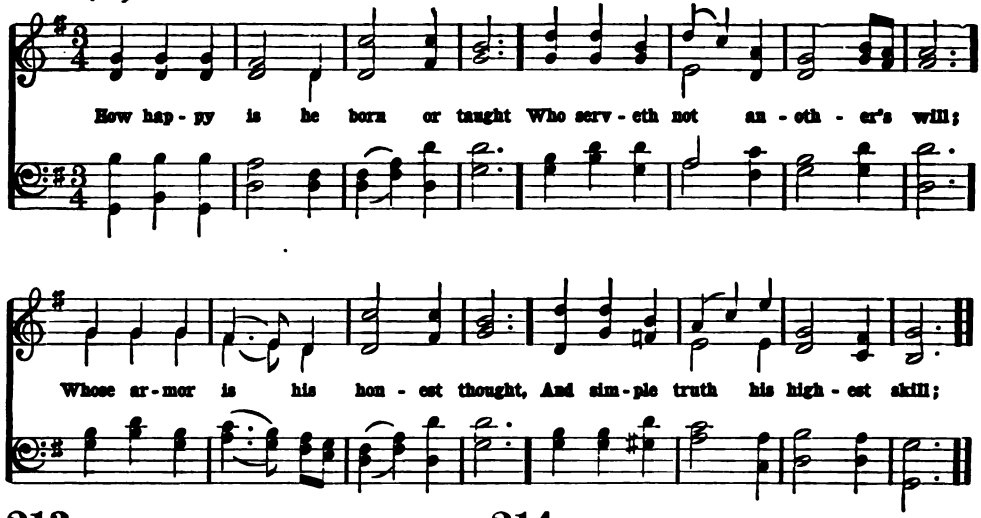
212.

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face!
Shine upon us, Father, shine,
Fill us with thy light divine,
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end!

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord,
Let thy love on all be poured,
Let awakened nations sing
Glory to their heavenly King,
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey!

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love!

Mozart. L. M.


How hap - py is he born or taught Who serv - eth not an - oth - er's will;
Whose ar - mor is his hon - est thought, And sim - ple truth his high - est skill;

213.

1 How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

214.

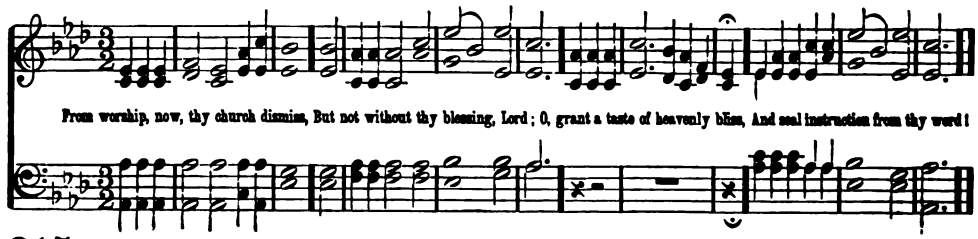
1 SPIRIT of grace and health and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
On all thy servants let it flow.

2 Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth to do thy will.

3 Father, 't is thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

4 On thee we cast our care, we live
Thro' thee, who know'st our every need;
O, feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

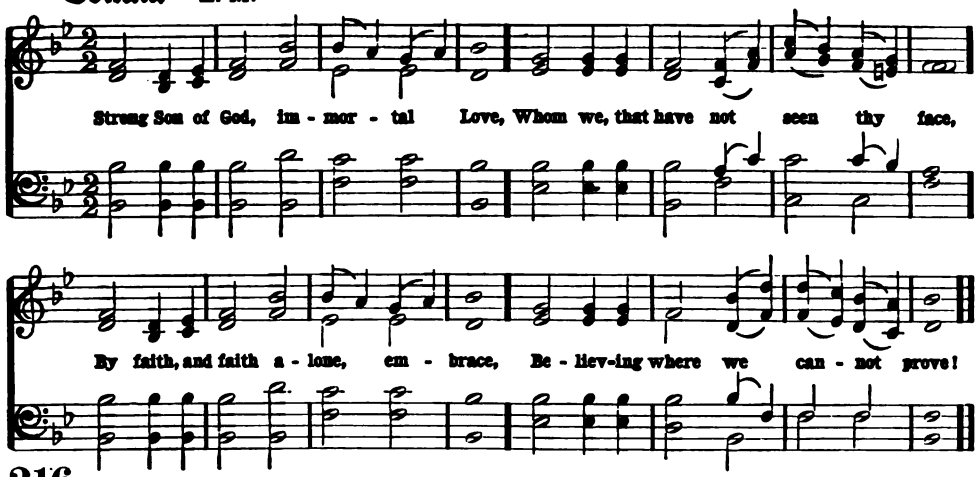
Ware. L. M.


From worship, now, thy church dismiss, But not without thy blessing, Lord; O, grant a taste of heavenly bliss, And seal instruction from thy word!

215.

1 FROM worship, now, thy church dismiss,
But not without thy blessing, Lord;
O, grant a taste of heavenly bliss,
And seal instruction from thy word!

2 Oft may these pleasant scenes return,
When we shall meet to worship thee;
Oft may our hearts within us burn
To hear thy word, thy goodness see.

Ernan. L. M.

Strong Son of God, im - mor - tal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith a - lone, em - brace, Be - liev-ing where we can - not prove!

216.

1 Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove!

2 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

3 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

217.

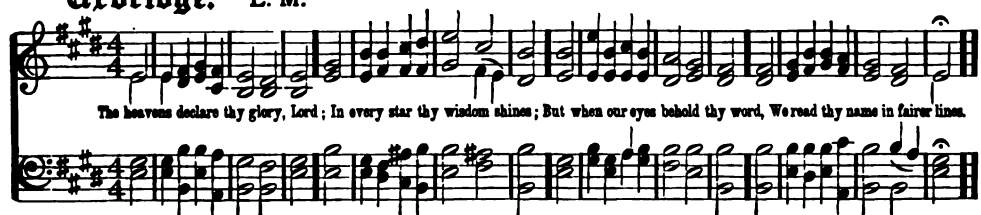
1 A King shall reign in righteousness,
And all the kindred nations bless;
He 's King of Salem, King of peace,
Nor shall his spreading kingdom cease.

2 In him the naked soul shall find
A hiding-place from chilling wind;
Or, when the raging tempests beat,
A covert warm, a safe retreat.

3 In burning sands and thirsty ground,
He like a river shall be found,
Or lofty rock, beneath whose shade
The weary traveller rests his head.

4 The dimness gone, all eyes shall see
His glory, grace, and majesty;
All ears shall hearken, and the word
Of life receive, from Christ the Lord.

Urbridge. L. M.


The heavens declare thy glory, Lord; In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

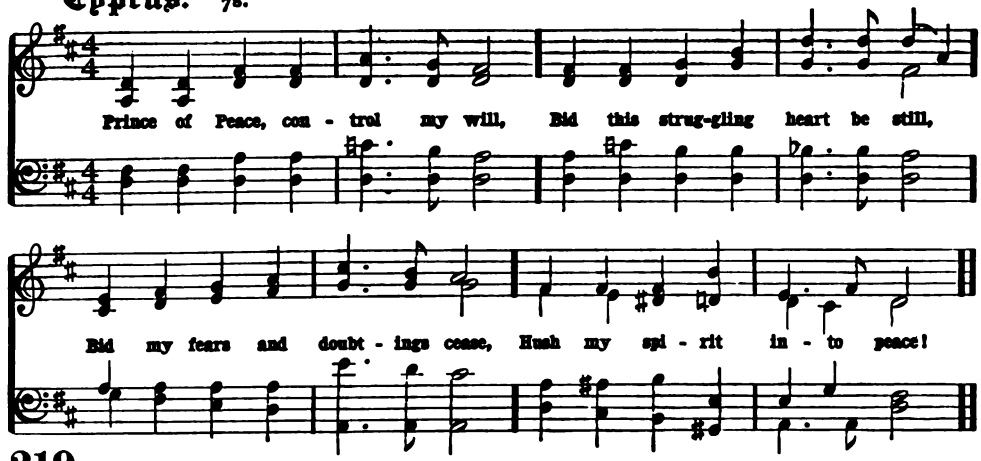
218.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Cyprus. 7s.

Prince of Peace, con - trol my will, Bid this strug-gling heart be still,
Bid my fears and doubt - ings cease, Hush my spi - rit in - to peace!

219.

1 PRINCE of Peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still,
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace!

2 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart!

3 Saviour, at thy feet I fall:
Thou my life, my joy, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

220.

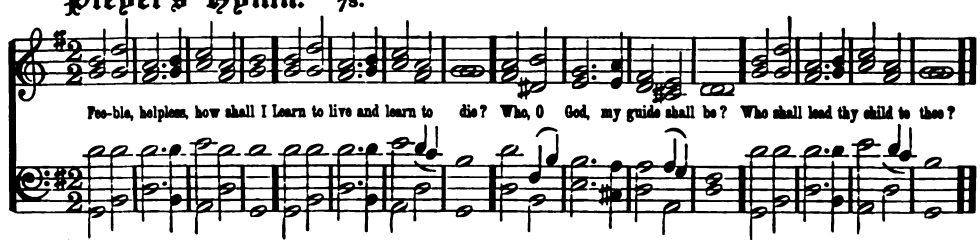
1 FOUNT of everlasting love,
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar!

2 Lo, thy Church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide!
Thou hast heard her sad complaint:
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!

3 God of mercy, to thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone!
Joyous praise to thee we sing.

4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let thy Spirit still descend,
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.



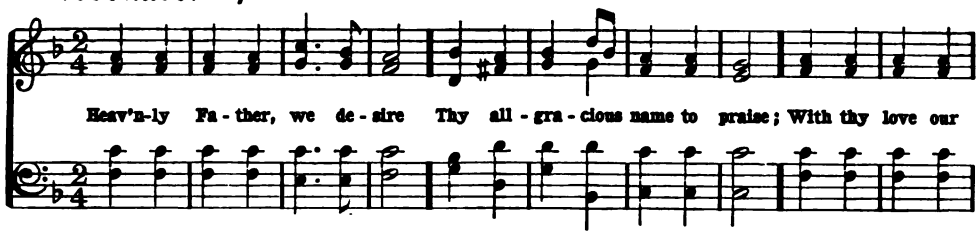
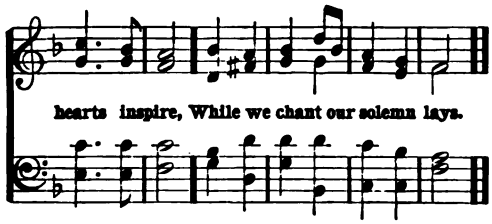
221.

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blessèd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die:

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

Leonard. 7s.

222.

1 HEAVENLY Father, we desire
Thy all-gracious name to praise;
With thy love our hearts inspire,
While we chant our solemn lays.

2 We 'll unite and praise thee, Lord,
For thy many mercies shown
To the children of thy word,
Through thy well-beloved Son.

3 Gracious Father, wilt thou guide,
By thine own unerring hands?
When we wander, wilt thou chide,
Lest we break thy great commands?

223.

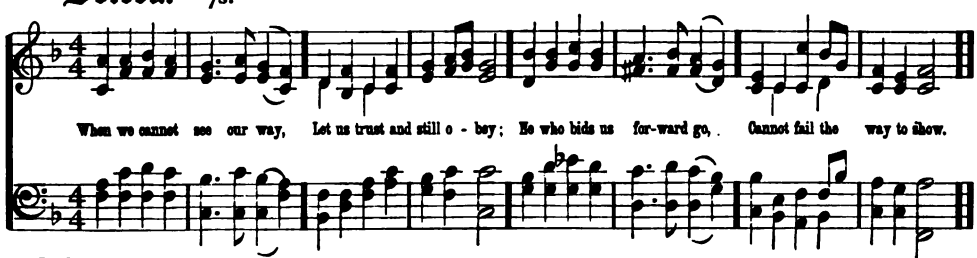
1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

Beltra. 7s.

224.

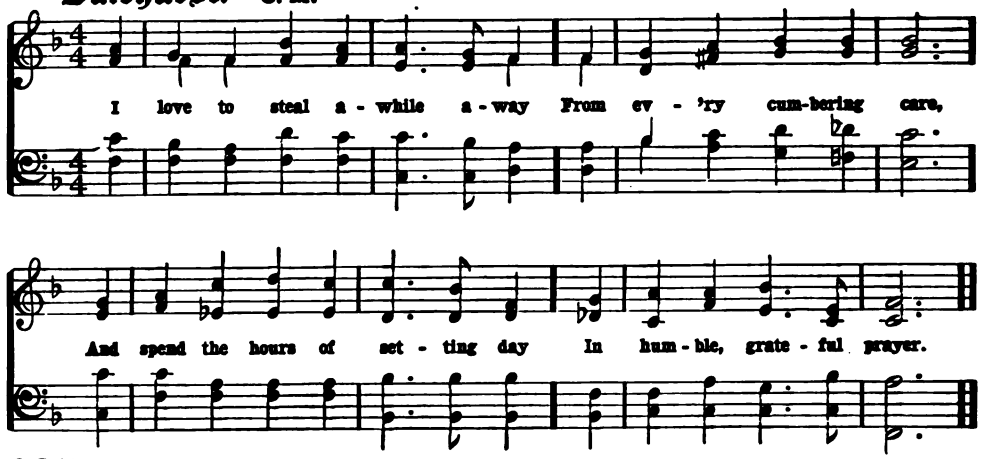
1 WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord himself is there,
'T is not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with him is never night;
Where he is, there all is light;
When he calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

Dalehurst. C. M.



225.

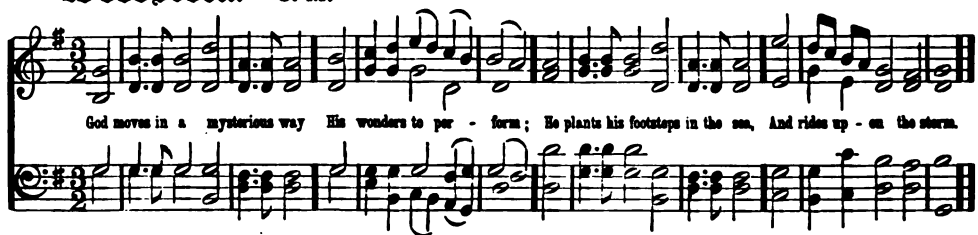
1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

Woodstock. C. M.

226.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

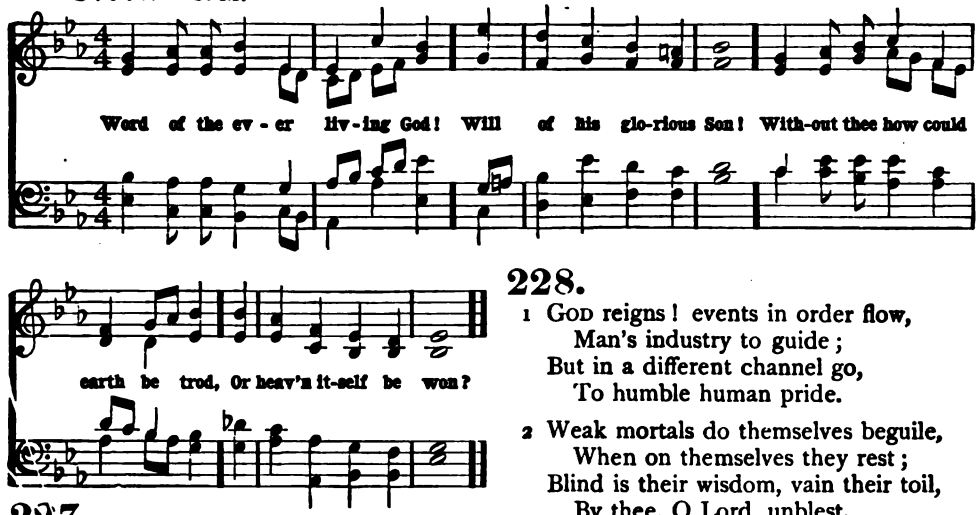
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Elvet. C. M.



227.

1 WORD of the ever-living God!
Will of his glorious Son!
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

2 Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy myst'ries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth,
Thy volume must unseal!

3 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts!

228.

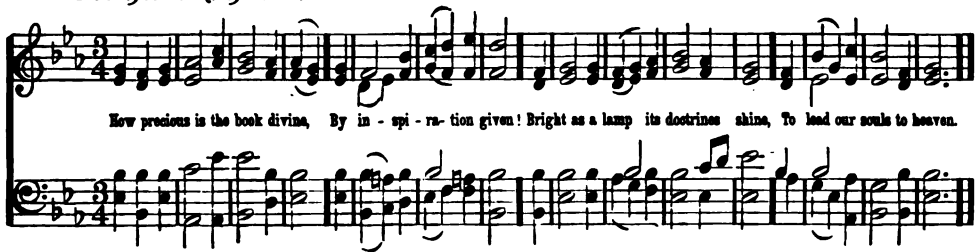
1 GOD reigns! events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide;
But in a different channel go,
To humble human pride.

2 Weak mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

3 'T is ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'T is thine to give the sun and air,
And send the genial rain.

4 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform;
The sun shines bright at thy command,
Thy hand directs the storm.

5 In all our ways, we humbly own
Thy providential power,
Entrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

Eckhardtsheim. C. M.

229.

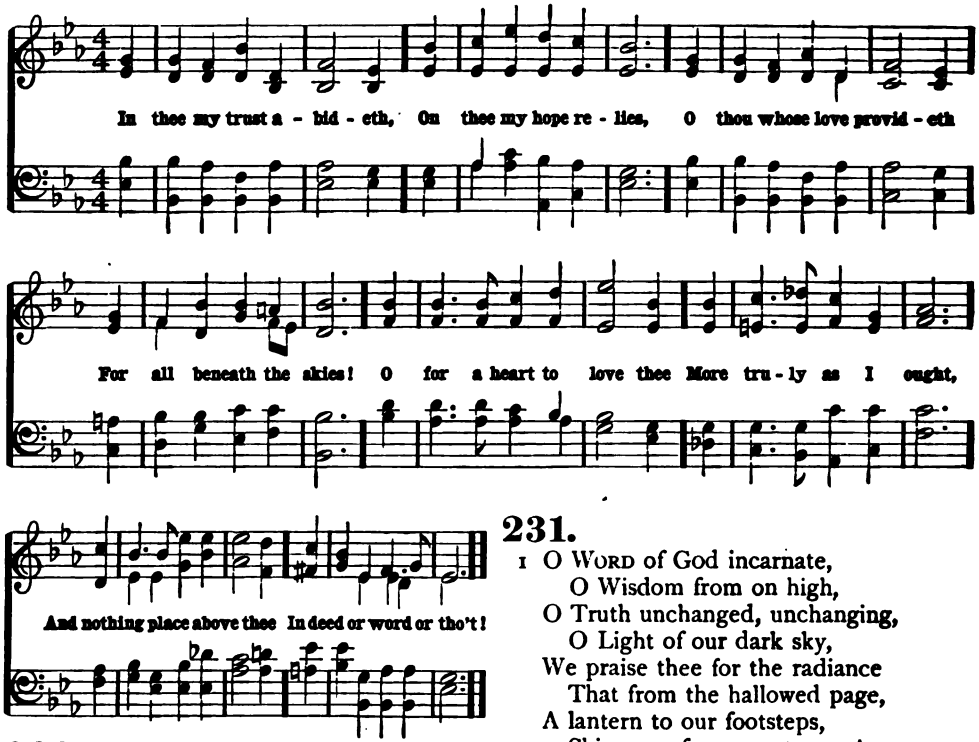
1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To lead our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.

4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of never-ending day.

St. George's. 7s, 6s, D.


In thee my trust a - bid - eth, On thee my hope re - lies, O thou whose love provid - eth
For all beneath the skies! O for a heart to love thee More tru - ly as I ought,
And nothing place above thee In deed or word or tho't!

230.

1 In thee my trust abideth,
On thee my hope relies,
O thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies!
O for a heart to love thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above thee
In deed or word or thought!

2 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to thine.

3 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,—
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!

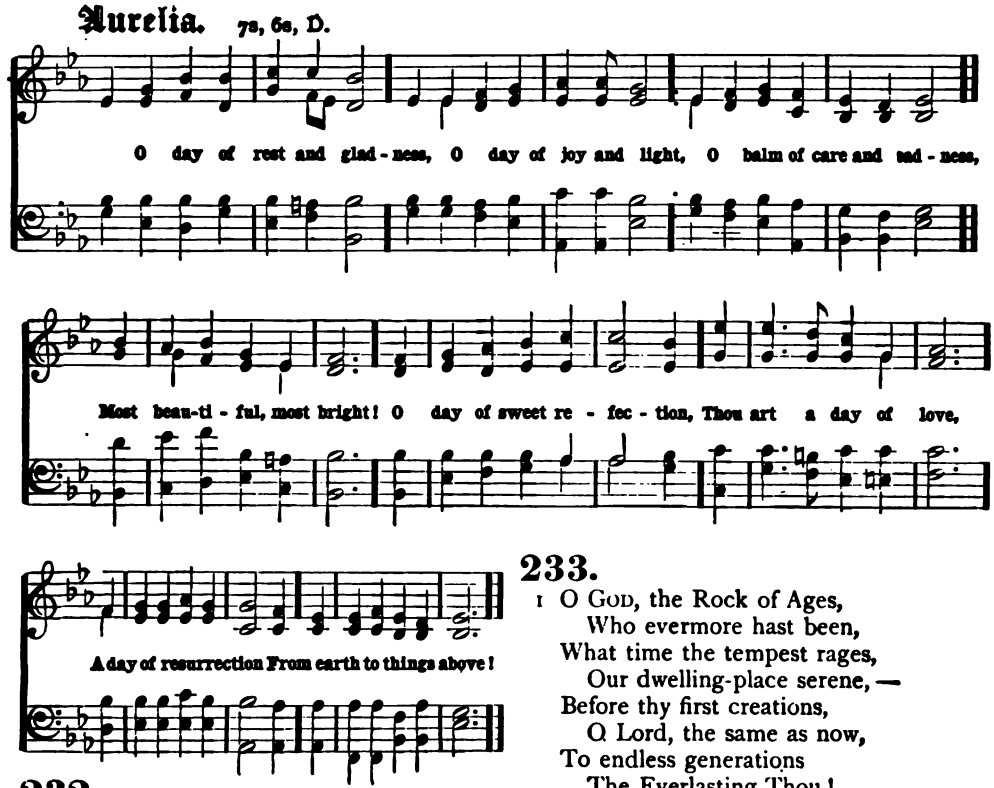
231.

1 O Word of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age!

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

4 O, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old!
O, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face!


Aurelia. 7s, 6s, D.
O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad - ness,
Most beau-ti - ful, most bright! O day of sweet re - fec - tion, Thou art a day of love,
A day of resurrection From earth to things above!

232.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
O day of sweet refection,
Thou art a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above!

2 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.
Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!

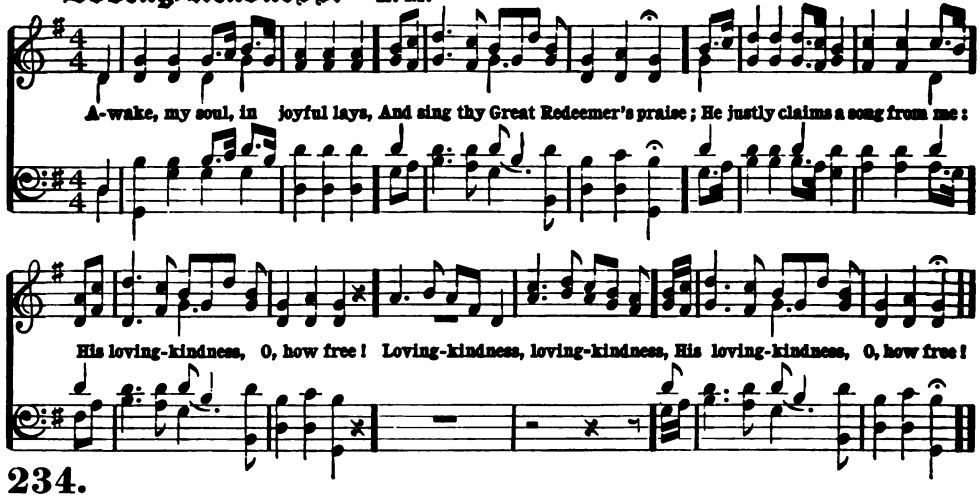
233.

1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene, —
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die, —
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blest!

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see thee face to face, —
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

Loving-kindness. L. M.

A-wake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy Great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, O, how free! Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O, how free!

234.

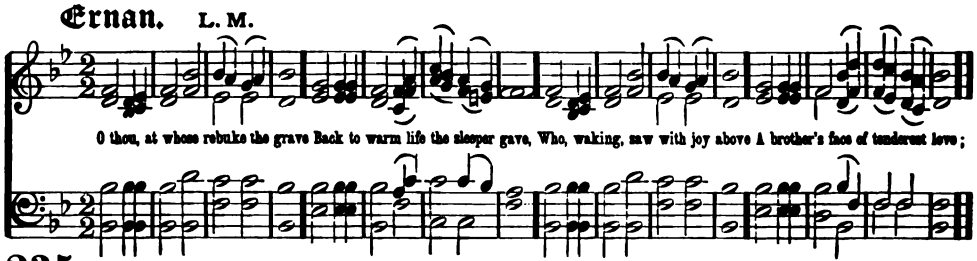
1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy Great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

3 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

4 Then let me mount, and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

Ernan. L. M.


O thou, at whose rebuke the grave Back to warm life the sleeper gave, Who, waking, saw with joy above A brother's face of tenderest love;

235.

1 O THOU, at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Who, waking, saw with joy above
A brother's face of tenderest love;

2 Thou unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick, came!
The burden of thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death.

3 O, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which know thee not,
And let the light of thy pure day
Shine in upon the darkened thought!

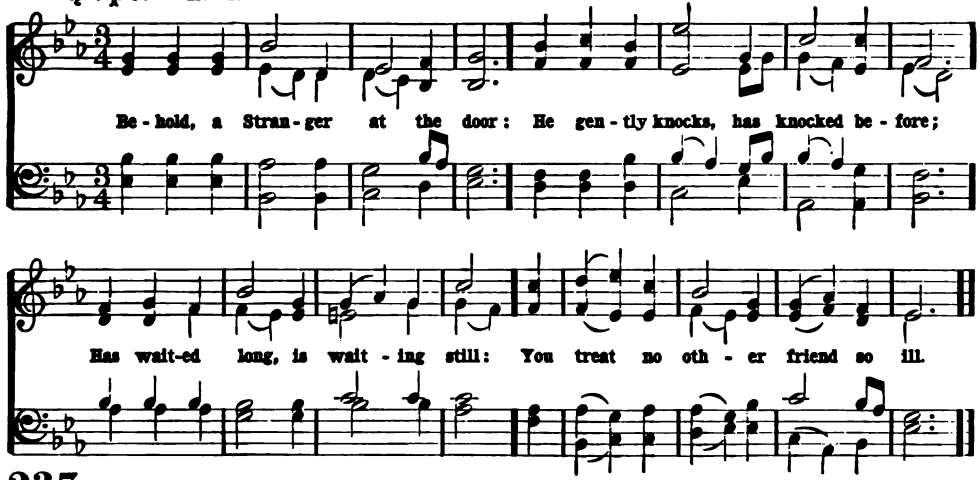
4 O, touch the hearts of men, and show
The power which in forbearance lies,
And let them learn that mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice!

236.

1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 *His heart no broken friendships sting,*
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess,
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

Hope. L. M.

Be - hold, a Stran - ger at the door: He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore;
Has wait-ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

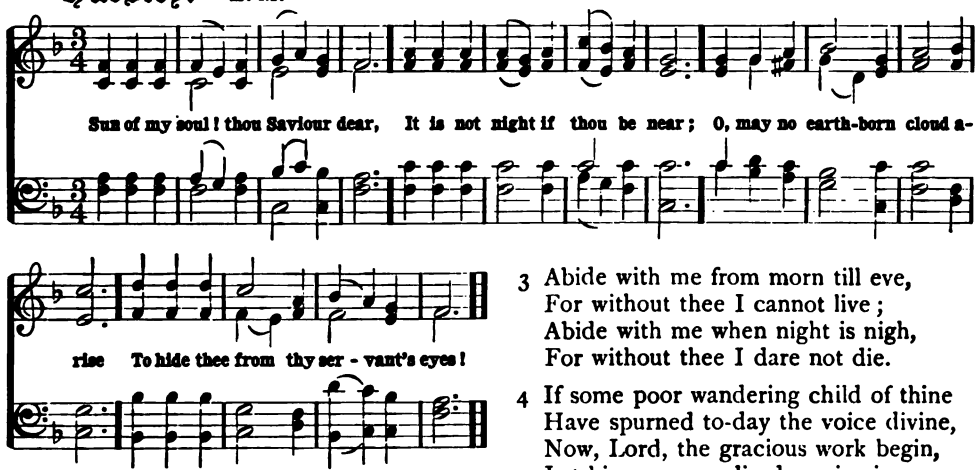
237.

1 Behold, a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

Hursley. L. M.


Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near; O, may no earth-born cloud a-
rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes!

238.

1 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

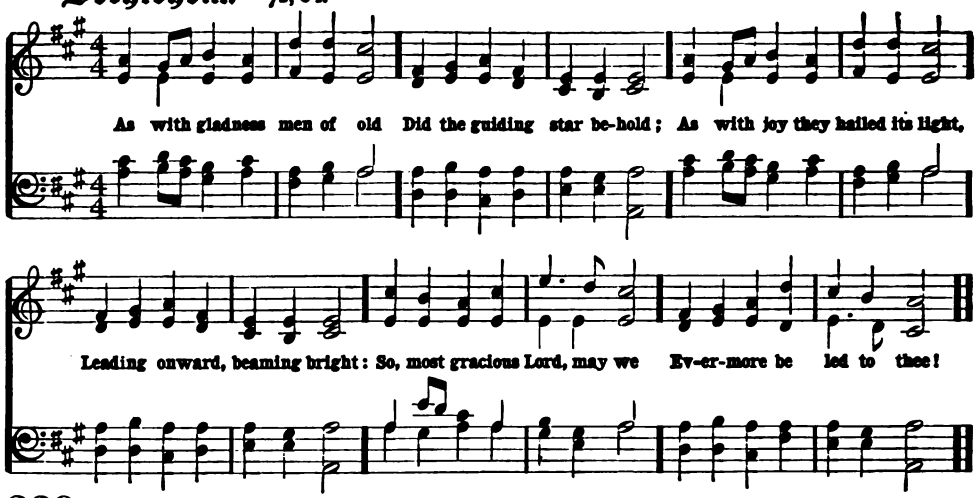
2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Bethlehem. 7s, 6l.

As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star be-hold; As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright: So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to thee!

239.

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee!

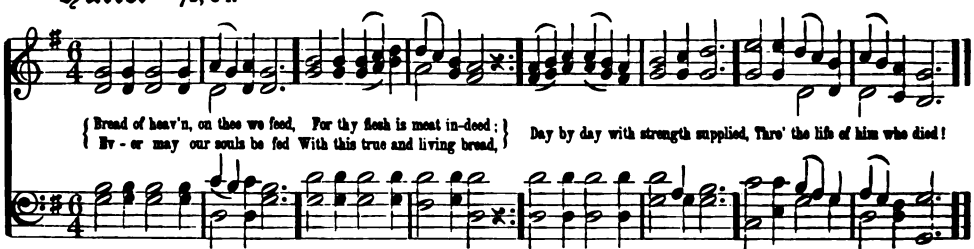
2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat!

3 As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King!

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

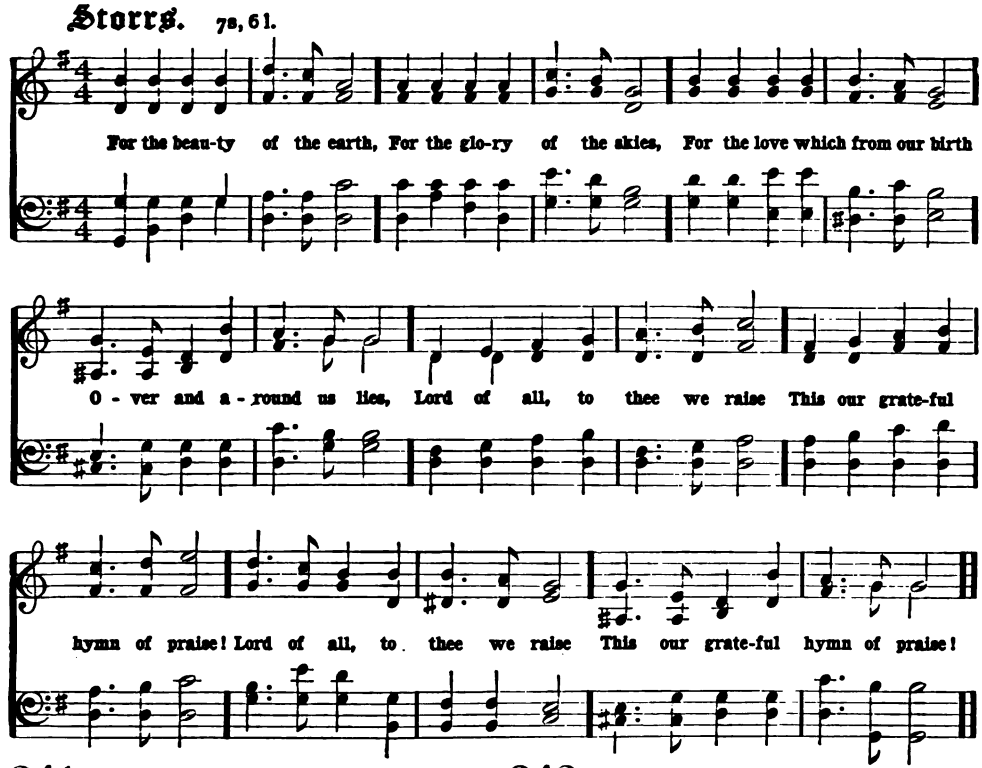
5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King!

Halle. 7s, 6l.


{Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in-deed;}
{Ev-er may our souls be fed With this true and living bread,}
Day by day with strength supplied, Thro' the life of him who died!

240.

1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread,
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died!

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice!
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live!
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in thee!

Storrs. 7s, 6l.
For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies, For the love which from our birth
O - ver and a - round us lies, Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grate-ful
hymn of praise! Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grate-ful hymn of praise!

241.

1 For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise!

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise!

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise!

4 For thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her full sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise!

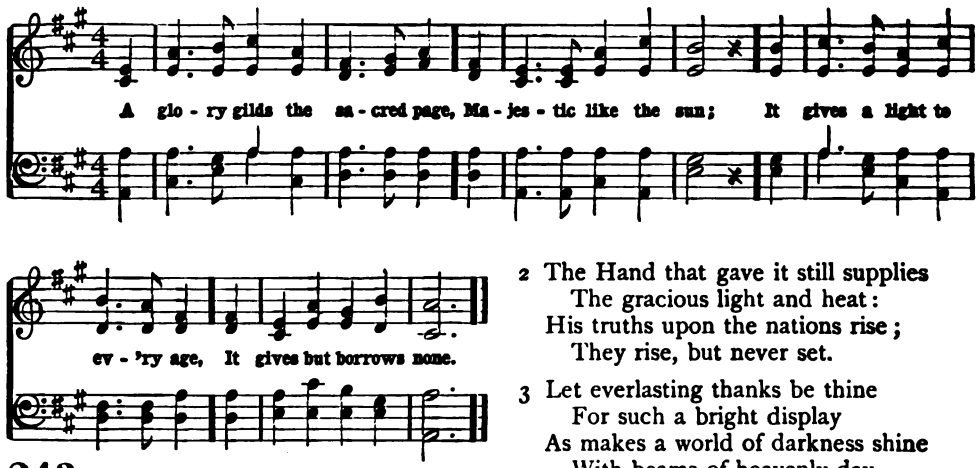
242.

1 Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day:
For thy mercies, Lord, are sure,
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast,
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the bread of life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever-blessèd Deity,
With our hands our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Brown. C. M.

243.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives but borrows none.

2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

244.

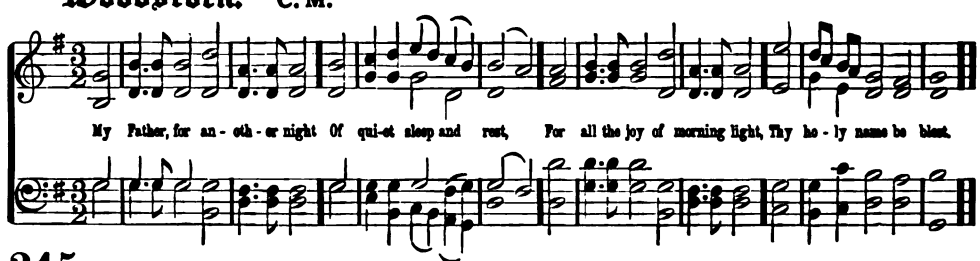
1 O FATHER, hear my morning prayer,
Thy aid impart to me,
That I may make my life to-day
Acceptable to thee.

2 May this desire my spirit rule;
And as the moments fly,
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die.

3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win,
With shining victory meet,
Some sin that strives for mastery,
Find overthrow complete.

4 That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer thee.

Woodstock. C. M.



245.

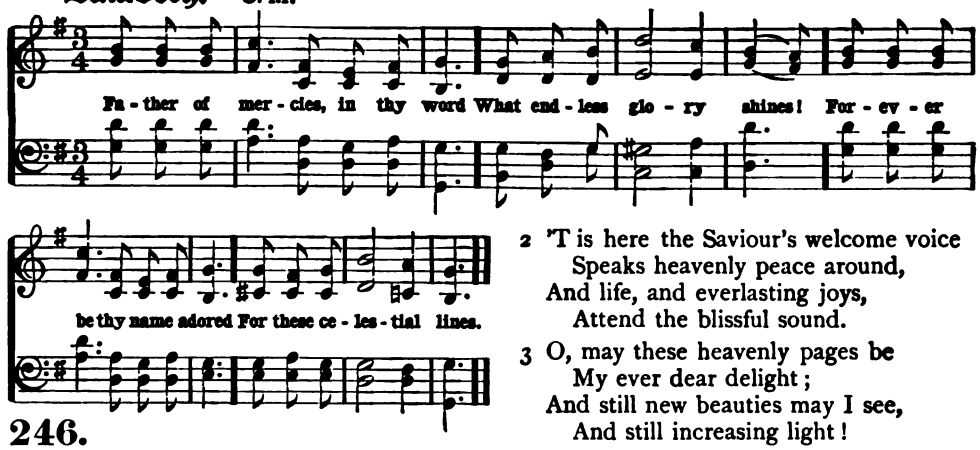
1 MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy name be blest.

2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to thee,
That as thou willest I may live,
And what thou willest be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' name.

4 My Father, for his sake, I pray
Thy child accept and bless,
And lead me by thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

Lambeth. C. M.



246.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 'T is here the Saviour's welcome voice
Speaks heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

247.

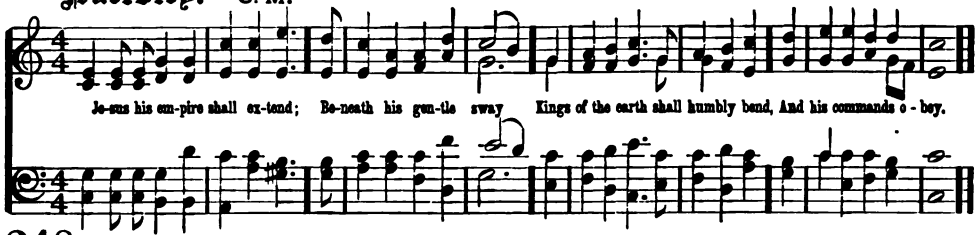
1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not;
Yet art thou oft with me,
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

Nativity. C. M.

248.

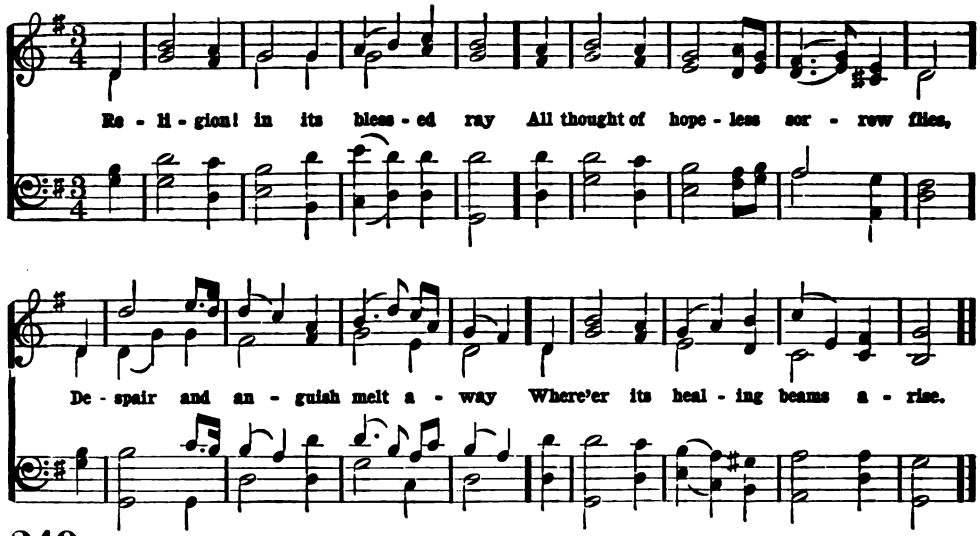
1 Jesus his empire shall extend;
Beneath his gentle sway
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.

2 As clouds descend in gentle showers
When spring renews her reign,
And call to life the fragrant flowers
O'er forest, hill, and plain;

3 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,
Descends on man below,
And o'er the millions of our race
His gentle blessings flow.

4 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night,
The Saviour shall his sceptre sway
With unresisted might.

5 All that the reign of sin destroyed,
The Saviour shall restore,
And from the treasures of the Lord
Shall give us blessings more.

Seasons. L. M.

Re - li - gion! in its bless - ed ray All thought of hope - less sor - row flies,
De - spair and an - guish melt a - way Where'er its heal - ing beams a - rise.

249.

1 RELIGION! in its blessed ray
All thought of hopeless sorrow flies,
Despair and anguish melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

2 How dark our sinful world would be, —
A flowerless desert, dry and drear, —
Did not this light, O God, from thee
Its gloom dispel, its aspect cheer.

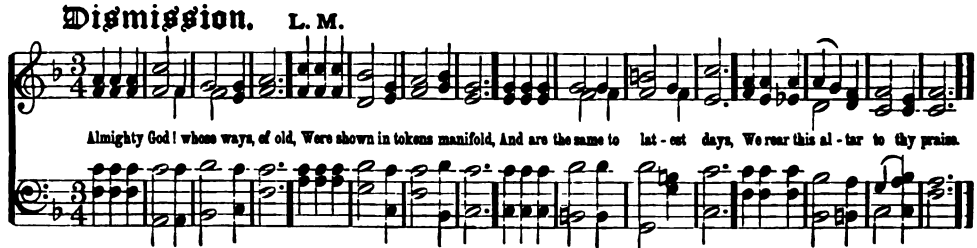
3 O! by it many a heart is soothed
Which else would be with sorrow crush'd,
And many a dying pillow smoothed,
And sob of parting anguish hushed.

4 Across the troubled sky of time
It doth the bow of promise bend, —
A symbol of that cloudless clime
That waits the soul when time shall end.

5 Religion! may its holy light
Our footsteps guide to paths of peace!
Our solace in deep sorrow's night,
Our stay as mortal powers decrease.

6 With this our guide, we care not when
Death's signal to depart is given;
Its word shall bring our spirits then
The calm and holy peace of heaven.

Dismission. L. M.


Almighty God! whose ways, of old, Were shown in tokens manifold, And are the same to lat - est days, We rear this al - tar to thy praise.

250.

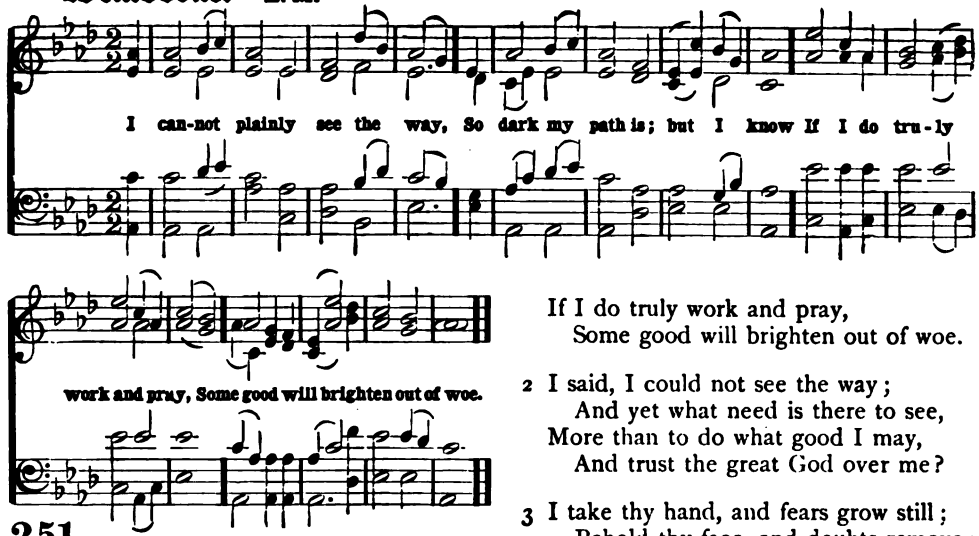
1 ALMIGHTY God! whose ways, of old,
Were shown in tokens manifold,
And are the same to latest days,
We rear this altar to thy praise.

2 Here may the sweetest manna fall,
Here, Sinai's voice be heard by all,
Here, thy descending Heavenly Dove
Bring proof of sonship and thy love.

3 May memories of Jordan's stream,
Moriah's height and Jacob's dream, —
Scenes which have half unveiled thy Face,
Be present to us in this place.

4 And, as the seasons circle round,
May this become more hallowed ground,
Thy ways be clearer understood,
And hearts be filled with endless good.

Wimborne. L. M.



251.

1 I CANNOT plainly see the way,
So dark my path is; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.

2 I said, I could not see the way;
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to do what good I may,
And trust the great God over me?

3 I take thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove:
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love?

252.

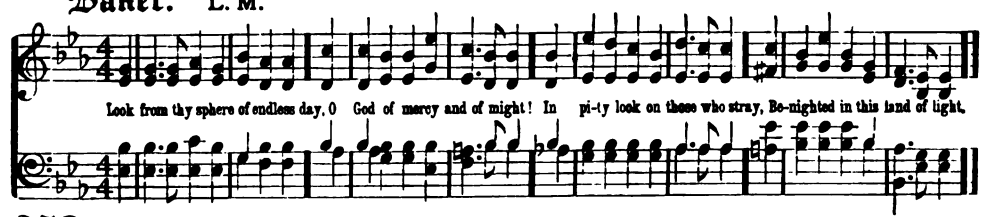
1 IN darker days, and nights of storm,
Men knew thee but to fear thy form,
And in the reddest lightnings saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

2 In brighter days we read thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above;
And, in the track of every storm,
Behold thy beauty's rainbow form.

3 Even in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always Wisdom, perfect Love,
From flowers below to stars above.

4 See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
For the Almighty Love is here.

Baker. L. M.


Look from thy sphere of endless day, O God of mercy and of might! In pi-ty look on those who stray, Be-nighted in this land of light.

253.

1 LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

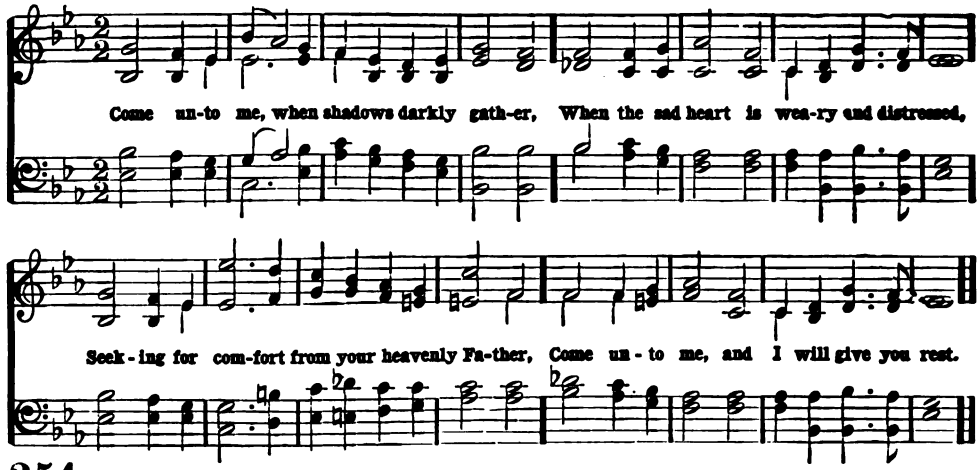
2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

Berlin. 11s, 10s.

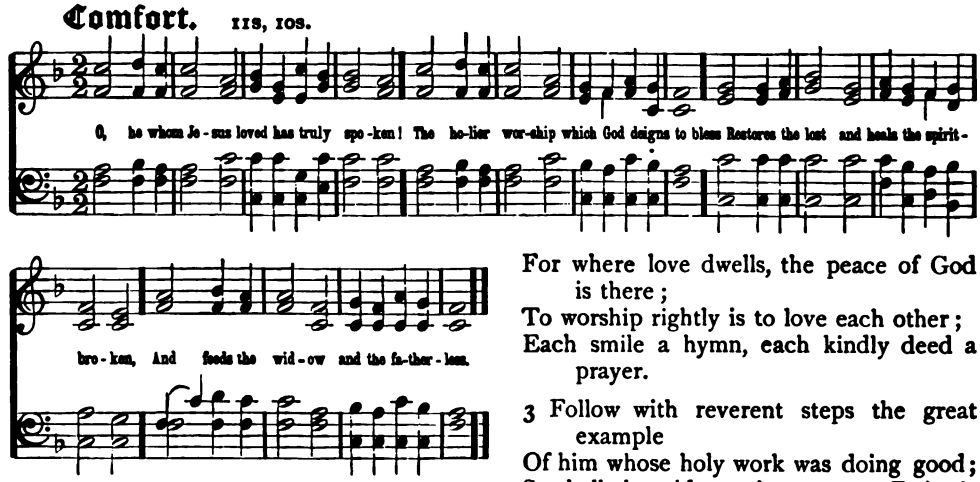

Come un-to me, when shadows darkly gath-er, When the sad heart is wea-ry and distressed,
Seek-ing for com-fort from your heavenly Fa-ther, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.

254.

1 Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Comfort. 11s, 10s.

O, he whom Je-sus loved has truly spo-ken! The ho-lier wor-ship which God deigns to bless Restores the lost and heals the spirit-
bro-ken, And feeds the wid-ow and the fa-ther-less.

255.

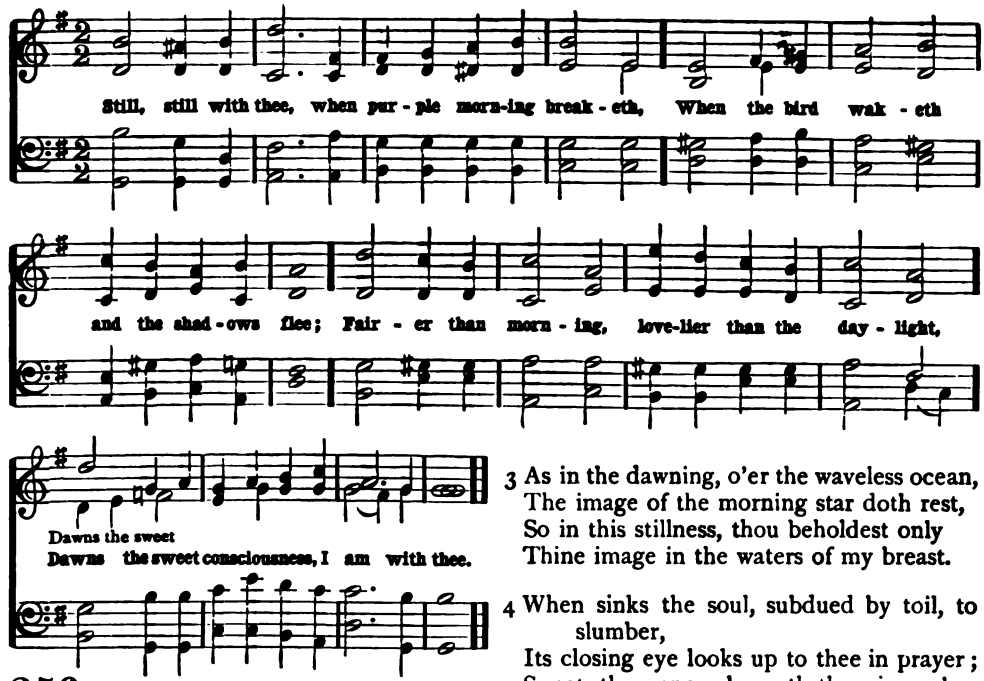
1 O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!
The holier worship which God deigns to bless
Restores the lost and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

2 *Then, brother* man, fold to thy heart thy *brother!*
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

Windsor. 11s, 10s.


Still, still with thee, when pur - ple morn-ing break - eth, When the bird wak - eth
and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love-lier than the day - light,
Dawns the sweet
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

256.

1 STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, more fair than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee!

257.

1 WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

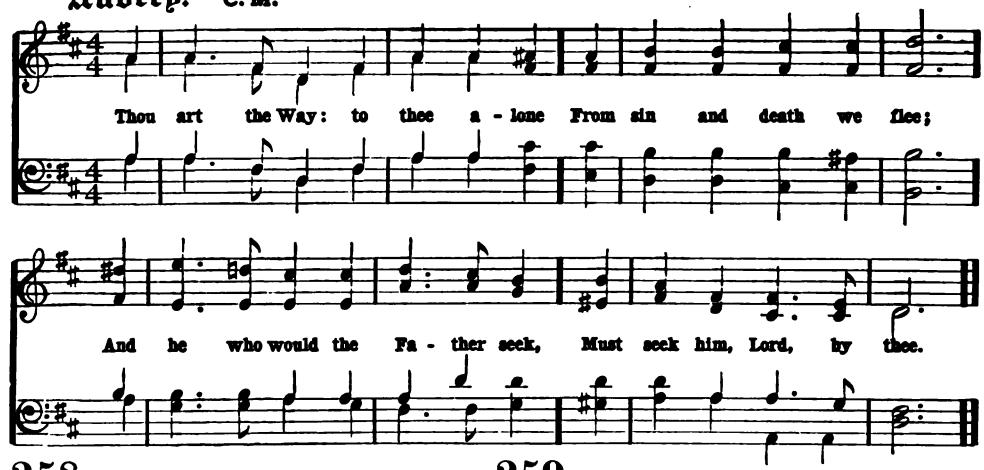
2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

5 O rest of rests! O peace serene, abiding!
Thou changest never, thine th' eternal day!
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy for ever and for aye.

Aubrey. C. M.



258.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

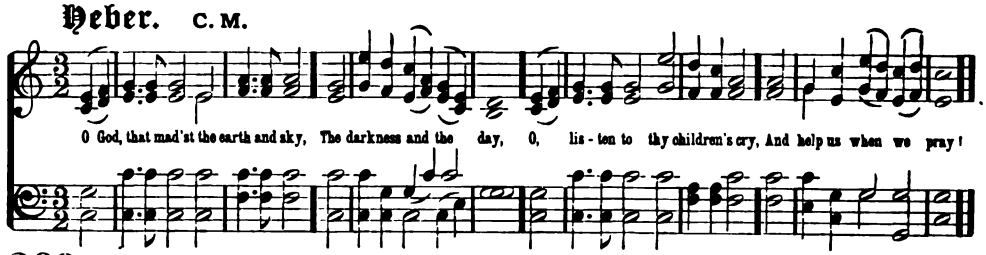
259.

1 The world throws wide its brazen gates;
With thee we enter in:
O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
To free that world from sin!

2 We have one mind in Christ our Lord,
To stand and point above, —
To hurl rebuke at social wrong;
But all, O God, in love.

3 The star is resting in the sky;
To worship Christ we came;
The moments haste: O, touch our tongues
With thy celestial flame!

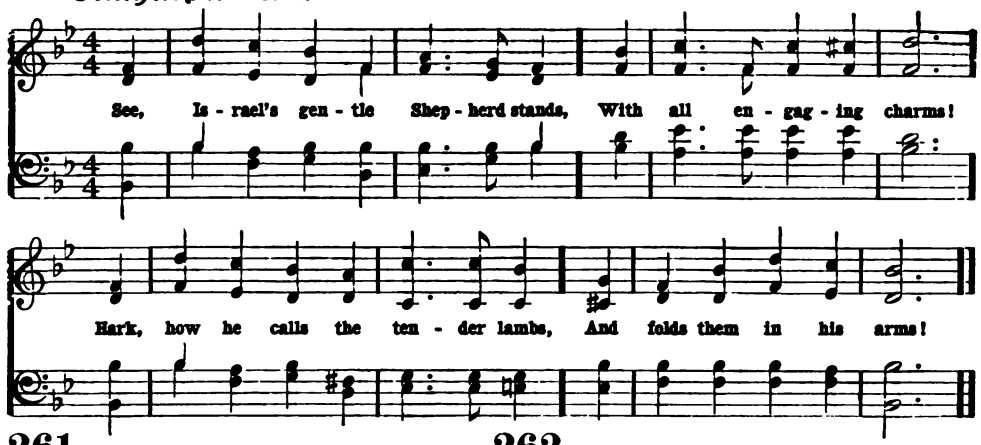
4 The truest worship is a life;
All dreaming we resign;
We lay our offering at thy feet, —
Our lives, O Christ, are thine!

Heber. C. M.

260.

1 O God, that mad'st the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
O, listen to thy children's cry,
And help us when we pray!

2 The cross that Jesus bore for man,
Like him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

3 Have mercy on our failings, Lord,
Our sinking faith renew;
And when his sorrows visit us,
O, send his patience too!

Elmhurst. C. M.

See, Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands, With all en - gag - ing charms!
Hark, how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

261.

1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face,
And fly with transport, to receive
The blessings of his grace.

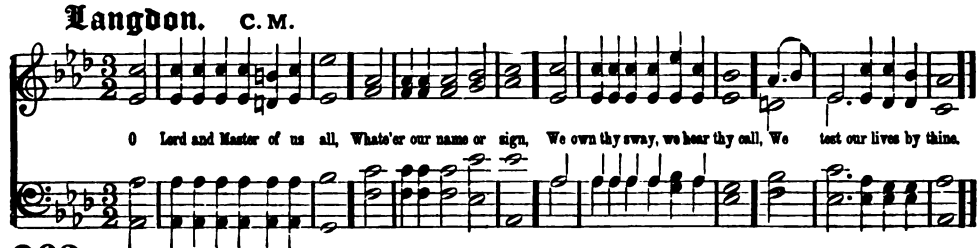
262.

1 In all we do, in all we dream,
One duty haunts the soul;
Through evil dark the watch-towers gleam,
To guide us to one goal.

2 Howe'er we stray, we are pursued;
God foils us from above,
By fatherly solicitude
And by relentless love.

3 To Love's consuming, cleansing fire
We all, at last, must turn;
The kindling heat of our desire
Shall help our sins to burn.

4 And thou wilt have us right at last,
O ceaseless Fatherhood!
No other fate for us thou hast,
The only goal is Good.

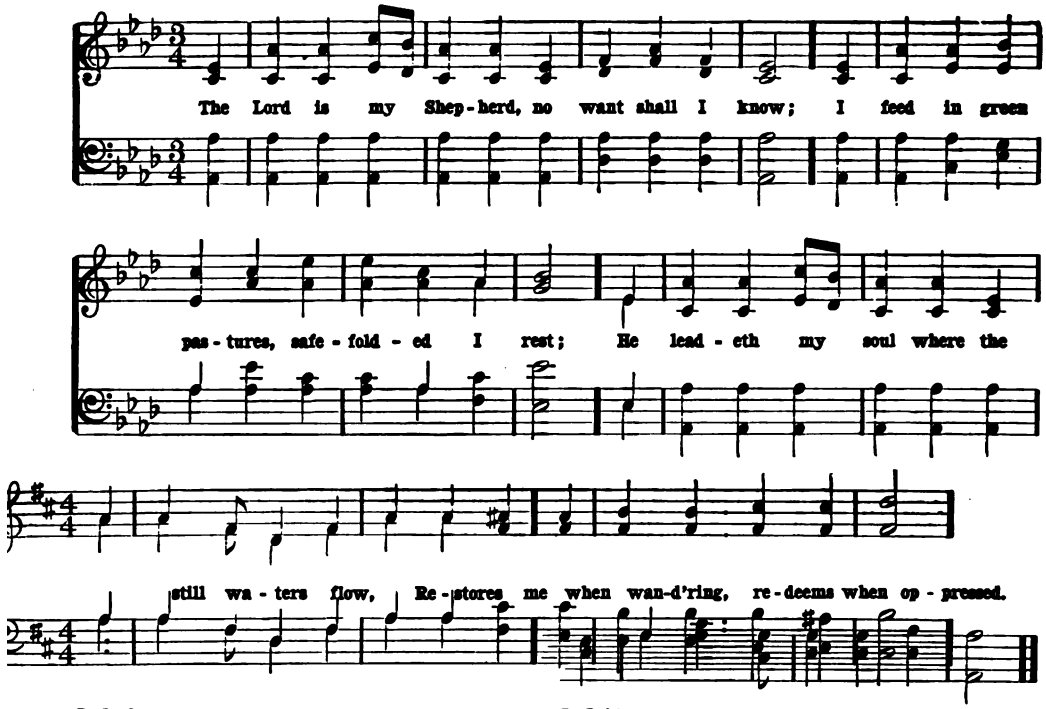
Langdon. C. M.

263.

1 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

2 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

3 Apart from thee all gain is loss,
And labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy cross
Is better than the sun.

4 Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven.

Guardian Care. 118.

The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.

264.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay:
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

•4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek — by the path which my forefathers trod —
The land of their dwelling, thy kingdom *of love.*

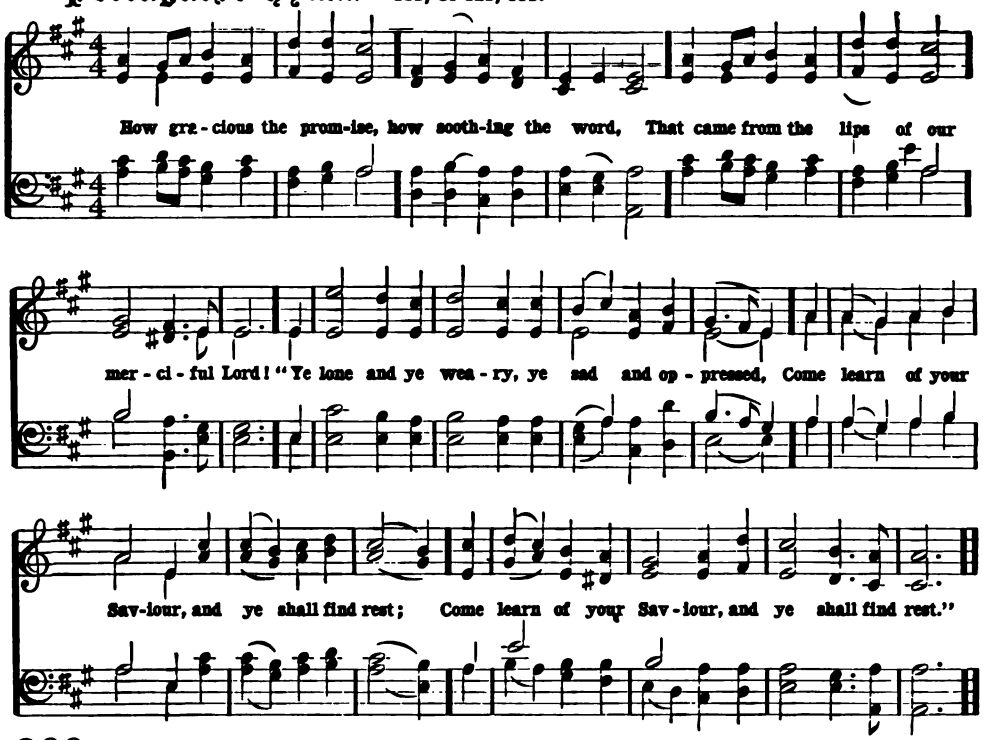
265.

1 THO' faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? Our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds;
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint, yet pursuing, still onward we go:
The Lord is our Leader, no fear can we know.

Portuguese Hymn. 11s, or 12s, 11s.

How gra-cious the prom-ise, how sooth-ing the word, That came from the lips of our
mer-ci-ful Lord! "Ye lone and ye wea-ry, ye sad and op-pressed, Come learn of your
Sav-iour, and ye shall find rest; Come learn of your Sav-iour, and ye shall find rest."

266.

1 How gracious the promise, how soothing the word,
That came from the lips of our merciful Lord!
"Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
Come learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest."

2 Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
For meek was your master, and lowly of heart;
And all who have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in the light and the truth and the way.

3 Ye heart-stricken sons, and ye daughters of woe,
For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow;
Your souls to the blessèd Redeemer unite,—
His yoke it is easy, his burden is light.

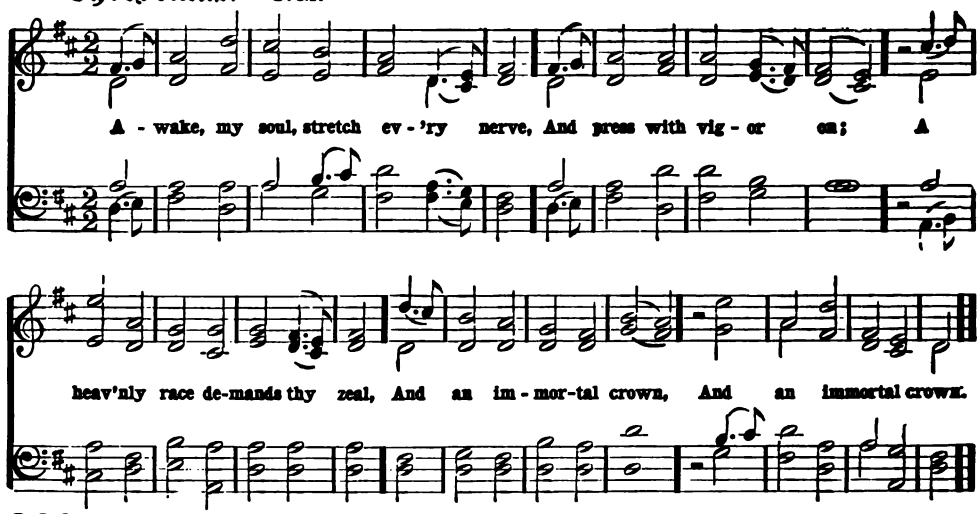
267.

1 Exult, O my soul, for to Zion's high mountain
All nature shall flock when the feast shall be spread,
To drink the sweet streams of the life-giving fountain,
And eat, without price, of the heavenly bread.

2 Exult in his name who at last shall deliver
From sin and temptation, and death's dread alarms;
For he, who of every good gift is the giver,
Shall gather his children like lambs to his arms.

3 O, sweeter than life are the promises given
Of rest never-ending in mansions on high;
For nothing can mar the vast household of heaven,
Or hush the glad songs where the cherubim fly.

4 Be strong then, my soul, when the tempest shall gather,
For far through the mists of this valley of tears,
Revealed by the smile of our heavenly Father,
A rapturous vision of glory appears.

Christmas. C.M.

A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A
heav'nly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an immortal crown.

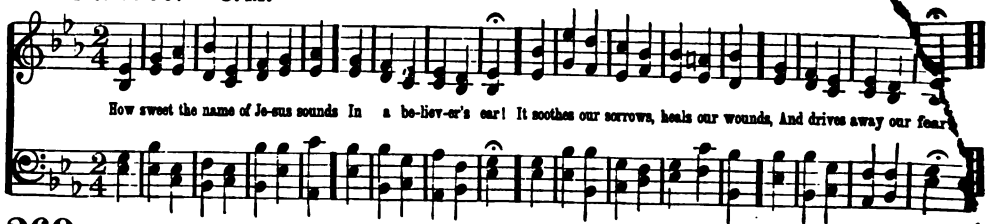
268.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Dundee. C.M.

269.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
And drives away our fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

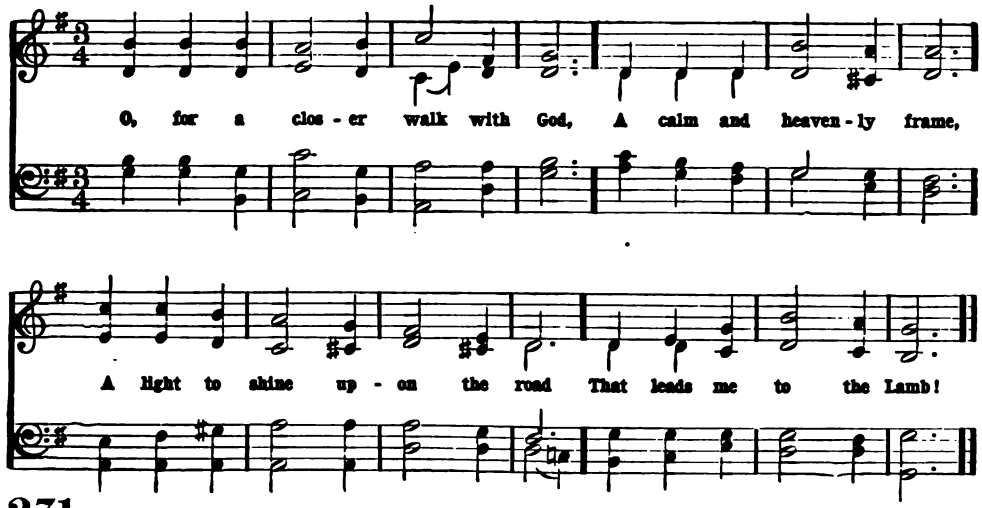
3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

270.

PRAISE to the Holiest! in the height
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways!

St. Agnes. C. M.

271.

1 O, FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

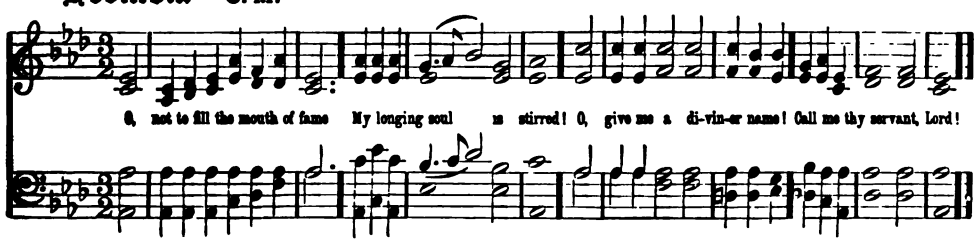
2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

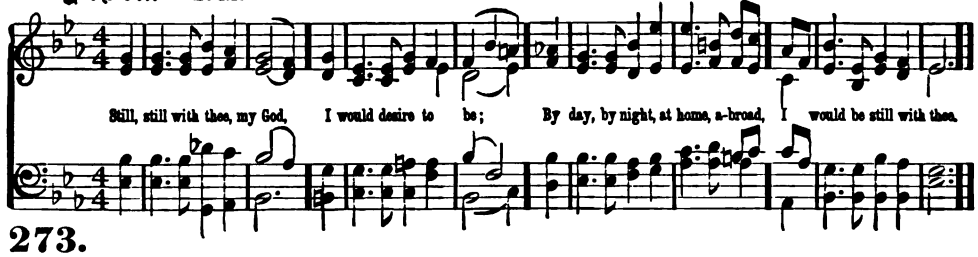
Hermon. C. M.

272.

1 O, NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred!
O, give me a diviner name!
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
O, not mine own! O, not mine own!
Lord, I belong *to thee!*

3 In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

Festa. S. M.

273.

1 Still, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

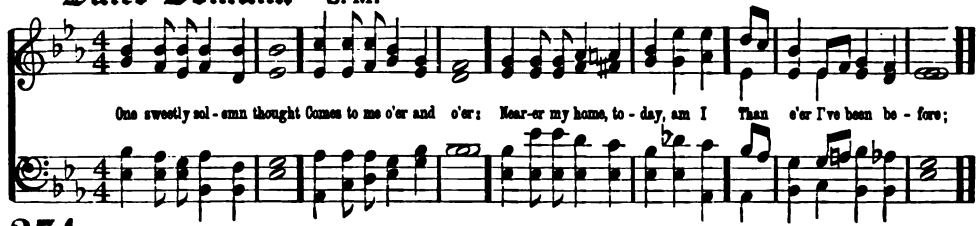
3 With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With thee my heart would find.

5 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

Dulce Domum. S. M.



274.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I 've been before;

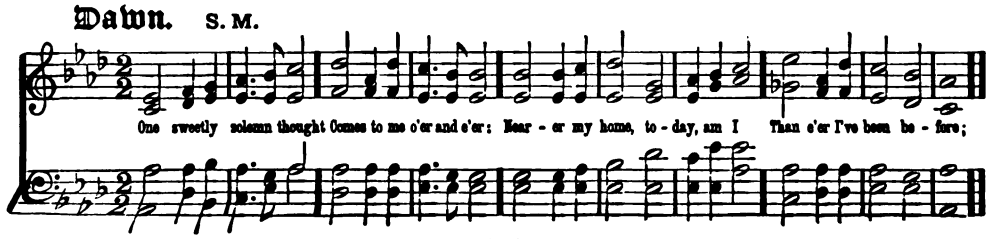
2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea;

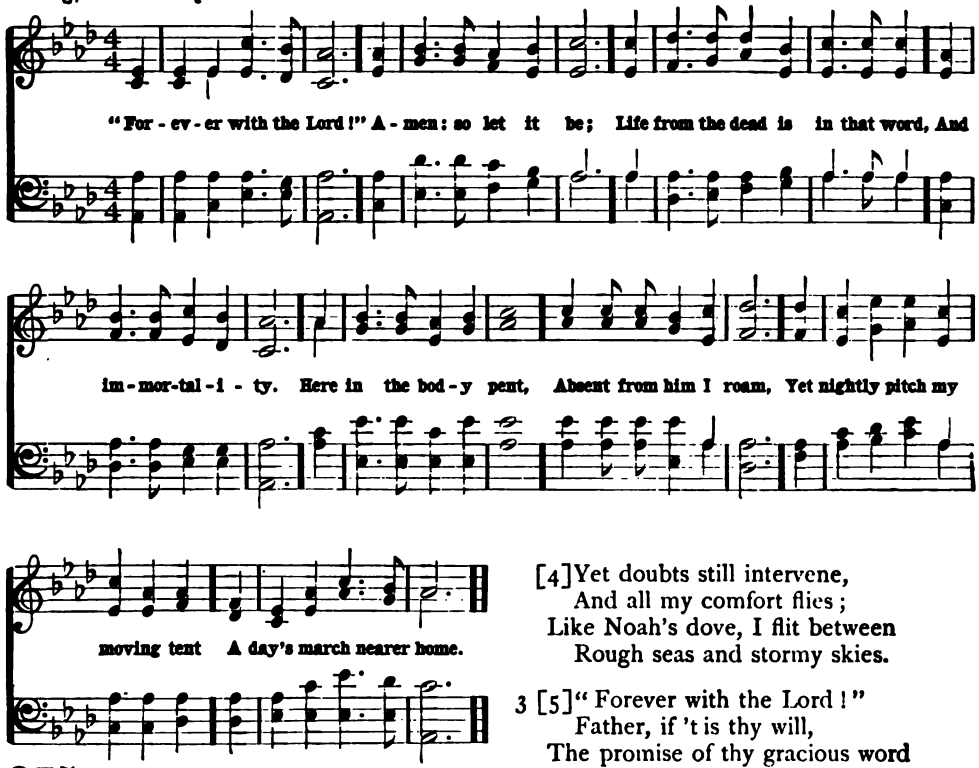
3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus, to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Dawn. S. M.



Nearer Home. S. M. D.

"For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men: so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, And
im - mor-tal - i - ty. Here in the bod - y pent, Absent from him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my
moving tent A day's march nearer home.

275.

1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen: so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

[2] Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 [3] My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

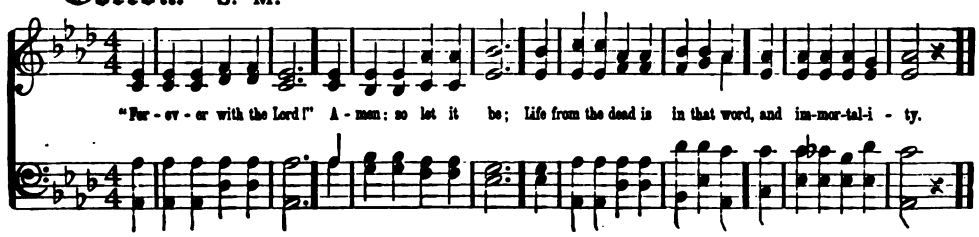
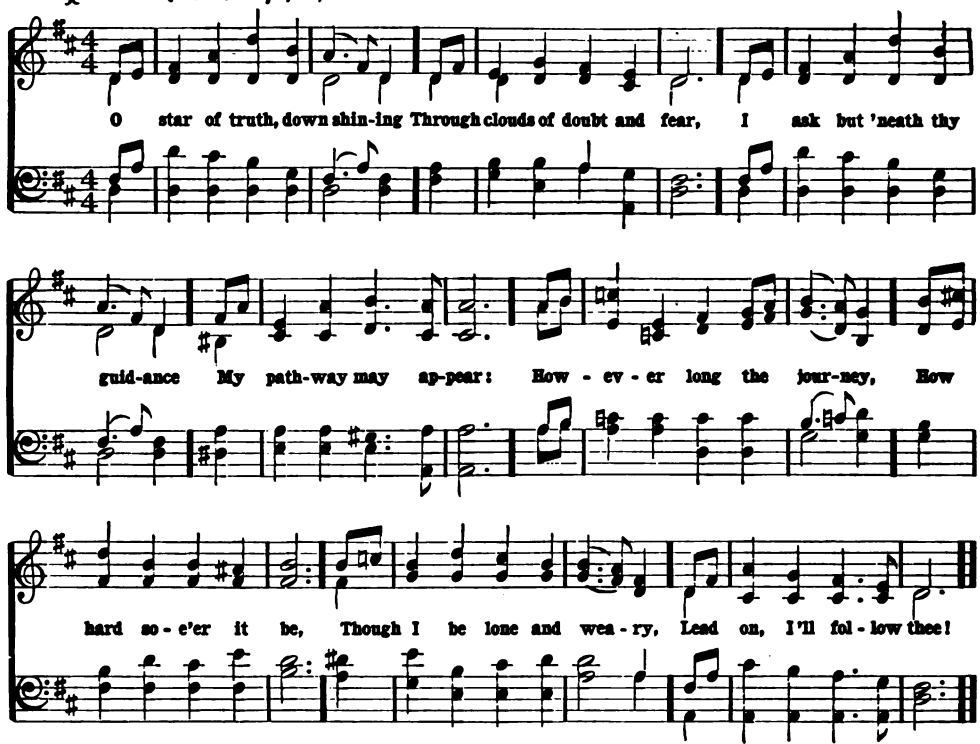
[4] Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

3 [5] "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
E'en here to me fulfil.

[6] Be thou at my right hand,
So I shall never fail:
Uphold me, and I needs must stand;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

4 [7] So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain.

[8] Knowing "as I am known,"
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

Gorton. S. M.

Patterson. 7s, 6s, D.

O star of truth, down shin-ing Through clouds of doubt and fear, I ask but 'neath thy
guid-ance My path-way may ap-pear: How - ev - er long the jour-ney, How
hard so - e'er it be, Though I be lone and wea - ry, Lead on, I'll fol - low thee!

276.

1 O STAR of truth, down shining
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath thy guidance
My pathway may appear:
However long the journey,
How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I 'll follow thee!

2 I know thy blessed radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May tread some other way;
E'en if through untrod deserts,
Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I 'll follow thee!

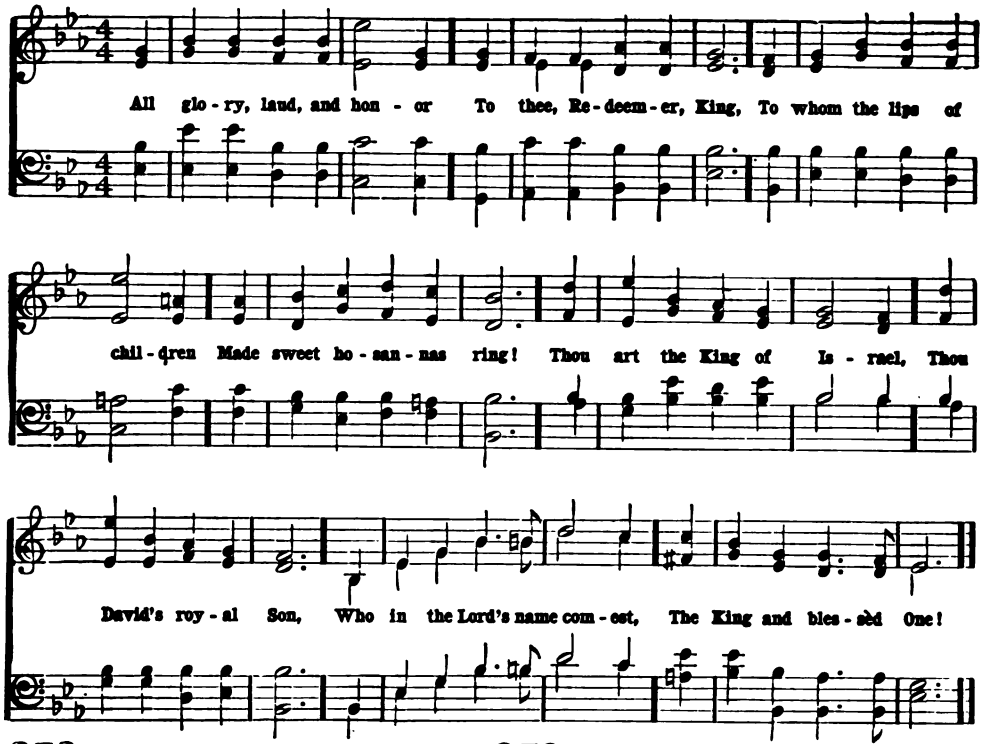
3 The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod;
But fires of human passion
May light the way to God:
Then, though my feet should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I 'll follow thee!

4 Though loving friends forsake me,
Or plead with me in tears;
Though angry foes may threaten,
To shake my soul with fears, —
Still, to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be;
Through life or death forever,
Lead on, I 'll follow thee!

277.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean,
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempest of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them
Wherever they may be;
Though far from those who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

Greenland. 7s, 6s, D.

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To thee, Re - deem - er, King, To whom the lips of
chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring! Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou
David's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bles - sèd One!

278.

1 ALL glory, laud and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One!

2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply;
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises:
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

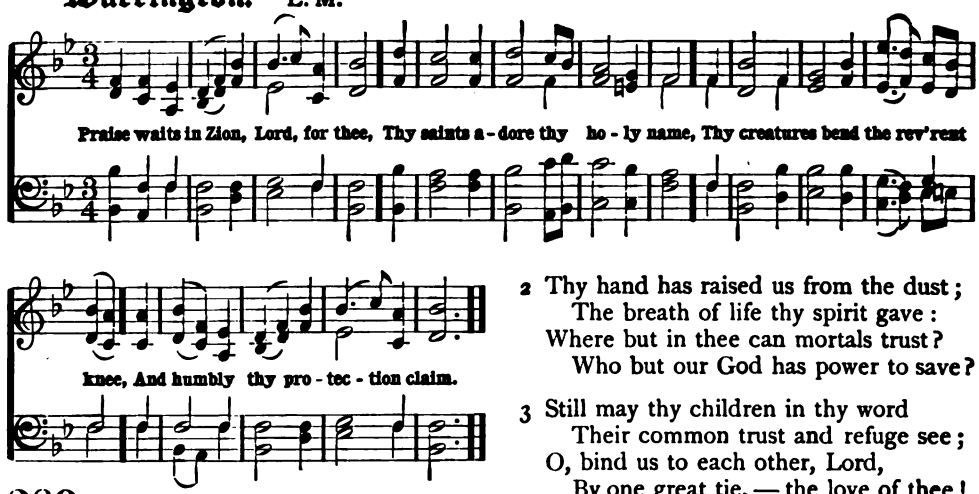
279.

1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled,
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
O, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee, unseen, adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We taste, and doubt no more.
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see!

Warrington. L. M.


Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee, Thy saints a - dore thy ho - ly name, Thy creatures bend the rev'rent
knee, And humbly thy pro - tec - tion claim.

280.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
Thy saints adore thy holy name,
Thy creatures bend the reverent knee,
And humbly thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life thy spirit gave:
Where but in thee can mortals trust?
Who but our God has power to save?

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie, — the love of thee!

4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

281.

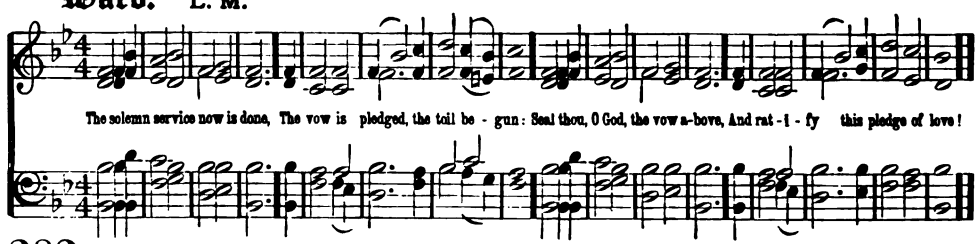
1 THERE is a Sabbath rest, O Lord,
From doubts and sinful bondage free;
Thy presence doth this rest afford
To all who truly worship thee.

2 We may our worldly toils suspend,
With songs of praise thy temples fill,
Or lowly at thine altars bend,
Yet to this rest be strangers still.

3 But those who humbly seek thy love,
Who meekly bow to thy control,
'T is theirs, O Lord, this rest to prove,
This blissful Sabbath of the soul.

4 Help us, O God, our sins to flee,
To choose the paths that Jesus trod,
To rest from all but love of thee!
Be ours this Sabbath rest, O God!

Ward. L. M.


The solemn service now is done, The vow is pledged, the toil be - gun: Seal thou, O God, the vow a-bove, And rat - i - fy this pledge of love!

282.

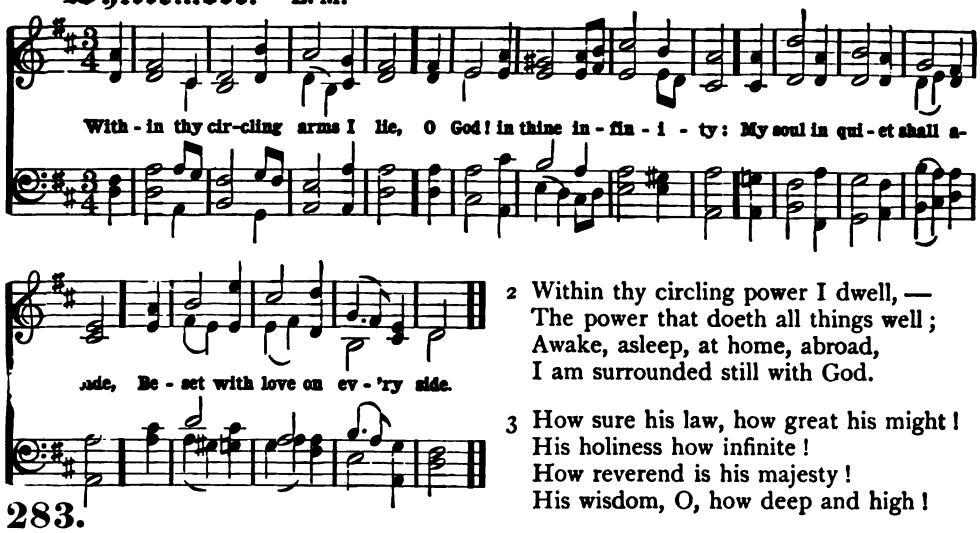
1 THE solemn service now is done,
The vow is pledged, the toil begun:
Seal thou, O God, the vow above,
And ratify this pledge of love!

2 The shepherd of thy people bless,
Gird him with thine own holiness;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.

3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And many to the Saviour led.

4 O, let our humble worship be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee,
And may these hallowed scenes of love
Fit us for purer joys above!

Whittemore. L. M.



283.

1 WITHIN thy circling arms I lie,
O God! in thine infinity:
My soul in quiet shall abide,
Beset with love on every side.

2 Within thy circling power I dwell, —
The power that doeth all things well;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

3 How sure his law, how great his might!
His holiness how infinite!
How reverend is his majesty!
His wisdom, O, how deep and high!

4 O, may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my lower passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

284.

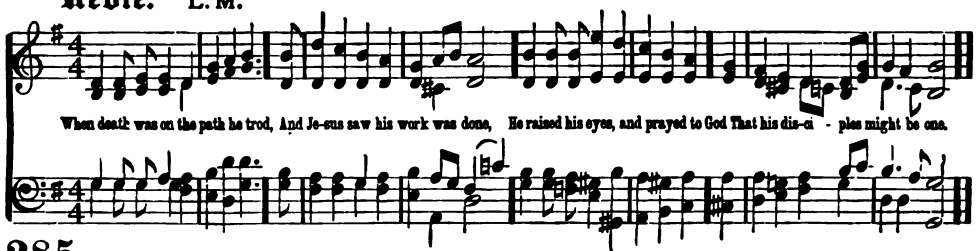
1 O GOD, in whom we live and move,
Thy love is law, thy law is love;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do thy will.

2 Unto thy children's spirits teach
Thy love, beyond the powers of speech,
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of thy law.

3 Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word, or thought,
Or deed of love to come to nought.

4 Such faith, O God! our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still:
Who works for justice, works for thee;
Who works in love, thy child shall be.

Keble. L. M.


When death was on the path he trod, And Je-sus saw his work was done, He raised his eyes, and prayed to God That his dis-ci - ples might be one.

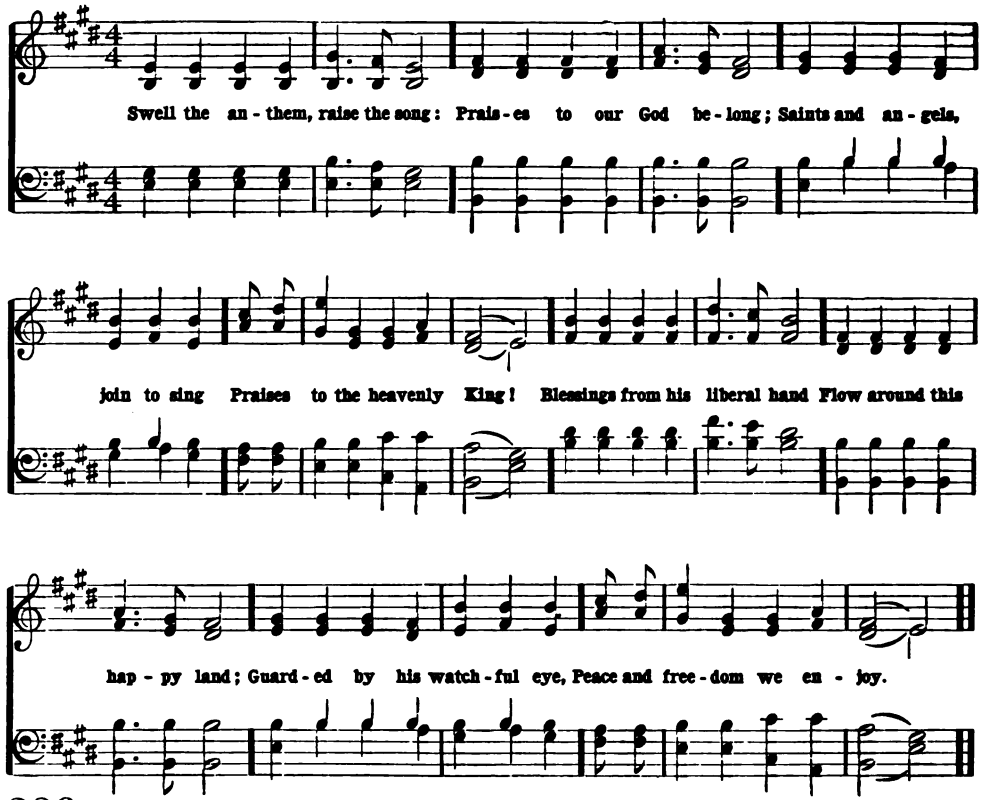
285.

1 WHEN death was on the path he trod,
And Jesus saw his work was done,
He raised his eyes, and prayed to God
That his disciples might be one.

2 This, Father, is our prayer to-day,
That we may one in spirit be,
Through Christ, who came to teach the way,
And all united, God, in thee!

3 One in the Faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart and life;
One in the Hope that looks above,
And sees an end of sin and strife;

4 One in the Love that warms the heart
And makes it thy most worthy shrine;
And one in thee, O God, who art
The Giver of these gifts divine!

Benevento. 7s, D.

Swell the an - them, raise the song: Prais - es to our God be - long; Saints and an - gels,
join to sing Praises to the heavenly King! Blessings from his liberal hand Flow around this
hap - py land; Guard - ed by his watch - ful eye, Peace and free - dom we en - joy.

286.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song:
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King!
Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

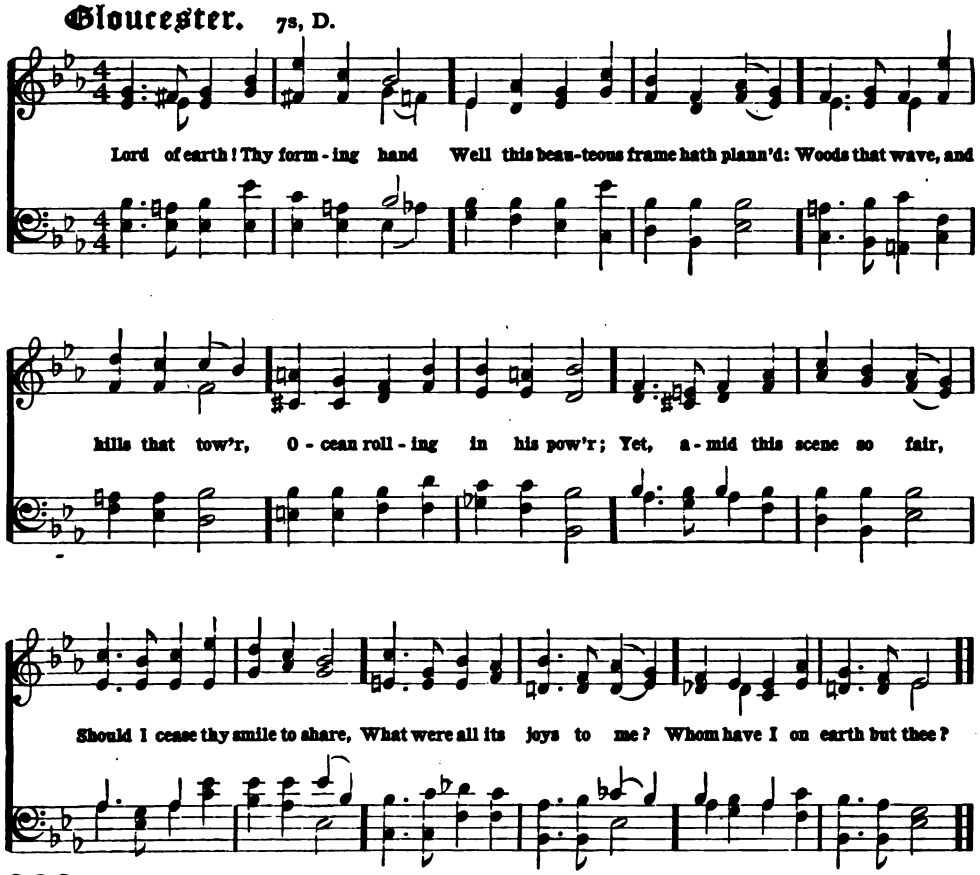
2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

287.

1 LORD, by heavenly hosts adored,
Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord,
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
By the Church with joy confessed,
God o'er all forever blest!
Pleading at thy throne we stand:
Save thy people, bless our land!

2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand;
Let thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord, thy bounteous hand,
Bless thy people, bless our land!

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor thee;
Let the powers by thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace:
Thus united, we shall stand,
One wide, free, and happy land.

Gloucester. 7s, D.

Lord of earth! Thy form-ing hand Well this beau-teous frame hath plann'd: Woods that wave, and
hills that tow'r, O-cean roll-ing in his pow'r; Yet, a-mid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share, What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but thee?

288.

1 Lord of earth! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned:
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

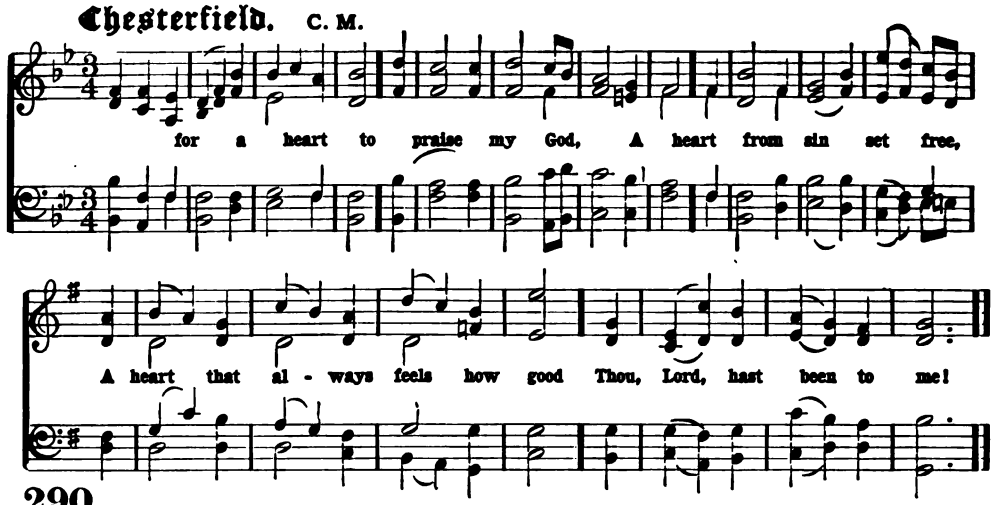
2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again.
O, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest!
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child.
O! if once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

289.

1 Heavenly Father, God of Love,
Send thy blessing from above,
Light and life to all impart,
Shine on each believing heart!
Glorious in thy sons appear,
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here,—
All thy kingdom from above,
All the blessedness of love.

2 Plant in us an humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee!
Let us in our spirits prove
All the depths of lowly love;
Let us in our lives express
All the heights of holiness!

Chesterfield. C. M.

290.

1 O, FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels how good
Thou, Lord, hast been to me!

2 O, for a humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within;

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
Conformed, O Lord, to thine!

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write thy name upon my heart:
Thy name, O God, is love!

291.

1 O, FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe,

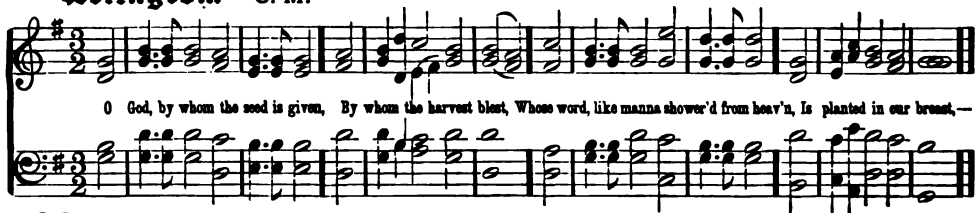
2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed!

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home!

Arlington. C. M.

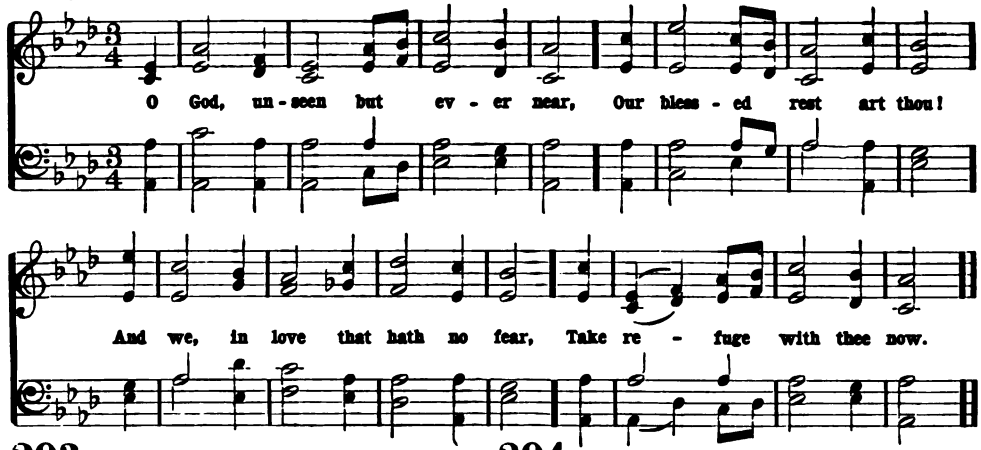


292.

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Whose word, like manna shower'd from heaven,
Is planted in our breast, —

2 *Preserve it from the passing feet,*
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

Avon. C. M.

293.

1 O God, unseen but ever near,
Our blessed rest art thou!
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with thee now.

2 All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way;
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

3 O, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above!

4 Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine;
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

294.

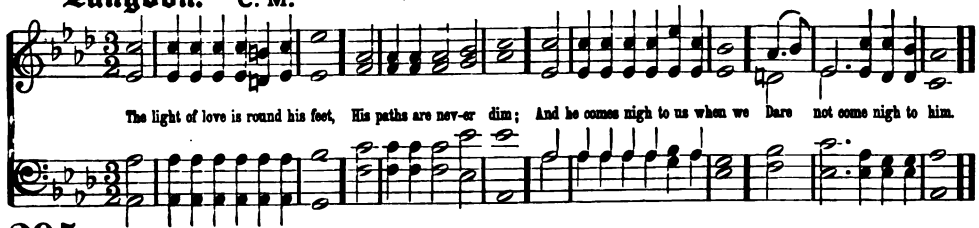
1 Father in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer;
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of my Lord,
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

3 O, help me break the galling chains
This world round me has thrown;
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown!

4 O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thy Almighty name!

Langdon. C. M.



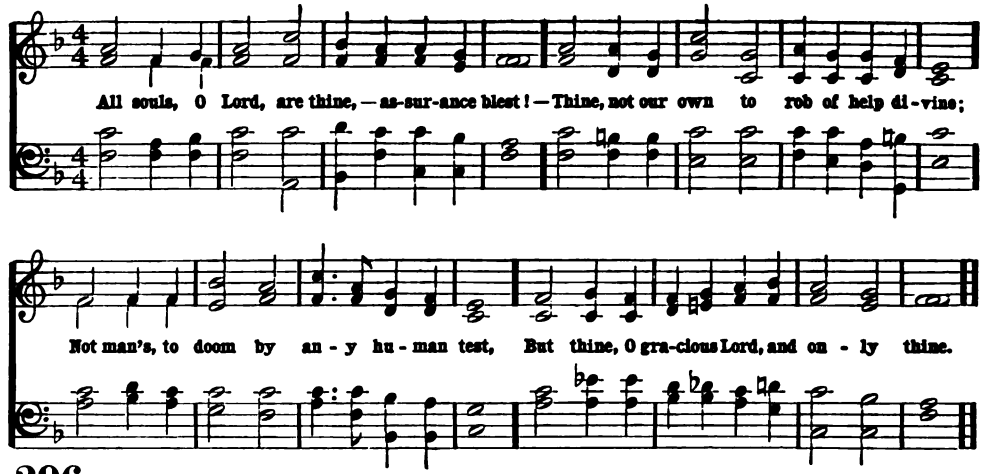
295.

1 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

2 Let us be simple with him, then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

3 Poor souls that know not how to love,
They feel not Jesus near;
And they who know not how to love,
Still less know how to fear.

4 They love not, for they have not kissed
The Saviour's outer hem;
They fear not, for the Living God
Is yet unknown to them.

Langran. 10s.

All souls, O Lord, are thine, — as-sur-ance blest! — Thine, not our own to rob of help di-vine;
Not man's, to doom by an - y hu - man test, But thine, O gra-cious Lord, and on - ly thine.

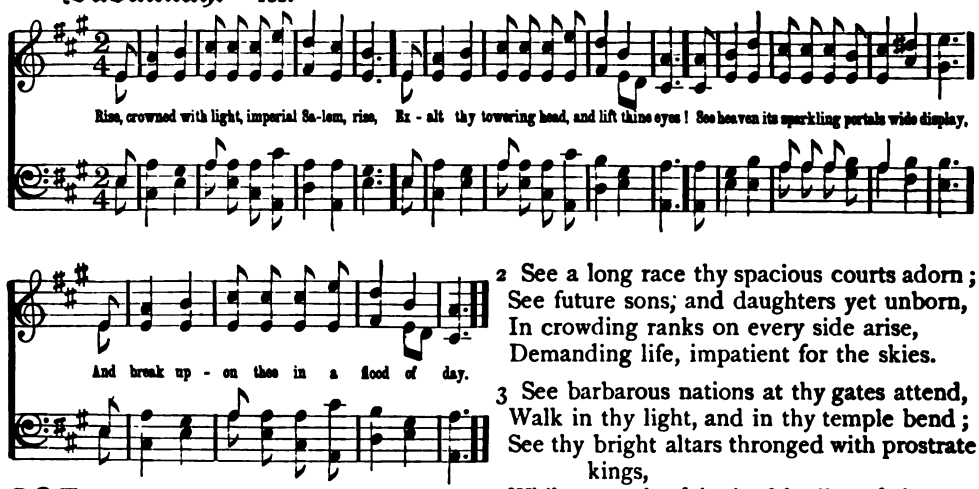
296.

1 All souls, O Lord, are thine, — assurance blest! —
Thine, not our own to rob of help divine;
Not man's, to doom by any human test,
But thine, O gracious Lord, and only thine.

2 Thine, by thy various discipline, to lead
To heights where heavenly truths immortal [shine, —
Truths none eternally shall fail to heed;
For all, O Lord, are thine, forever thine.

3 Forgive the thought, that everlasting ill
To any can be part of thy design;
Finite, imperfect, erring, guilty, — still
All souls, great God, are thine — and mercy thine.

Savannah. 10s.


Rise, crowned with light, imperial Sa-lem, rise, Ex - alt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes! See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

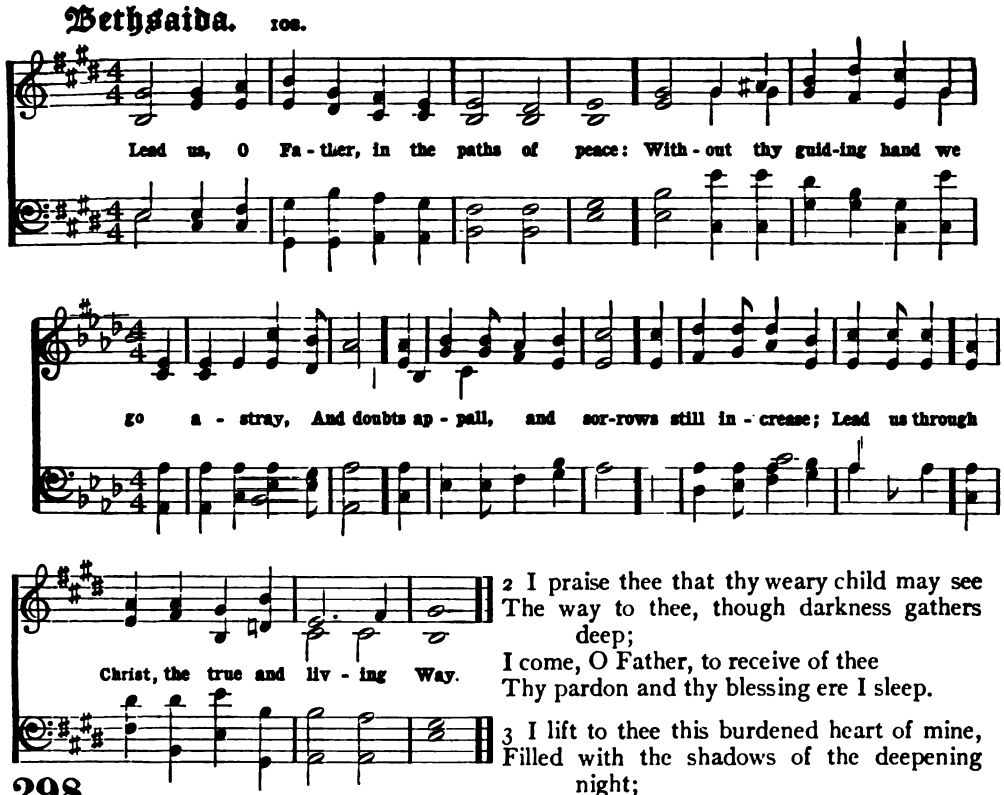
297.

1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise,
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains:
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.


Bethsaida. 10s.
Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace: With - out thy guid-ing hand we
go a - stray, And doubts ap - pall, and sor-rows still in - crease; Lead us through
Christ, the true and liv - ing Way.

298.

1 LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night;
Only with thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

299.

1 As swiftly, silently draws near the night,
And into gloom the daylight dies away,
I praise thee, heavenly Father, for thy light,
That shineth ever, an eternal day.

2 I praise thee that thy weary child may see
The way to thee, though darkness gathers deep;
I come, O Father, to receive of thee
Thy pardon and thy blessing ere I sleep.

3 I lift to thee this burdened heart of mine,
Filled with the shadows of the deepening night;
Thou floodest me with rays of love divine,
And darkness flees from me, and all is light.

4 O Father, as the night of life draws near,
And fast earth's fading brightness ebbs away,
In growing glory may thy light appear,
Until for me it always shall be day.

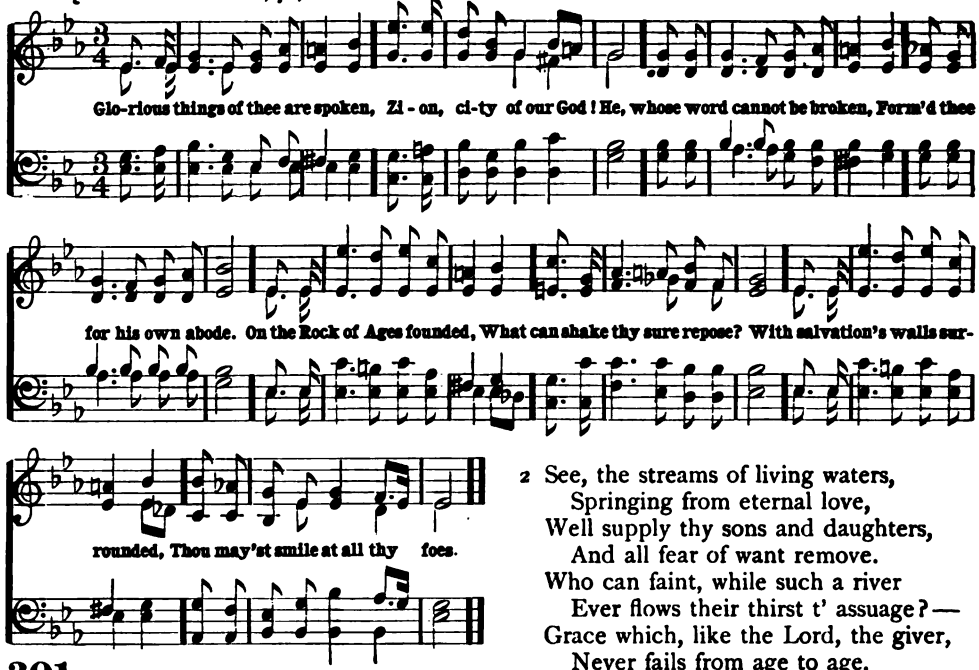
300.

1 FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies th' enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

2 In finding thee, are all things round us found;
In losing thee, are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

3 Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

Hermann. 8s, 7s, D.


Glo-rious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, ci-ty of our God! He, whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee
for his own abode. On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls sur-
rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

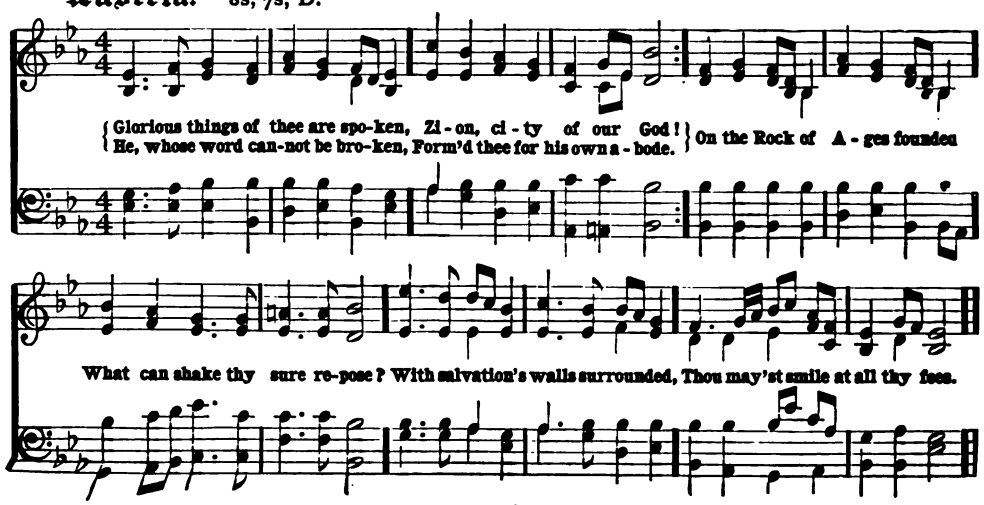
301.

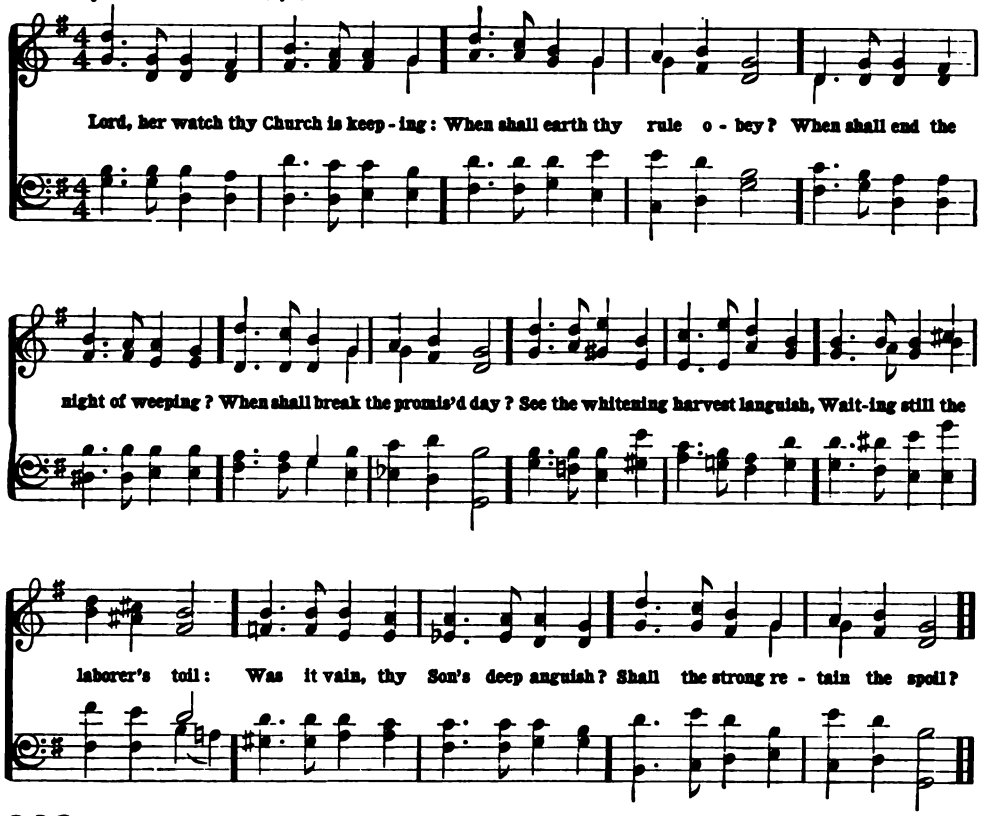
1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?—
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

Austria. 8s, 7s, D.


Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God!
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.
On the Rock of A - ges founded
What can shake thy sure re-pose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Moultrie. 8s, 7s, D.

Lord, her watch thy Church is keep - ing: When shall earth thy rule o - bey? When shall end the
night of weeping? When shall break the promis'd day? See the whitening harvest languish, Wait-ing still the
laborer's toil: Was it vain, thy Son's deep anguish? Shall the strong re - tain the spoil?

302.

1 Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping:
When shall earth thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the laborer's toil:
Was it vain, thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

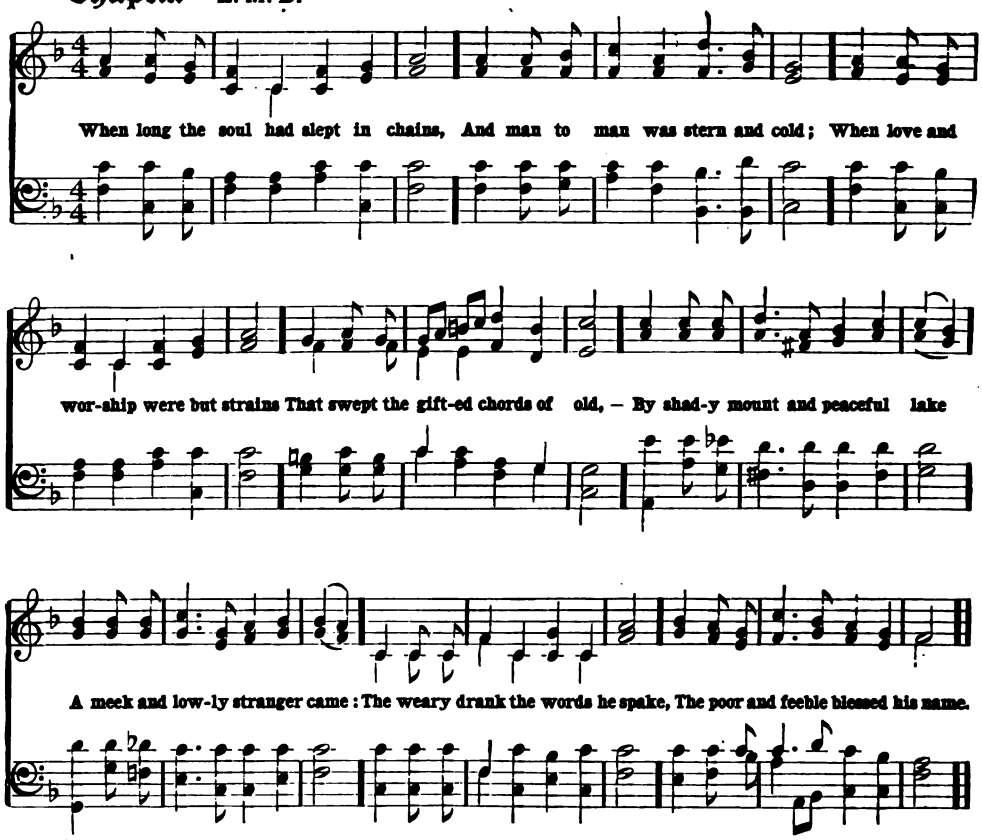
2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord almighty, give the word!
Give the word! In every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound!

3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone forever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain!
Lo, her watch thy Church is keeping:
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

303.

1 Lord and Father, great and holy!
Fearing nought, we come to thee;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
For thy love has made us free.
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
"Thou art love, and love alone!"

2 Though the worlds in flame should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.
And though heavens thy name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the strain our hearts are raising,
"Thou art love, and love alone!"

Chapin. L. M. D.

When long the soul had slept in chains, And man to man was stern and cold; When love and
wor-ship were but strains That swept the gift-ed chords of old, — By shad-y mount and peaceful lake
A meek and low-ly stranger came: The weary drank the words he spake, The poor and feeble blessed his name.

304.

1 When long the soul had slept in chains,
And man to man was stern and cold;
When love and worship were but strains
That swept the gifted chords of old, —
By shady mount and peaceful lake
A meek and lowly stranger came:
The weary drank the words he spake,
The poor and feeble blessed his name.

2 He went where frenzy held its rule,
Where sickness breathed its spell of pain:
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool,
And by the darkened gate of Nain.
He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,
He raised the contrite sinner's head,
And on the loved ones' lowly rest,
The light of better life he shed.

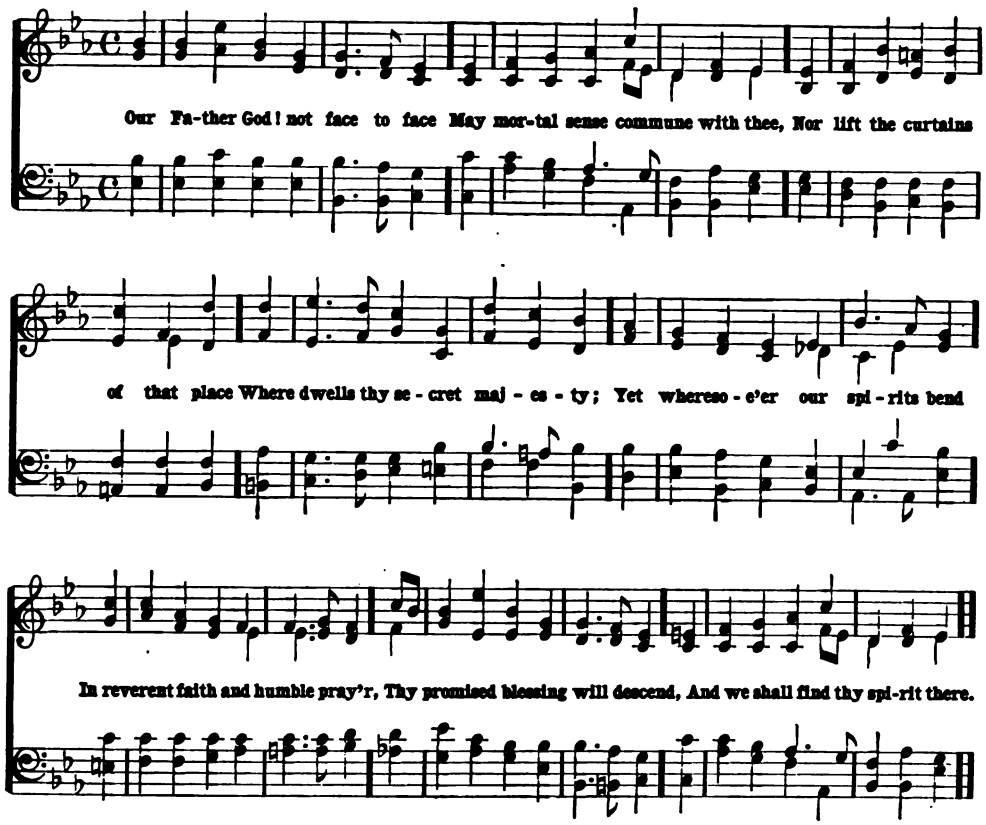
3 Father, the spirit Jesus knew,
We humbly ask of thee to-day,
That we may be disciples true
Of him, to love and light the way.
Bright be the places where we tread
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,
Till we shall come where tears are shed
And broken sighs are heard no more.

305.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace be the pillow for my head;
O, let thy holy angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed!

2 Thy love divine forbids my fear:
O, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning may I hear
Thy loving-kindness in my heart.
And when the sleep of death shall come,
Still may I trust thy mighty love,
See heaven's sunshine through the gloom,
And gladly seek my home above.

Sunset. L. M. D.


Our Fa-ther God! not face to face May mor-tal sense commune with thee, Nor lift the curtains
of that place Where dwells thy se-cret maj-es-ty; Yet whereso-e'er our spi-rits bend
In reverent faith and humble pray'r, Thy promised blessing will descend, And we shall find thy spi-rit there.

306.

1 Our Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret majesty;
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

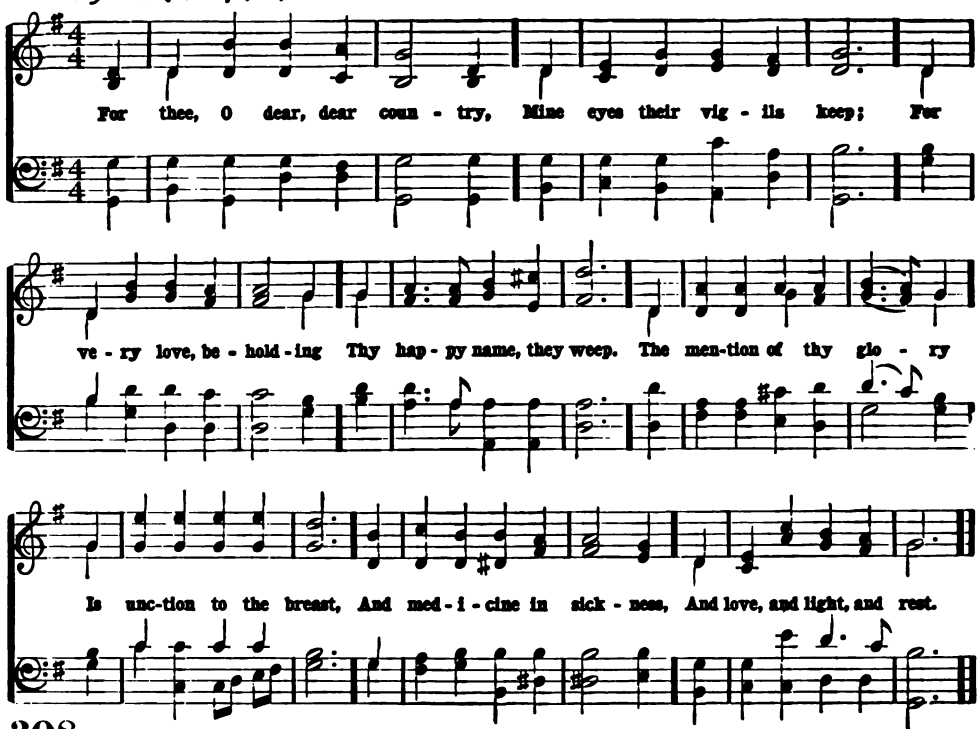
2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven;
Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn of him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than *Siloam's healing wave.*
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That thy true shrine 's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a holy life!

307.

1 My Father, grant thy presence nigh
To bear aloft my sinking soul,
When sorrow o'er my pathway here
In widely whelming waves doth roll.
O, teach mine else unguarded heart
The clouds of gloomy doubt to shun,
To bow unto thy chastening hand,
And meekly say, "Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark to us thy ways may seem,
Thy needful chastisements severe,
Thou dost not willingly afflict,
Nor grieve thy erring children here.
O, teach my heart to lean on thee,
To faith and resignation won,
To see thy love in all its ways,
And humbly say, "Thy will be done!"

Chenies. 7s, 6s, D.

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For
ve - ry love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men-tion of thy glo - ry
Is unc-tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and light, and rest.

308.

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and light, and rest.

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

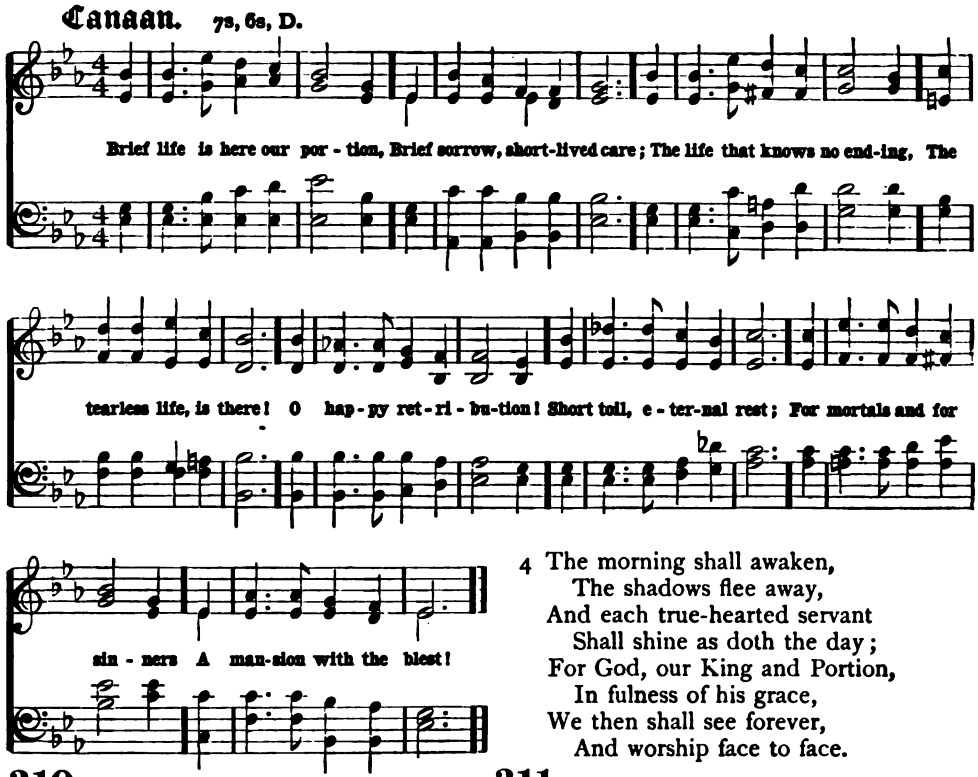
3 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
There grief is turned to pleasure, —
Such pleasure as, below,
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

4 Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it
Till hope be lost in sight!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!

309.

1 God is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.


Canaan. 7s, 6s, D.
Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that knows no end-ing, The
tearless life, is there! O hap - py ret - ri - bu-tion! Short toil, e - ter-nal rest; For mortals and for
sin - ners A man-sion with the blest!

310.

1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there!
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 There grief is turned to pleasure, —
Such pleasure as, below,
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And he whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
Shall *have him for their own.*

4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
For God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.

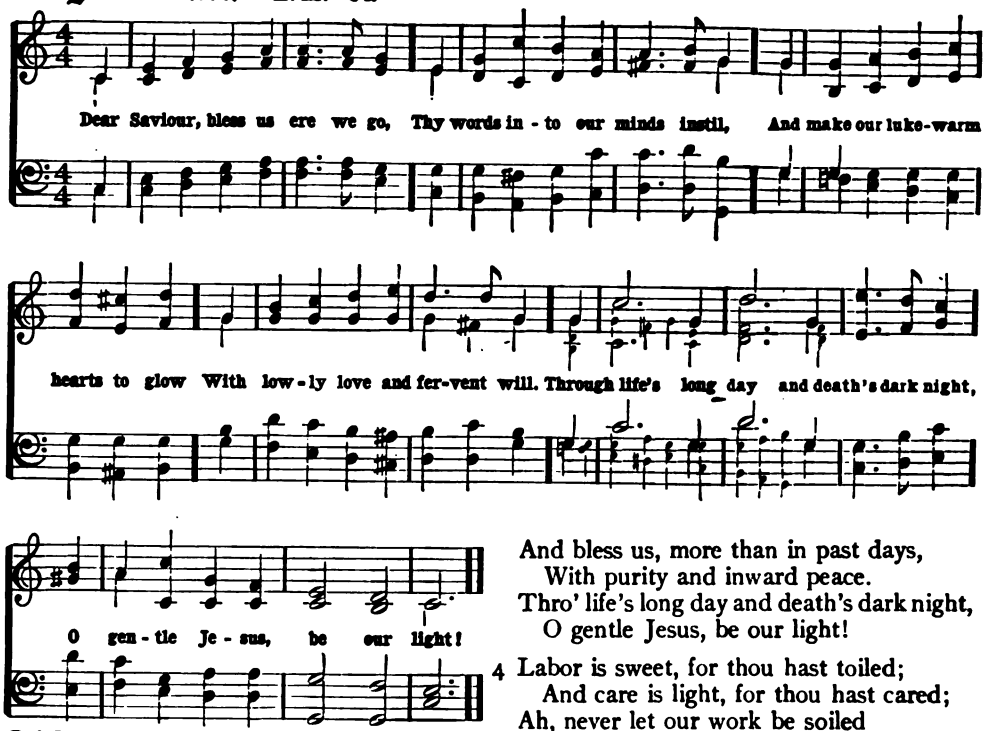
311.

1 The God that to the fathers
Revealed his holy will
Has not the world forsaken,
He 's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
That glimmered on their way;
Look up, and see the dawning
That broadens into day!

2 'T was but far off, in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the kingdom, —
The better time to be.
To-day we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold.

3 With trust in God's free spirit, —
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way, —
Let us to-day be faithful
As were the brave of old,
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold!

Immanuel. L. M. 61.


Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go, Thy words in - to our minds instil, And make our luke-warm
hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer-vent will. Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light!

312.

1 Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy words into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all, —
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

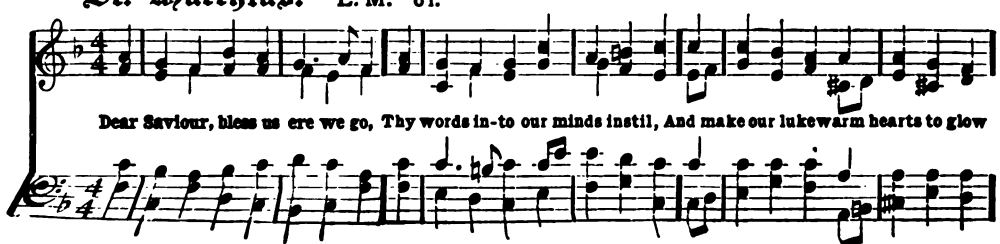
3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

4 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah, never let our work be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

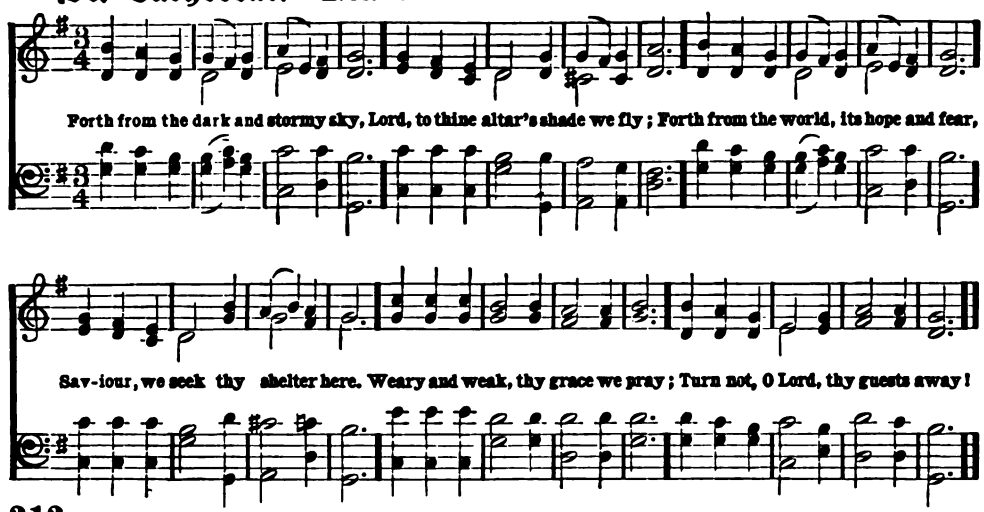
5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Saviour and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

6 O Saviour, bless us, night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

St. Matthias. L. M. 61.



St. Catherine. L. M. 61.


Forth from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Sav-iour, we seek thy shelter here. Weary and weak, thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

313.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here.
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn, not, O Lord, thy guests away!

314.

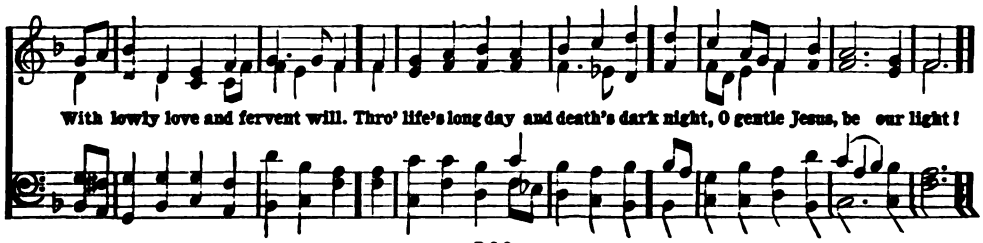
1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O, knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but thy pure love alone!
O, may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love!

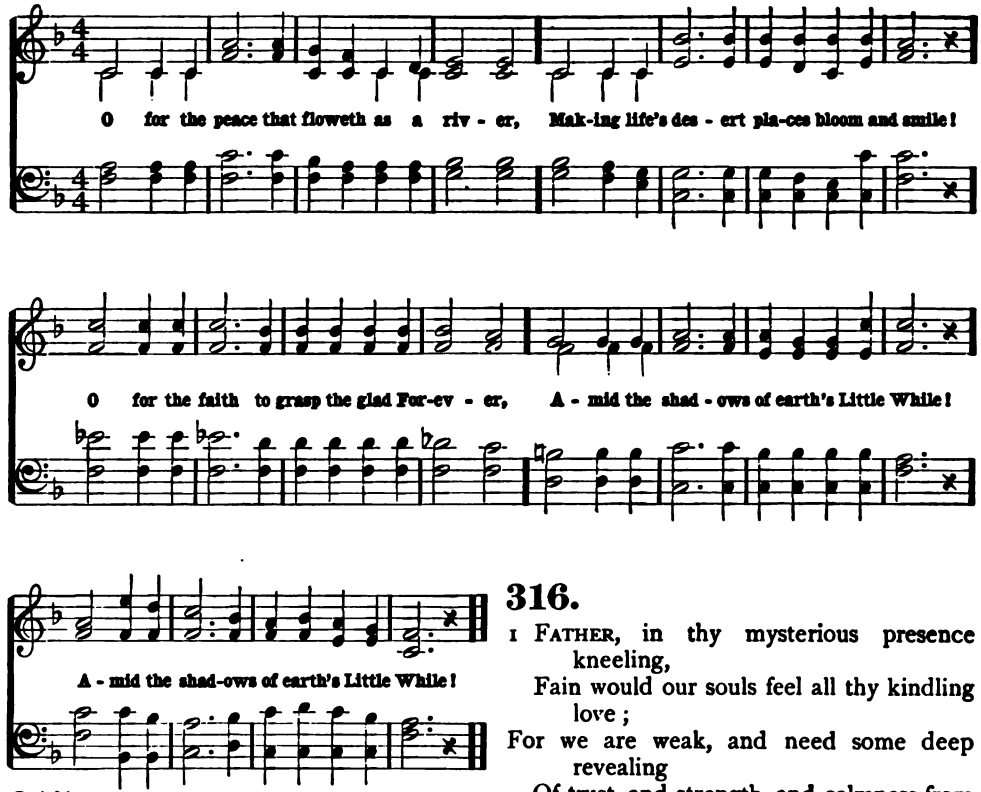
3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!

4 Still let thy love point out my way!
What wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be thou my guide and friend,
That I may love thee without end.



Claribel. 11s, 10s.


O for the peace that floweth as a riv - er, Mak-ing life's des - ert pla-ces bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp the glad For-ev - er, A - mid the shad - ows of earth's Little While!
A - mid the shad-ows of earth's Little While!

315.

1 O FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp the glad Forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's Little While!

2 A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song;

3 A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, — He doth all things well!

4 And he who is himself the Gift and Giver,
The future Glory and the present Smile,
With the bright promise of the glad Forever
Will light the shadows of earth's Little *While.*

316.

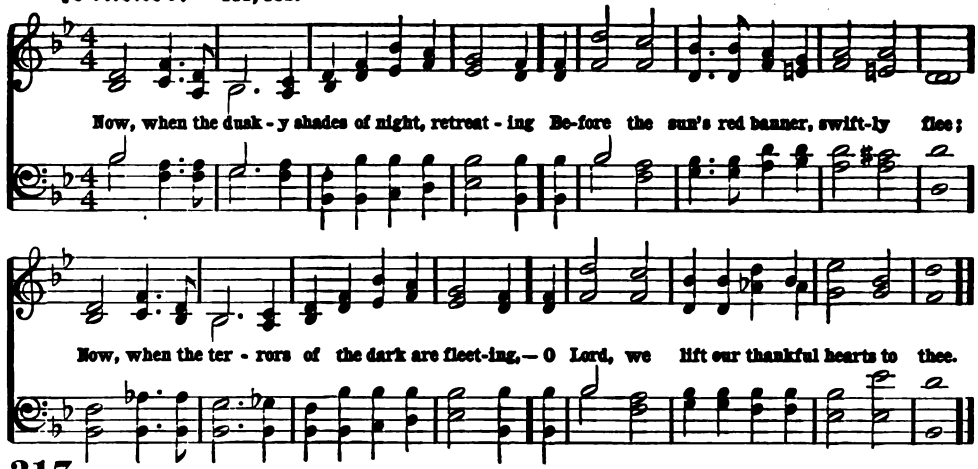
1 FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

4 Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from above.

Stainer. 11s, 10s.


Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, retreat - ing Be-fore the sun's red banner, swift-ly flee;
Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleet-ing,— O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee.

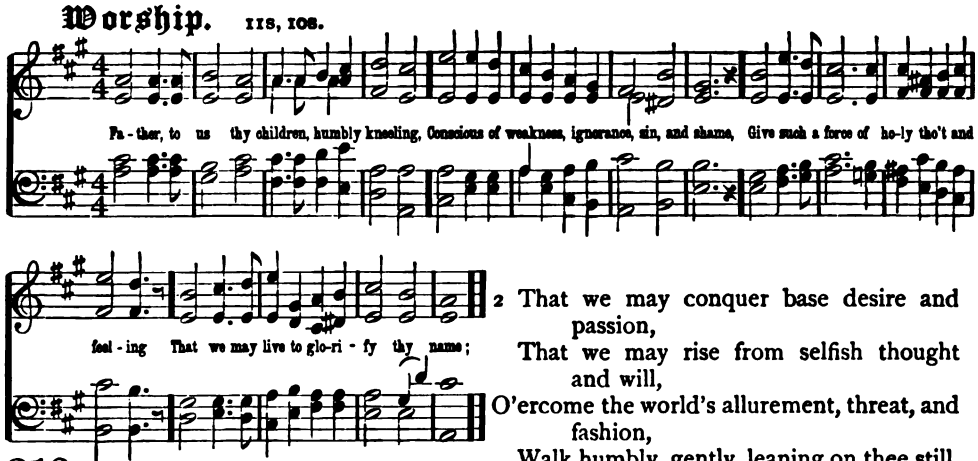
317.

1 Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,—
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee.

2 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

3 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with thee.

Worship. 11s, 10s.

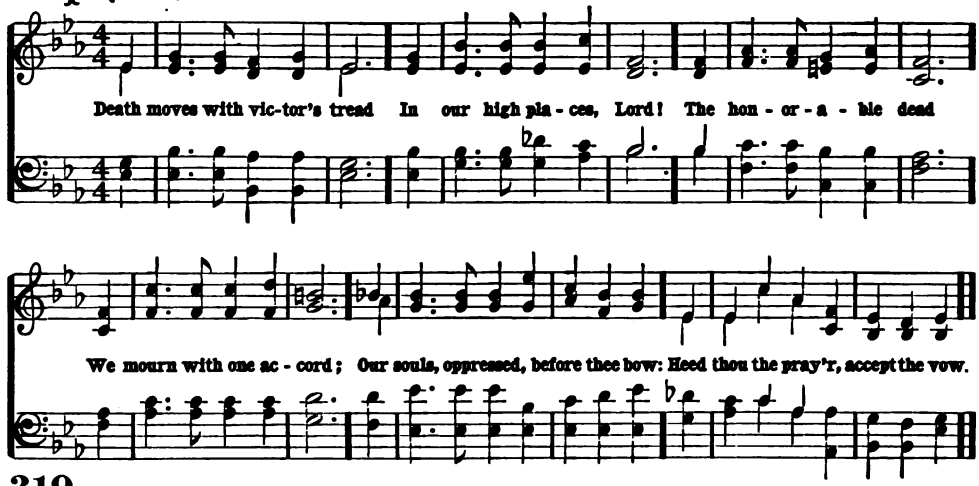

Fa - ther, to us thy children, humbly kneeling, Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame, Give such a force of ho-ly tho't and
feel - ing That we may live to glo-ri - fy thy name;

318.

1 FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling
That we may live to glorify thy name;

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean:
O, speak the word! thy servants shall be healed.

Pastor. H. M.

Death moves with vic-tor's tread In our high pla-ces, Lord! The hon-or-a-ble dead
We mourn with one ac-cord; Our souls, oppressed, before thee bow: Heed thou the pray'r, accept the vow.

319.

1 Death moves with victor's tread
In our high places, Lord!
The honorable dead
We mourn with one accord;
Our souls, oppressed, before thee bow:
Heed thou the prayer, accept the vow.

2 While thus we feel the rod
Of thine afflictive love,
Teach us, our fathers' God,
Thy justice to approve.
Though all thy ways we cannot trace,
May we not doubt thy guardian grace.

3 O, keep us in thy hand,
A chosen race for thee,
And make our own loved land
The true home of the free,
Where sin shall cease, and righteousness
Forever dwell, forever bless.

320.

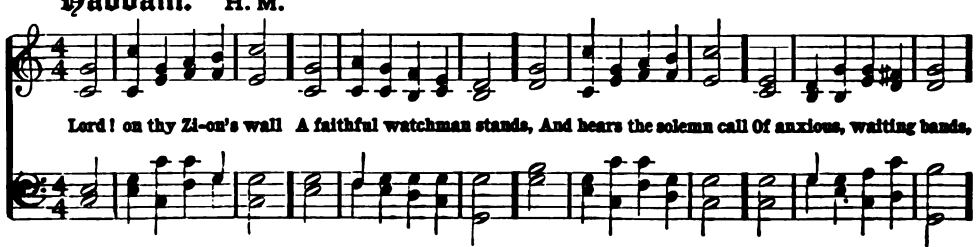
1 Lord! on thy Zion's wall
A faithful watchman stands,
And hears the solemn call
Of anxious, waiting bands,
Who seek along the waning night
For heralds of thy coming light.

2 O, may he never sleep
Upon his weary post,
Nor shrink, though round him sweep
The storm's embattled host,
But, whatsoe'er the night may be,
Stand firm in duty and in thee!

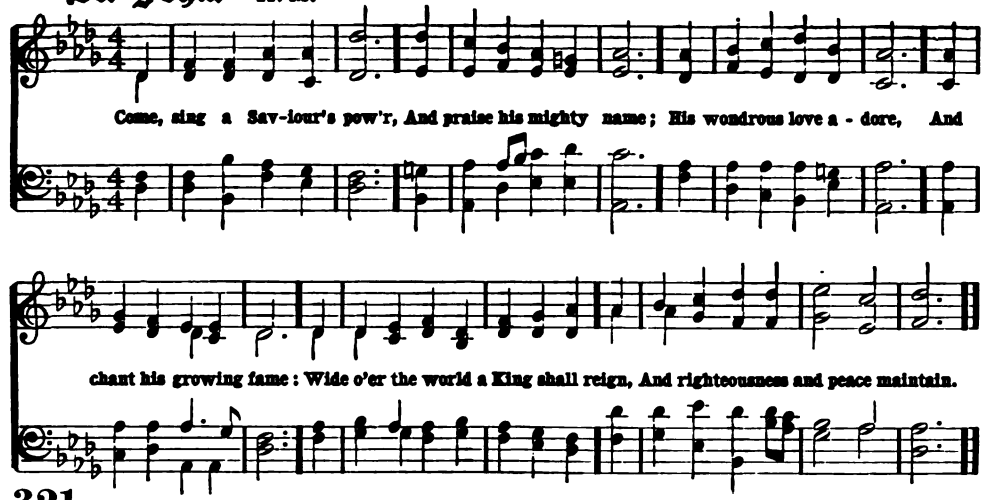
3 And let his visioned eye
Rest on the truth sublime,
That sin and woe shall fly
Before advancing time,
Till in thine own eternal day
The latest tear hath passed away.

4 And when his watch is done,
O, let unclouded light
From heaven's all-glorious sun
Gleam on his closing sight,
That all who see his death shall know
His spirit walked with thee below.

Haddam. H. M.



St. John. H. M.


Come, sing a Sav-iour's pow'r, And praise his mighty name; His wondrous love a - dore, And
chant his growing fame: Wide o'er the world a King shall reign, And righteousness and peace maintain.

321.

1 COME, sing a Saviour's power,
And praise his mighty name;
His wondrous love adore,
And chant his growing fame:
Wide o'er the world a King shall reign,
And righteousness and peace maintain.

2 The sceptre of his grace
He shall forever wield;
His foes, before his face,
To strength divine shall yield:
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.

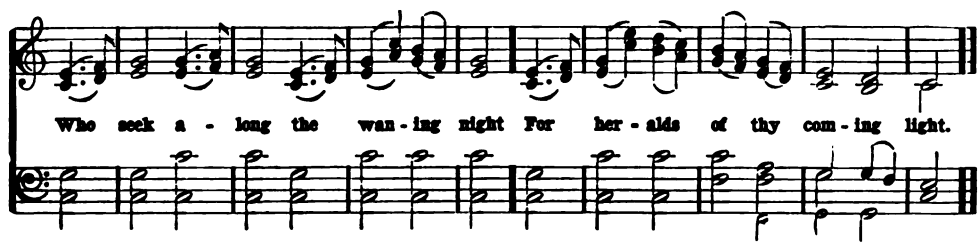
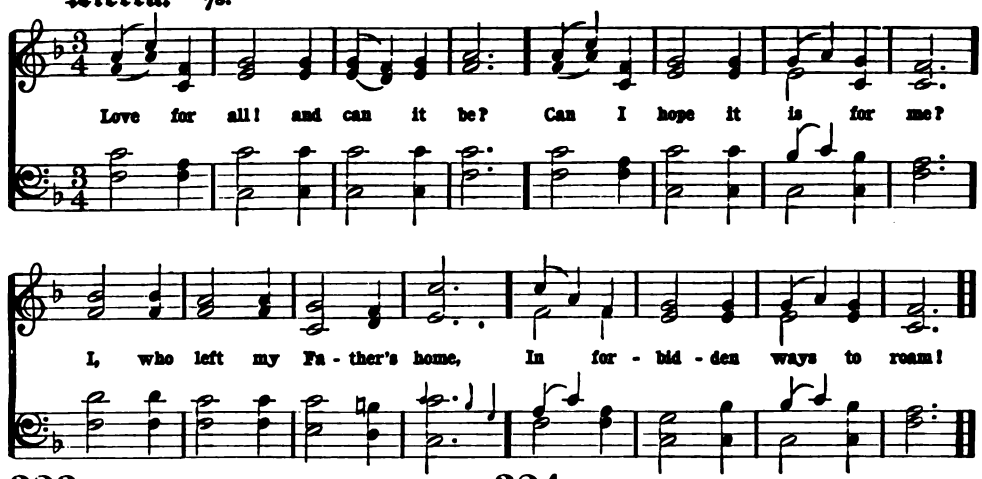
3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguiled, betrayed,
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made:
Such numbers shall his courts adorn,
As dewdrops of the vernal morn.

322.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid, —
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I 'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

Aletta. 7s.

323.

1 LOVE for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam!

2 I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

3 See! my Father waiting stands;
See! he reaches out his hands:
God is love: I know, I see
There is love for me, — e'en me.

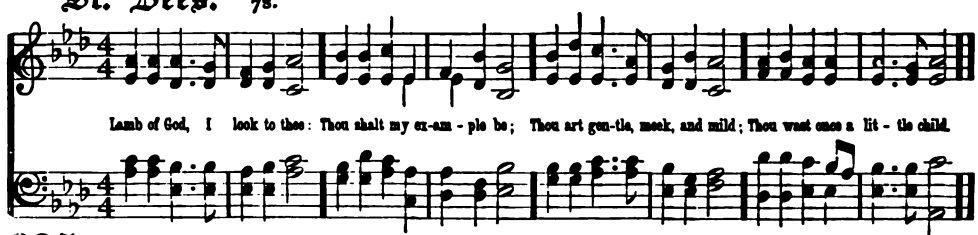
324.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour:
Jesus reigns with glorious power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore:
"Jesus reigns fofevermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings:
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

St. Bees. 7s.



325.

1 LAMB of God, I look to thee:
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

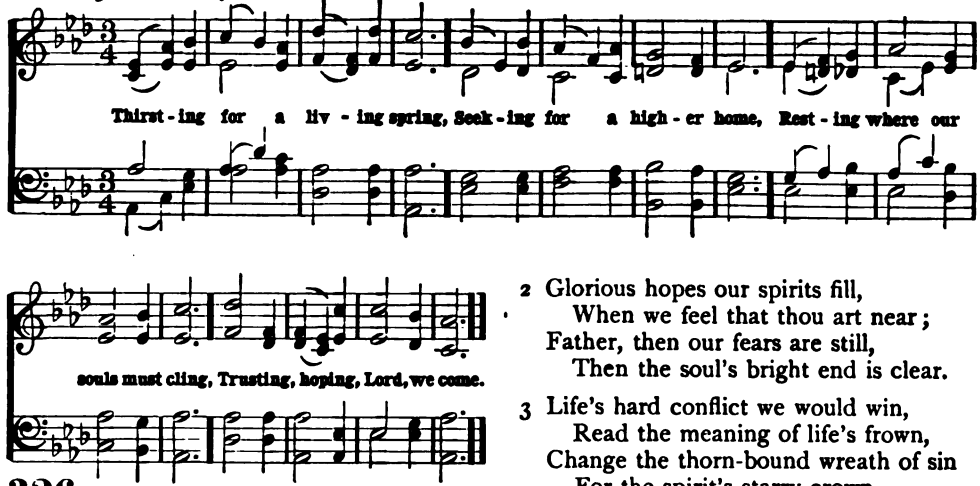
2 Fain I would be as thou art:
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind:
Let me have thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy Child in me.

Thirtle. 7s.



326.

1 THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

2 Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near;
Father, then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown,
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

4 Make us beautiful within
By thy Spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith is dim,
Father of all love and might!

327.

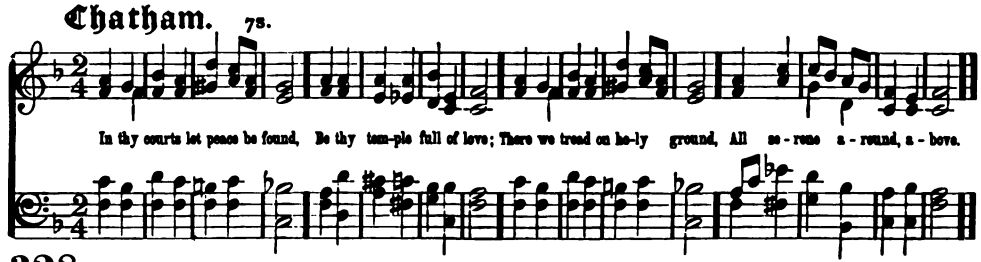
1 MEDIATOR, Son of God,
Spread thy boundless love abroad;
Counsellor, the Prince of peace,
Fill the world with truth and grace.

2 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Send thy light around the skies;
Life of all the quick and dead,
Feed our souls with living bread.

3 Leader of the halt and blind,
Raise to life the sinking mind;
Binder of the broken heart,
Grace to every soul impart.

4 Opener of the sealèd book,
Cause the world therein to look;
Taker of the veil away,
Lead us to eternal day.

Chatham. 7s.



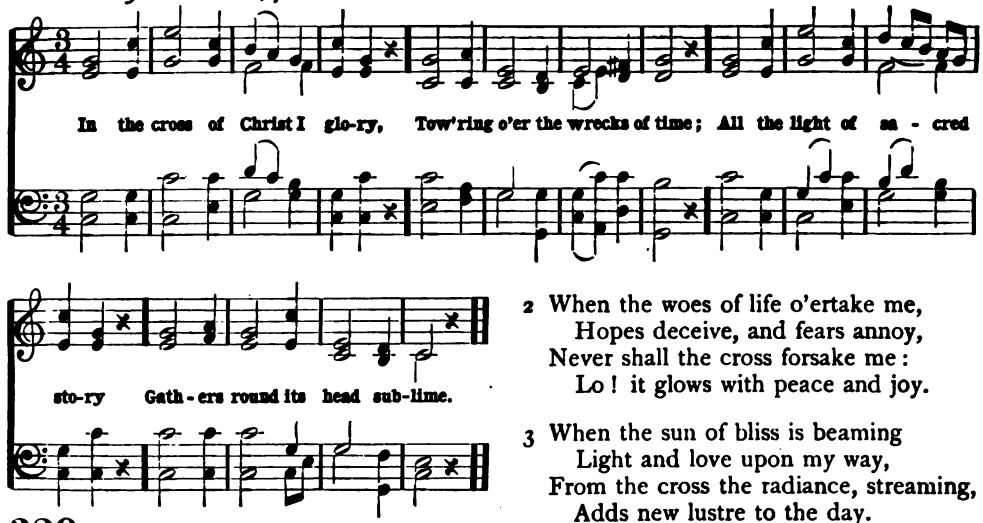
328.

1 IN thy courts let peace be found,
Be thy temple full of love;
There we tread on holy ground,
All serene around, above.

2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillize the turbulent,
Give the weary one repose!

3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place;
Contemplation's best retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace!

4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord, may we thy temples know;
Thither for instruction come,—
Thence by thee instructed go.

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

329.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

330.

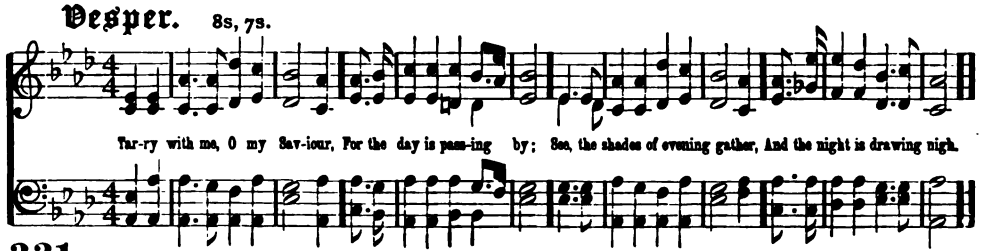
1 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thine obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

Vesper. 8s, 7s.



331.

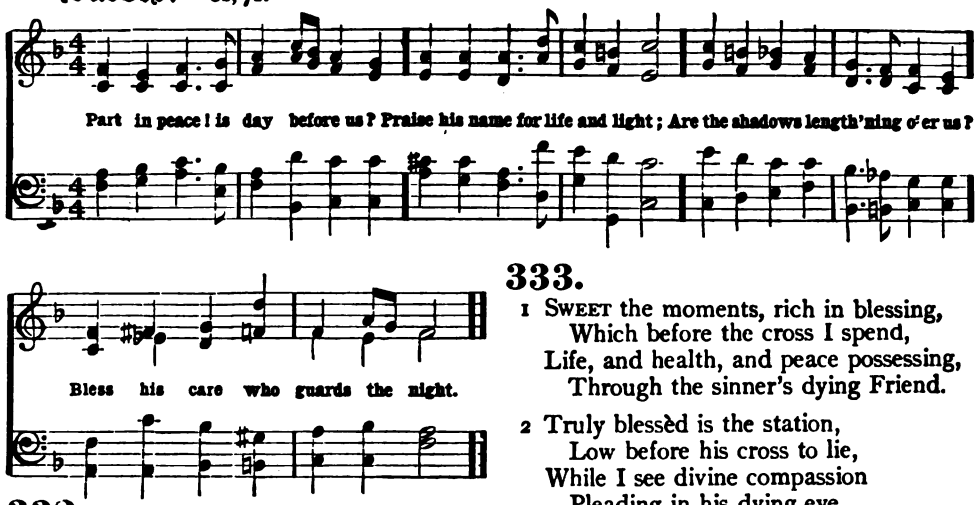
1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances:
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest!

Sardis. 8s, 7s.


Part in peace! is day before us? Praise his name for life and light; Are the shadows length'ning o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

332.

1 PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

333.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
Through the sinner's dying Friend.

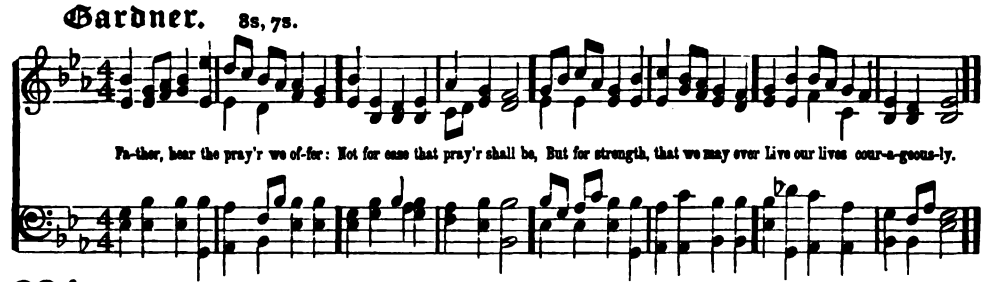
2 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in his dying eye.

3 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

4 Lord, in loving comtemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveiled glories see.

5 For thy sorrows I adore thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore thee,
In my heart thy love increase.

Gardner. 8s, 7s.


Fa-ther, hear the pray'r we of-fer: Not for ease that pray'r shall be, But for strength, that we may ever Live our lives cour-a-geous-ly.

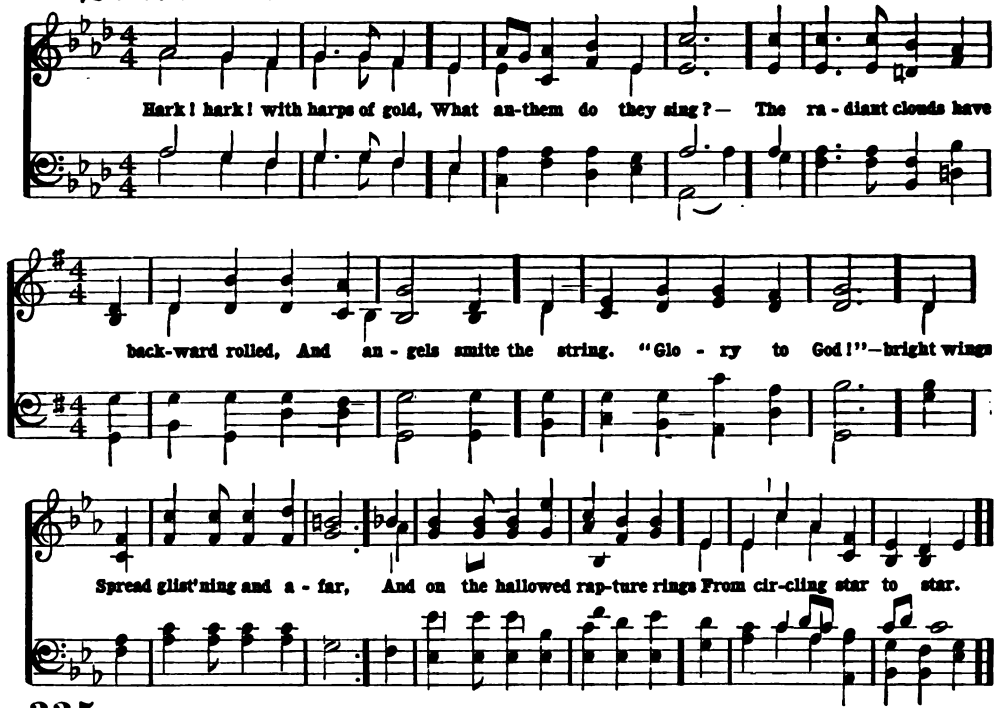
334.

1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be,
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

Beloit. S. M. D.

Hark! hark! with harps of gold, What an-them do they sing?— The ra-diant clouds have
back-ward rolled, And an-gels smite the string. "Glo-ry to God!"—bright wings
Spread glist'ning and a-far, And on the hallowed rap-ture rings From cir-cling star to star.

335.

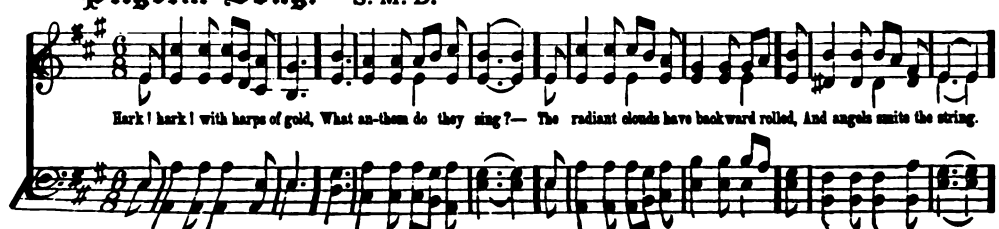
1 HARK! hark! with harps of gold,
What anthem do they sing?—
The radiant clouds have backward rolled,
And angels smite the string.
"Glory to God!"—bright wings
Spread glistening and afar,
And on the hallowed rapture rings
From circling star to star.

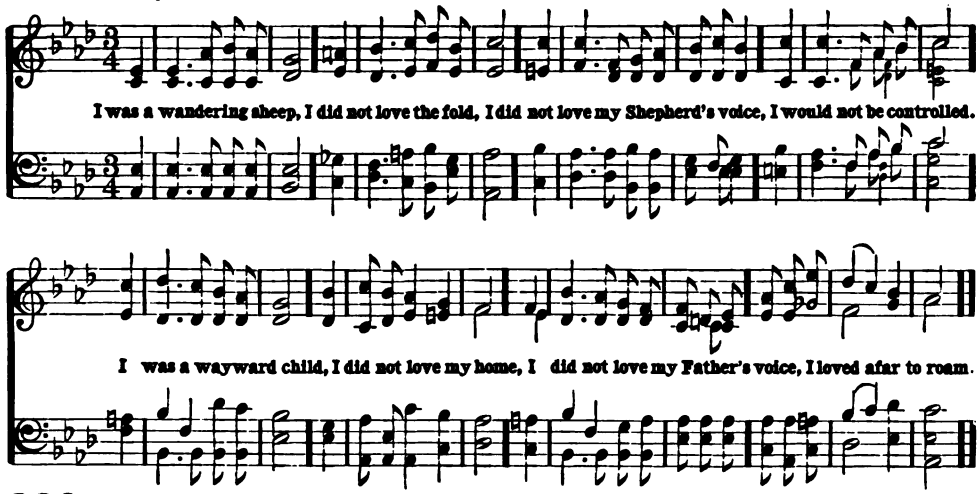
2 "Glory to God!" repeat
The glad earth and the sea;
And every wind and billow fleet
Bears on the jubilee.
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
Or Hebrew seer hath trod,
Each holy spot has found a tongue:
"Let glory be to God!"

3 Soft swells the music now
Along that shining choir,
And every seraph bends his brow
And breathes above his lyre.
What words of heavenly birth
Thrill deep our hearts again,
And fall like dewdrops to the earth?
"Peace and good-will to men!"

4 Soft! yet the soul is bound
With rapture like a chain;
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
And heaven repeats the strain.
Sound, harps, and hail the morn
With every golden string,
For unto us this day is born
A Saviour and a King!

Pilgrim Song. S. M. D.


Hark! hark! with harps of gold, What an-them do they sing?— The radiant clouds have backward rolled, And angels smite the string.

Adams. S. M. D.

I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved afar to roam.

336.

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

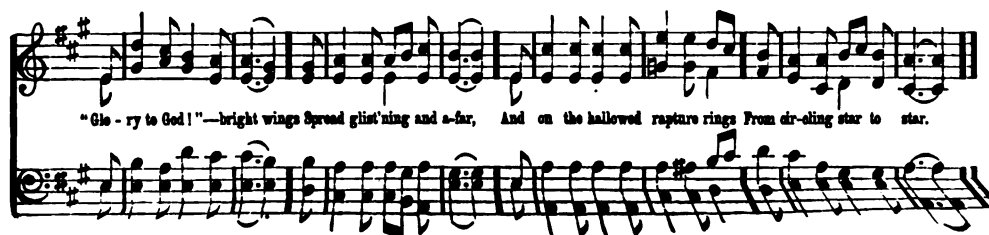
3 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

337.

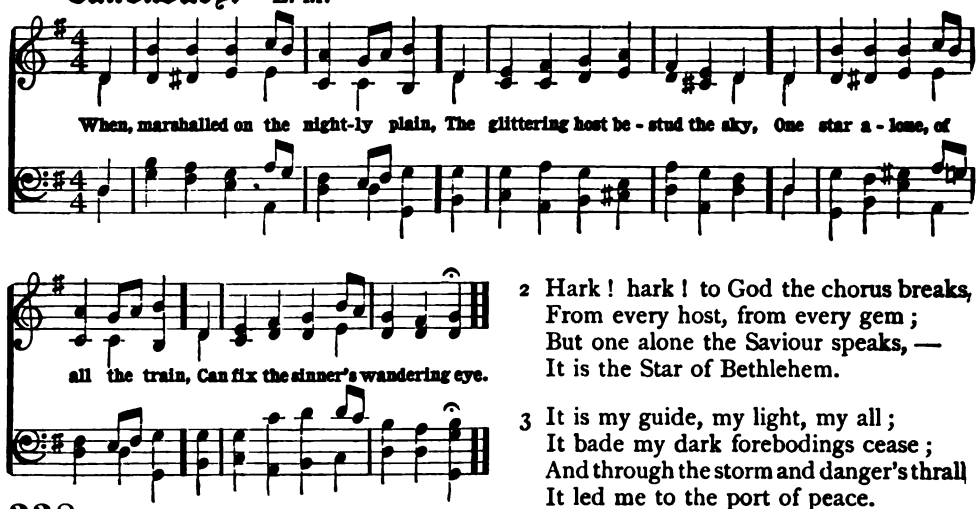
1 It is the hour of prayer:
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!
O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

2 The dark and deadly blight
That walks at noontide hour,
The midnight arrow's secret flight,
O'er us have had no power;
But smiles from loving eyes
Have been around our way,
And lips on which a blessing lies
Have bidden us to pray.

3 O, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high;
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh.
Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of prayer.



Canonbury. L. M.


When, marshalled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky, One star a - lone, of
all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

338.

1 When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It is my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

4 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing — first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore —
The Star, — the Star of Bethlehem!

339.

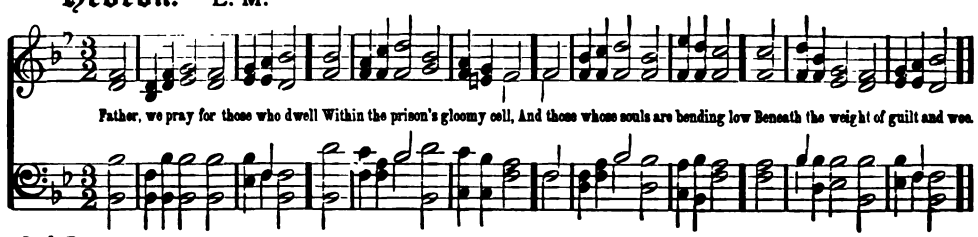
1 My soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see:
O, let thy presence set me free!

2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm from wandering free.

3 Take full possession of my heart,
The lowly mind of Christ impart;
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.

4 One only care my soul should know, —
Father, all thy commands to do;
O, deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest!

Hebron. L. M.


Father, we pray for those who dwell Within the prison's gloomy cell, And those whose souls are bending low Beneath the weight of guilt and woe.

340.

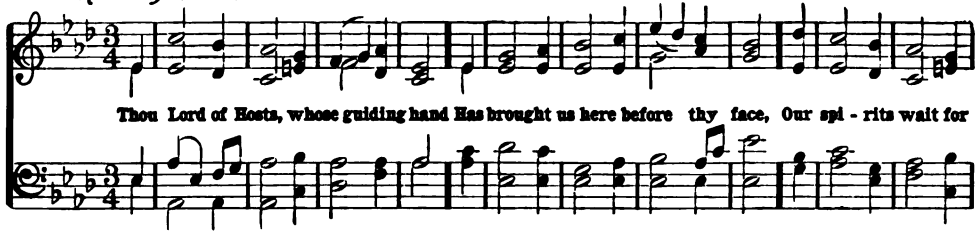
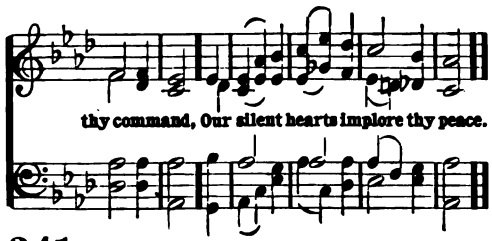
1 Father, we pray for those who dwell
Within the prison's gloomy cell,
And those whose souls are bending low
Beneath the weight of guilt and woe.

2 Thy love hath kept our thorny way,
And saved us from sin's iron sway;
Our brethren in a weaker hour
Have yielded to temptation's power.

3 Teach us, with humble hearts, to feel
How darkly on our brows the seal
Of guilt might now perchance be set,
Had we the same temptation met.

4 Then, while the error we would shun,
Help us to aid the erring one,
To turn, from sin's unpitying sway,
To virtue's fair and pleasant way.

Marchfield. L. M.



341.

1 Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

2 While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move,
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

3 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

4 Send down thy constant aid, we pray,
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

342.

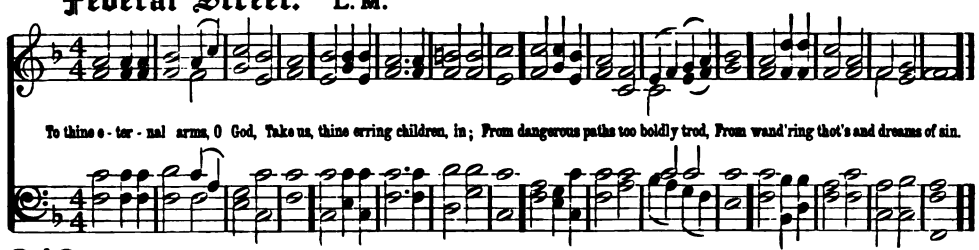
1 Like morning — when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light —

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before,
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

Federal Street. L. M.


To thine e - ter - nal arms, O God, Take us, thine erring children, in; From dangerous paths too boldly trod, From wand'ring thot's and dreams of sin.

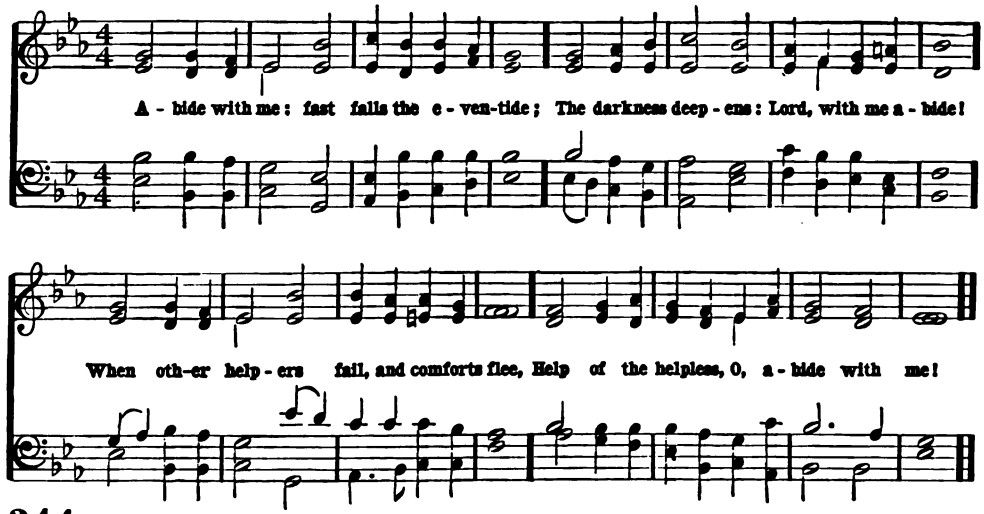
343.

1 To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wand'ring thoughts and dreams of sin.

2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O, leave not our maturer days,
We still are *helpless without thee*!

3 We trusted hope, and pride, and strength:
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length, —
We come to thee, O Lord, again!

4 A guide to trembling steps yet be,
Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

Eventide. 10s.

A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide!
When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a - bide with me!

344.

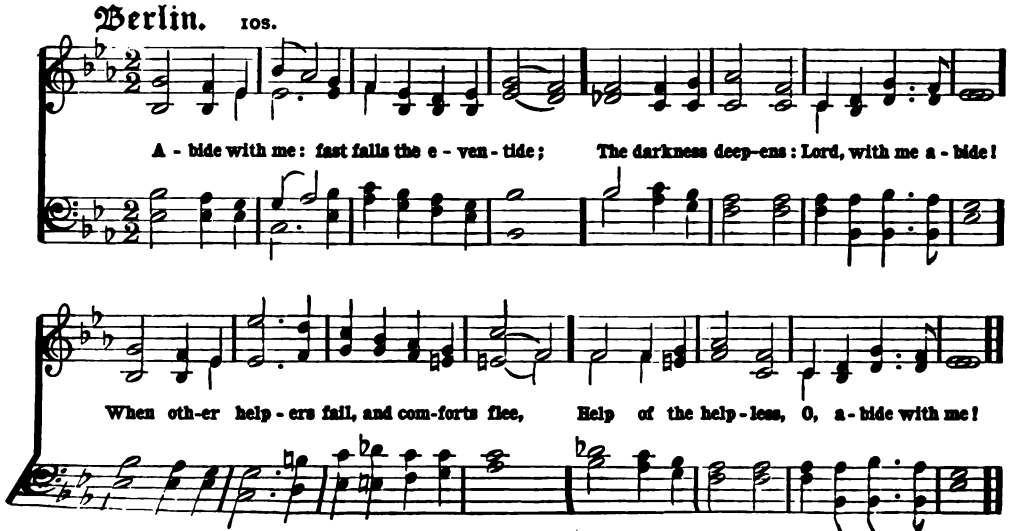
1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

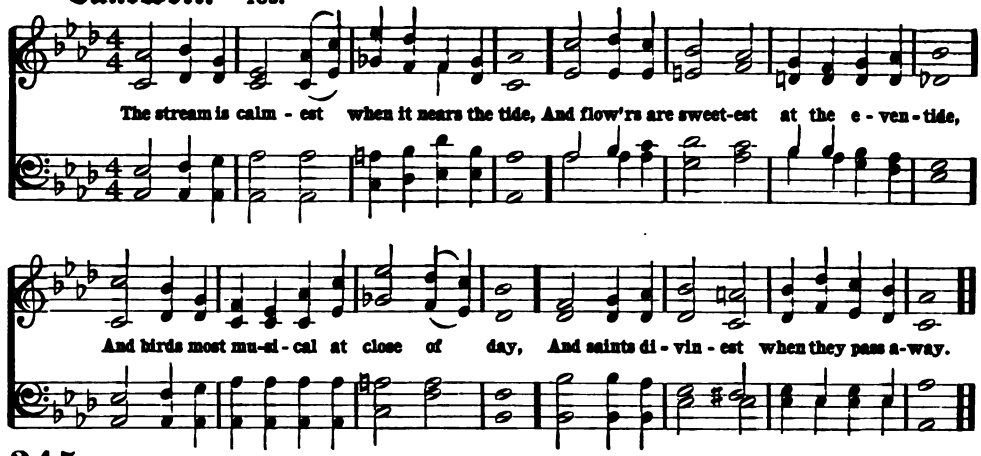
3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Berlin. 10s.

A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep-ens: Lord, with me a - bide!
When oth-er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, O, a - bide with me!

Cantwell. 10s.


The stream is calm - est when it nears the tide, And flow'rs are sweet-est at the e - ven - tide,
And birds most mu-si - cal at close of day, And saints di - vin - est when they pass a-way.

345.

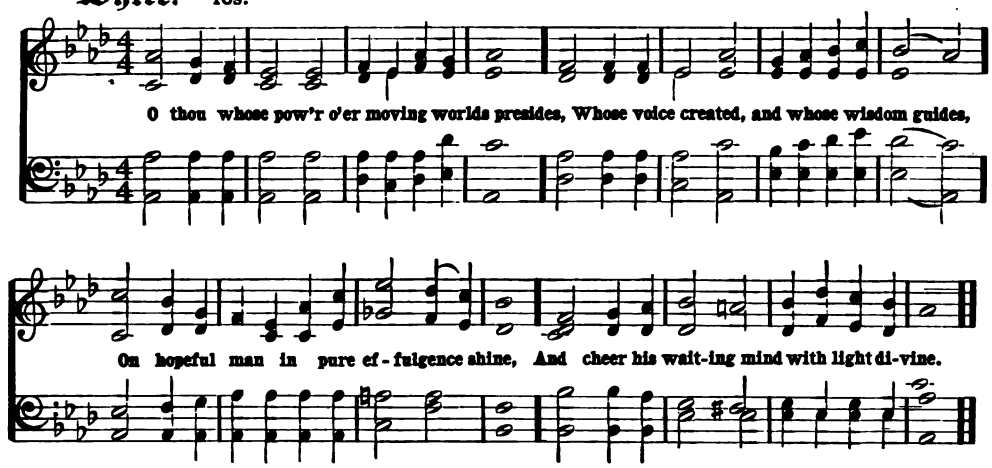
1 THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

2 Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

3 She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

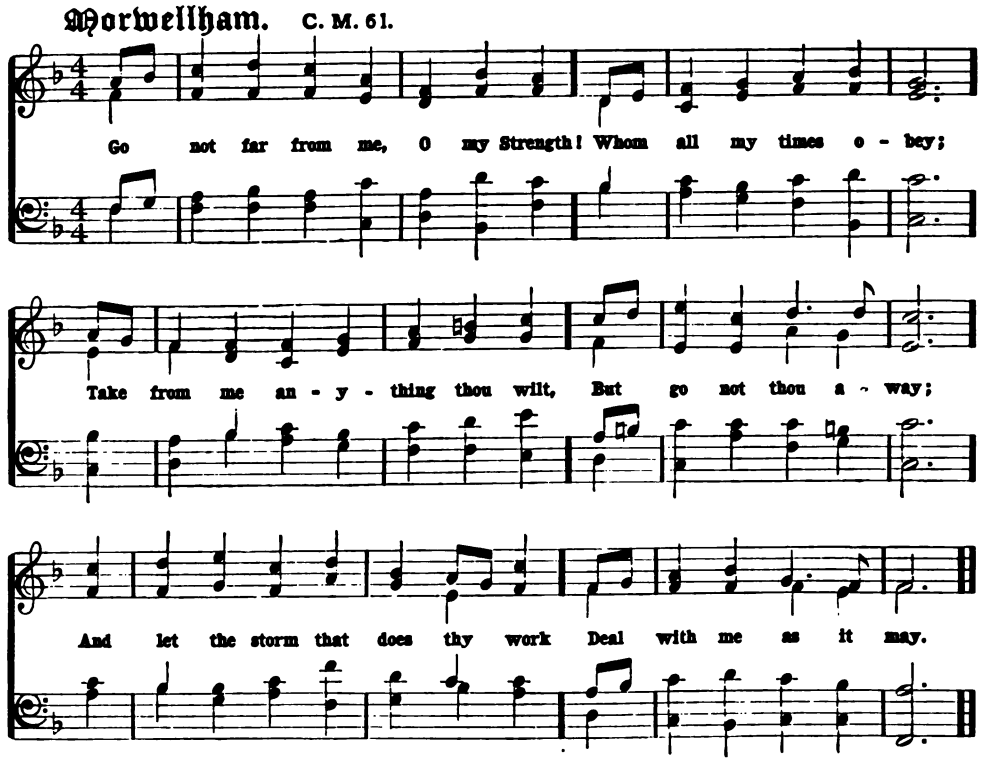
4 O, when our sun is setting, may we glide
Like summer's evening down the golden tide,
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

White. 10s.


O thou whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides, Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On hopeful man in pure ef - fulgence shine, And cheer his wait-ing mind with light di-vine.

346.

1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On hopeful man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer his *waiting mind* with light divine.

2 'T is thine alone to calm the troubled breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend, —
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End!

Morwellham. C. M. 61.
Go not far from me, O my Strength! Whom all my times o - bey;
Take from me an - y - thing thou wilt, But go not thou a - way;
And let the storm that does thy work Deal with me as it may.

347.

1 Go not far from me, O my Strength!
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away;
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
O, 't is a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness.

3 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

4 Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart can say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away;
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

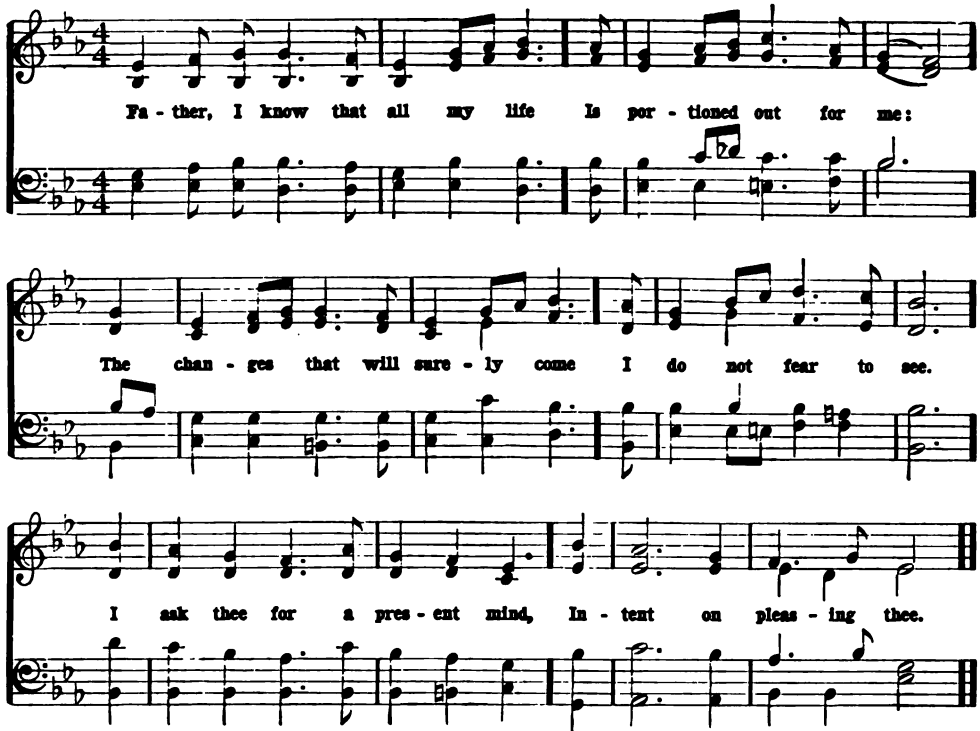
348.

1 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I 'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee, —
More careful, not to serve thee much
But please thee perfectly.

4 In service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Goddard. C. M. 61.

Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por - tioned out for me:
The chan - ges that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see.
I ask thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing thee.

349.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

3 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side, —
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

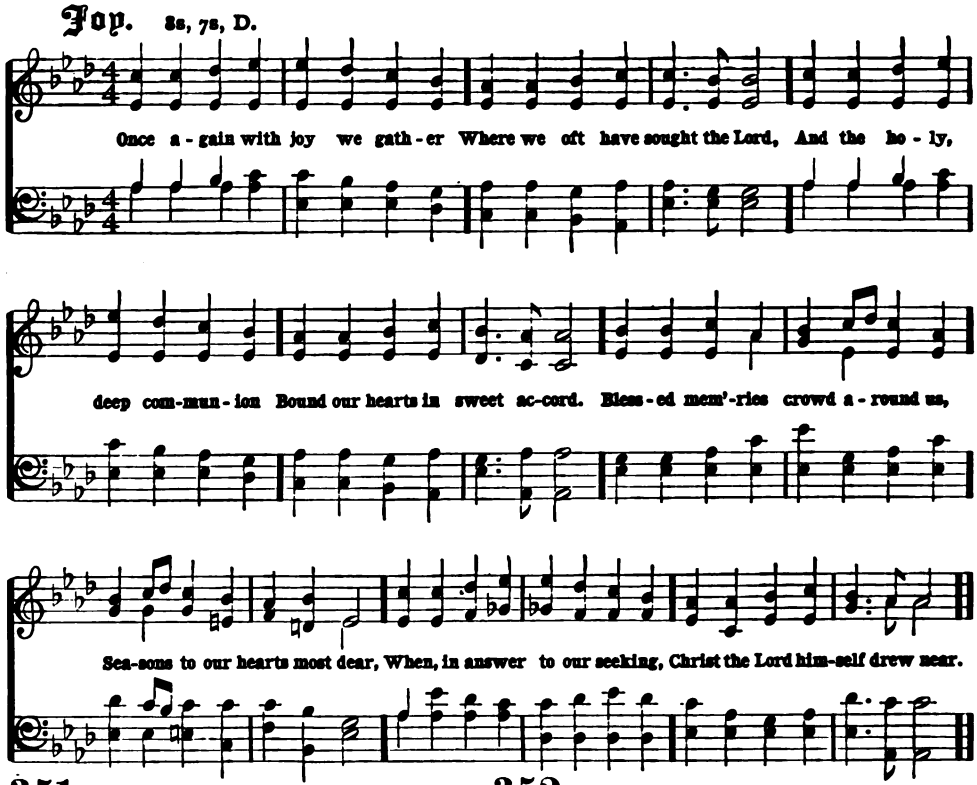
4 Briers beset my every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer;
But lowly hearts that lean on thee
Are happy anywhere.

350.

1 SWEET is the solace of thy love,
My heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home to thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
Thine own dear child to be.

2 Oft in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith,
And feel my safety in thy hand,
From every kind of death.

3 O, there is nothing in the world
To weigh against thy will!
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil;
And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find thee with me still.

4 Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of thy love
My heart be satisfied,
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at my side.

Joy. 8s, 7s, D.
Once a - gain with joy we gath - er Where we oft have sought the Lord, And the ho - ly,
deep com-mun - ion Bound our hearts in sweet ac-cord. Bless - ed mem'-ries crowd a - round us,
Sea-sons to our hearts most dear, When, in answer to our seeking, Christ the Lord him-self drew near.

351.

1 Once again with joy we gather
Where we oft have sought the Lord,
And the holy, deep communion
Bound our hearts in sweet accord.
Blessed memories crowd around us,
Seasons to our hearts most dear,
When, in answer to our seeking,
Christ the Lord himself drew near.

2 Gazing in each other's faces,
As we looked in days of yore,
Clasping hands that long were parted,
How our hearts brim o'er and o'er!
Pleasant thoughts we give the absent,
Scattered from us far and wide,
Tender mem'ries for the cherished
Whom the Lord has glorified.

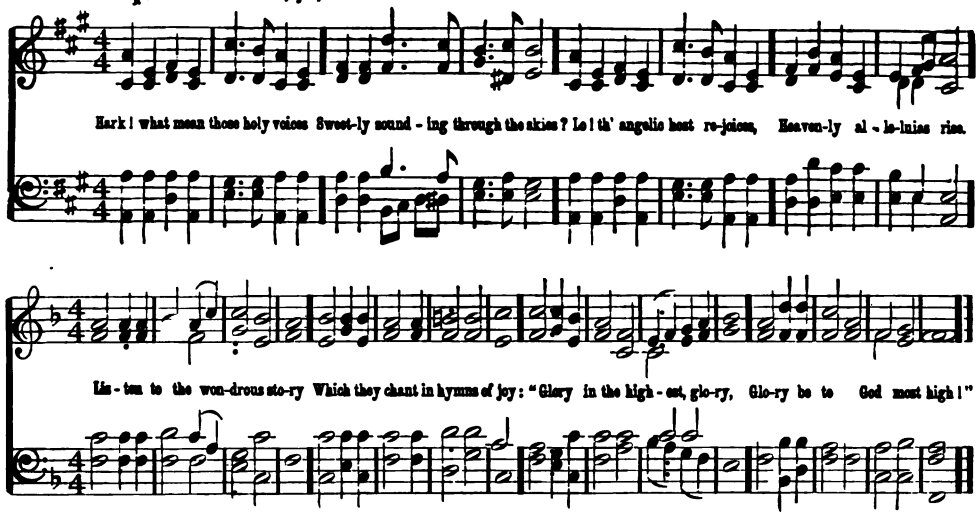
3 Through the aisles the darkness deepens;
Softly, as the shadows fall,
Holy airs seem breathing round us,
Angel voices seem to call.
Touch our hearts anew, O Father!
Give again the sacred rest;
Blessèd thrice our glad communion
With the Saviour for our guest.

352.

1 God of ages and of nations,
Every race and every time
Hath received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
Ever spirits, in rapt vision,
Passed the heavenly veil within;
Ever hearts, bowed in contrition,
Found salvation from their sin.

2 Reason's noble aspiration
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed th' Eternal Law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.

3 Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, forever new!

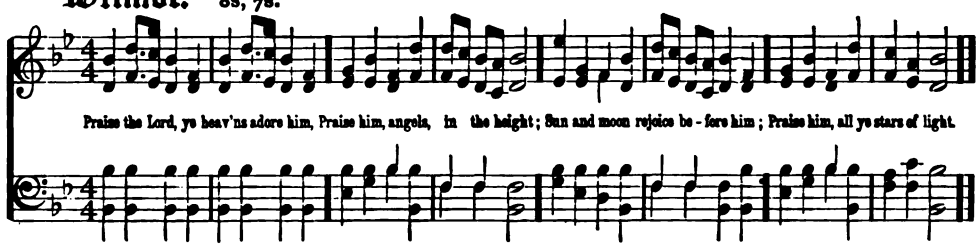
Conqueror. 8s, 7s, D.

Hark! what mean those holy voices Sweet-ly sound - ing through the skies? Lo! th' angelic host re-joices, Heaven-ly al - le-luias rise.
Lis - ten to the won-drous sto-ry Which they chant in hymns of joy: "Glory in the high - est, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!"

353.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!"

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your prophet, priest, and king.

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name, and taste his joy,
Till in heaven you sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

Wilmot. 8s, 7s.

Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him, Praise him, angels, in the height; Sun and moon rejoice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

354.

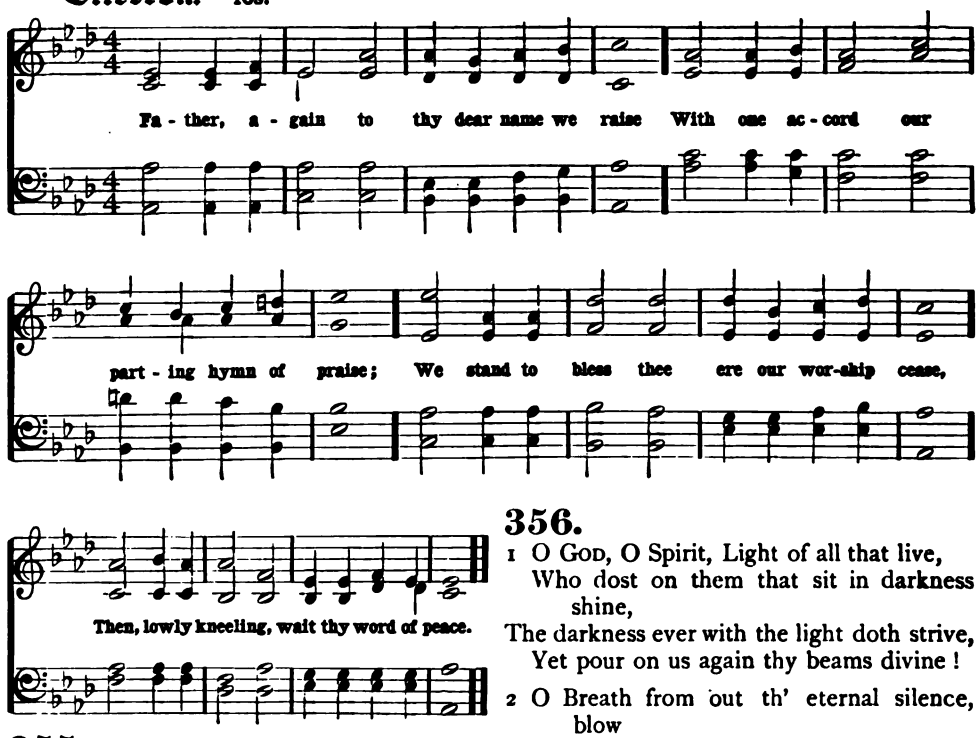
1[1] PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore him,
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

[2] Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken:
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws that never shall be broken
For their guidance he hath made.

2[3] Praise the Lord, for he is glorious:
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

[4] Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify his name!

Ellerton. 10s.


Fa - ther, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our wor-ship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

355.

1 FATHER, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way:
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace!

356.

1 O GOD, O Spirit, Light of all that live,
Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine,
The darkness ever with the light doth strive,
Yet pour on us again thy beams divine!

2 O Breath from out th' eternal silence, blow
Softly upon our spirits' waiting ground;
The precious fulness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence, may abound!

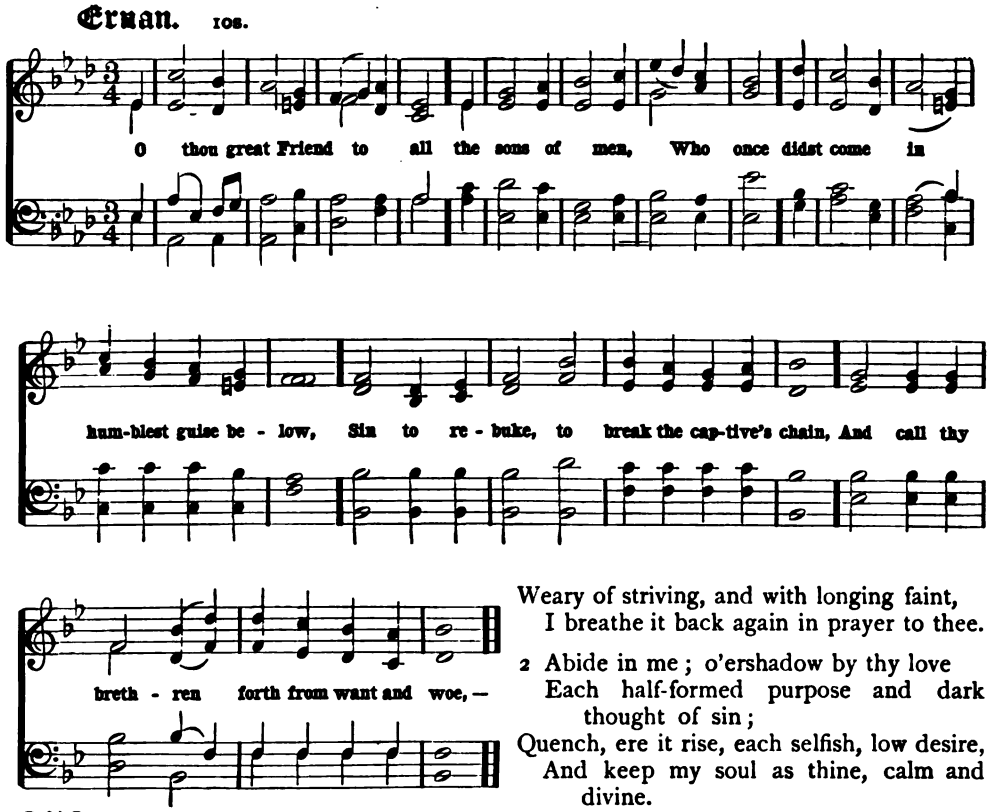
3 O Fountain that dost unexhausted flow
To quench the thirst that seeks thy waters clear!
O God, O Spirit, Life of life, flow now
Into the hearts which seek thy quickening here!

357.

1 NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with thee: sup thou with me!


Ernan. 10s.
O thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once didst come in
hum-blest guise be - low, Sin to re - buke, to break the cap-tive's chain, And call thy
breth - ren forth from want and woe, —

358.

1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once didst come in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe, —

2 We look to thee: thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes, thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know: Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

359.

1 THAT mystic word of thine, O Sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

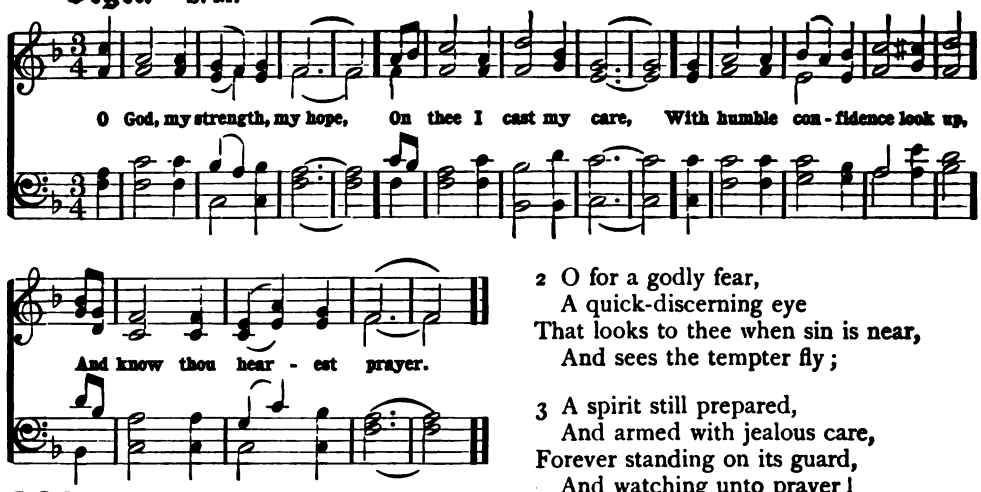
2 Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

3 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

4 The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine:
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

5 Abide in me: there have been moments pure
When I have seen thy face and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

6 These were but seasons beautiful and rare:
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer:
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

Vigil. S. M.

360.

1 O God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 O for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above.

361.

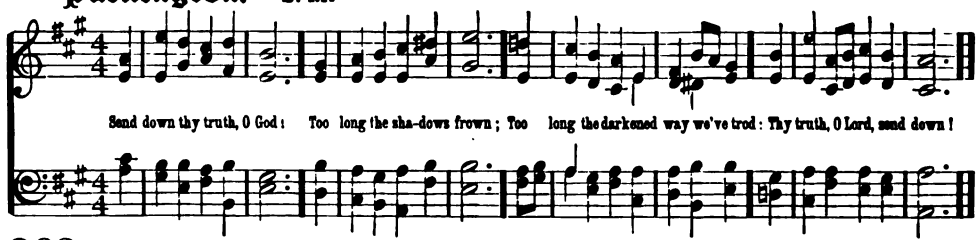
1 My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

Packington. S. M.



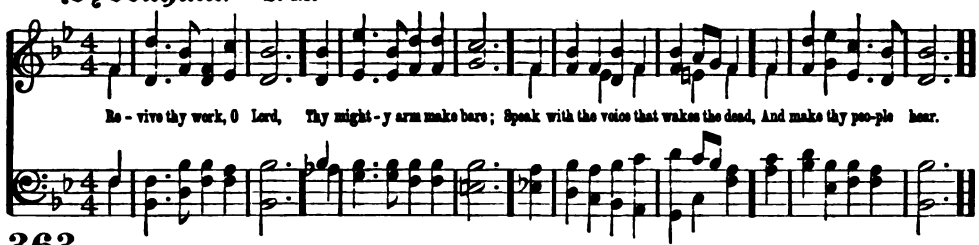
362.

1 Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we 've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down!

2 Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, O, send down!

3 Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy living love send down!

4 Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down!

Sydenham. S. M.

363.

1 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

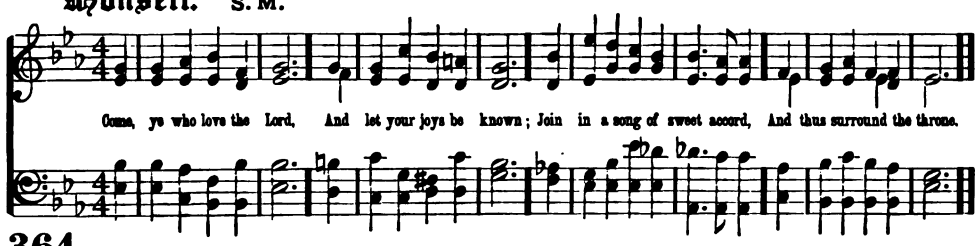
2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
O, may our spirits be!

4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And by thy Spirit pure, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

5 Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Monsell. S. M.



364.

1 Come, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

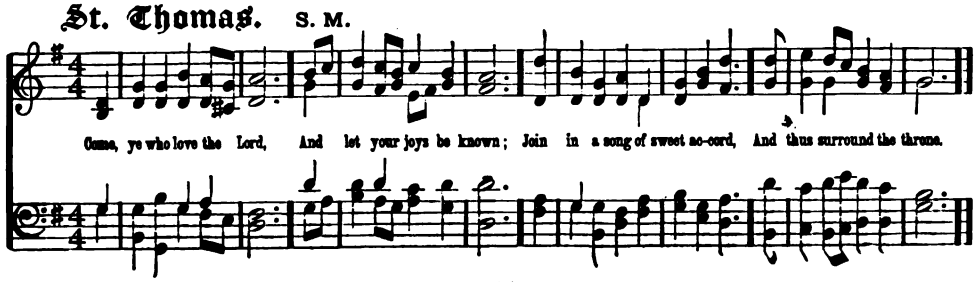
2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

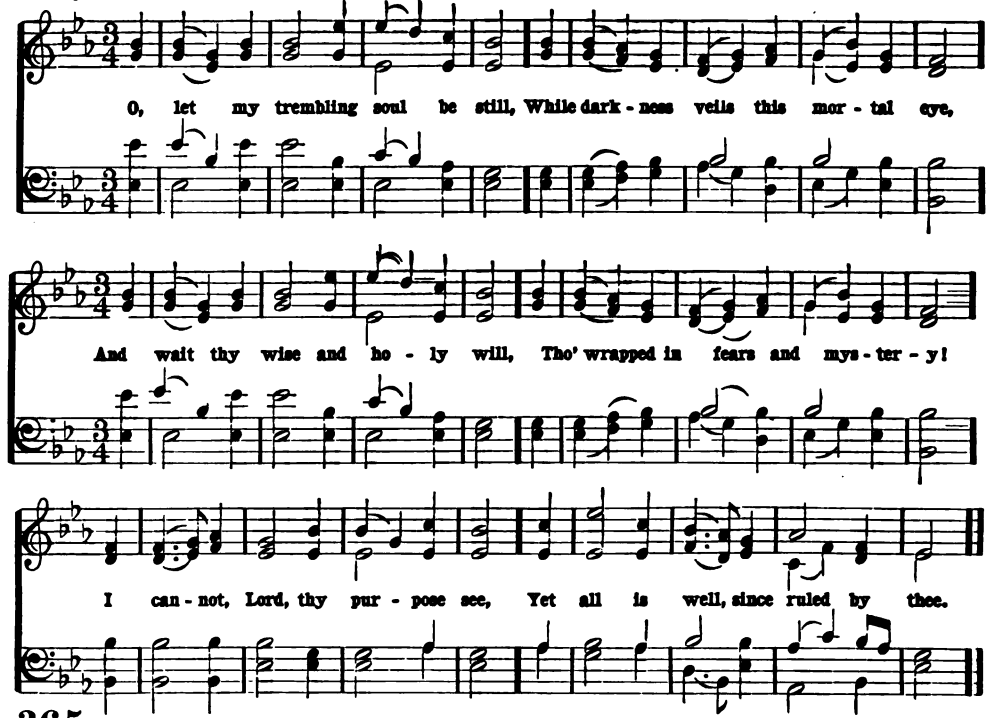
3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From hope and faith may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

St. Thomas. S. M.



Stella. L. M. 61.

O, let my trembling soul be still, While dark - ness veils this mor - tal eye,
And wait thy wise and ho - ly will, Tho' wrapped in fears and mys - ter - y!
I can - not, Lord, thy pur - pose see, Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

365.

1 O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise and holy will,
Though wrapped in fears and mystery!
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar, —
Thy light, sweet beaming thro' their frown;
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.

3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on:
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

366.

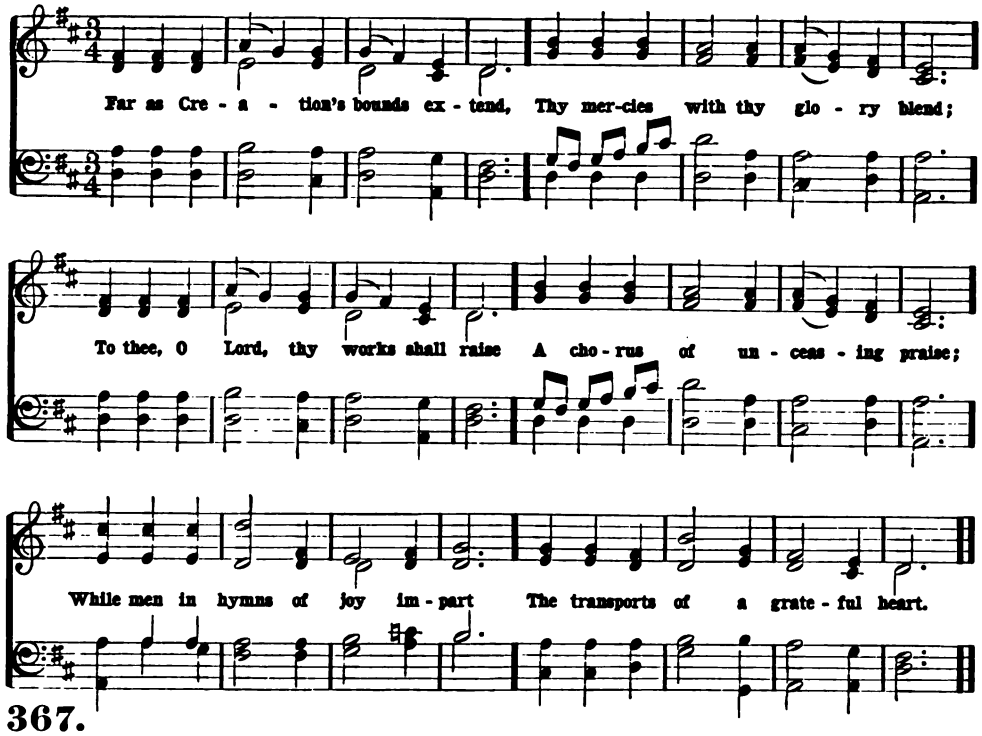
1 O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all,
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine thou before the shadows fall,
That lead our wandering feet astray:
At morn and eve thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore!

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease:
In strength or weakness, may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through thee!

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek:
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn thou our darkness into light!

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be thou our conqueror over death!

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give thou thy peace in deadliest strife;
Shed thou thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead!

Wavertree. L. M. 61.

Far as Cre - a - tion's bounds ex - tend, Thy mer-cies with thy glo - ry blend;
To thee, O Lord, thy works shall raise A cho - rus of un - ceas - ing praise;
While men in hymns of joy im - part The transports of a grate - ful heart.

367.

1 FAR as Creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies with thy glory blend;
To thee, O Lord, thy works shall raise
A chorus of unceasing praise;
While men in hymns of joy impart
The transports of a grateful heart.

2 They sing the glories of thy name,
And feel within the vital flame;
And while thy wisdom they admire,
To know thy love their hearts aspire:
Thy love, O Lord, thy holy love
Is heaven below, is heaven above!

3 To every soul of all our race,
Do thou reveal thy wondrous grace;
And may thy mercy thousands win
From ways of error and of sin;
May faith and hope and love increase,
And fill the earth with joy and peace!

368.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it *finds rest in thee!*

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee!

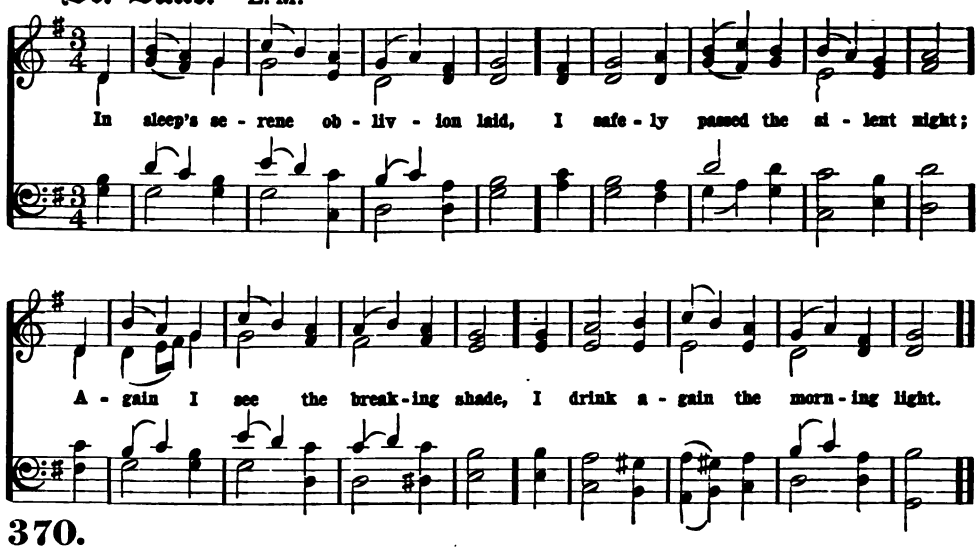
369.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

St. Luke. L. M.


In sleep's se - rene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe - ly passed the si - lent night;
A - gain I see the break - ing shade, I drink a - gain the morn - ing light.

370.

1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

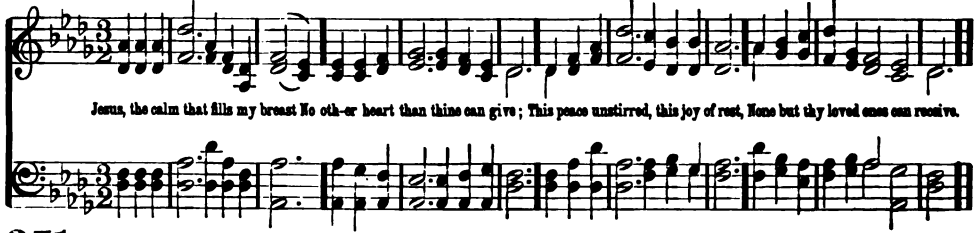
2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

Thurston. L. M.


Jesus, the calm that fills my breast No oth-er heart than thine can give; This peace unstirred, this joy of rest, None but thy loved ones can receive.

371.

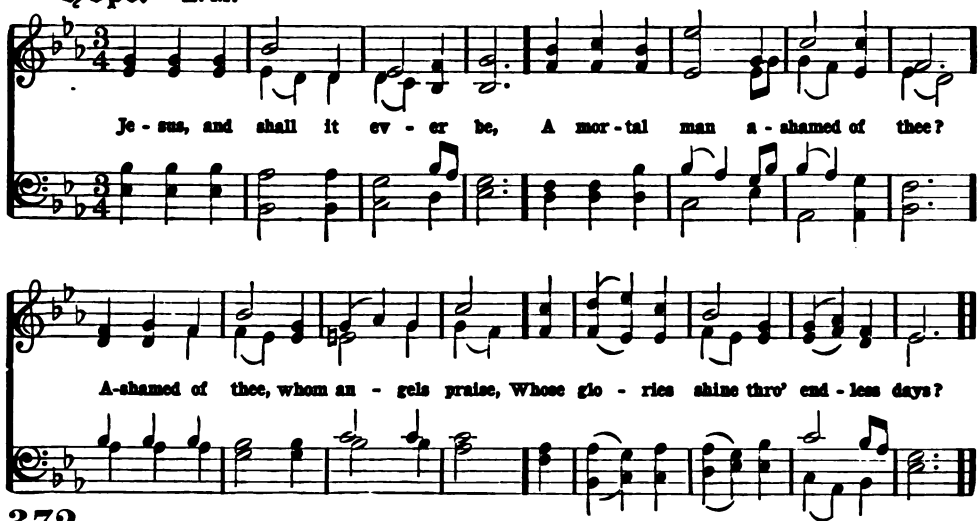
1 Jesus, the calm that fills my breast
No other heart than thine can give;
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest,
None but thy loved ones can receive.

2 My weary soul has found a charm
That turns to blessedness my woe;
Within the shelter of thine arm
I rest secure from storm and foe.

3 In desert waste I feel no dread,
Fearless I walk the trackless sea;
I care not where my way is led,
Since all my life is life with thee.

4 O Christ, through changeful years my Guide,
My Comforter in sorrow's night,
My Friend, when friendless, still abide,
My Lord, my Counsellor, my Light.

5 My time, my powers, I give to thee;
My inmost soul 't is thine to move;
I wait for thy eternity:
I wait in peace, in praise, in love.

Hope. L. M.

Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of thee?
A-shamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?

372.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

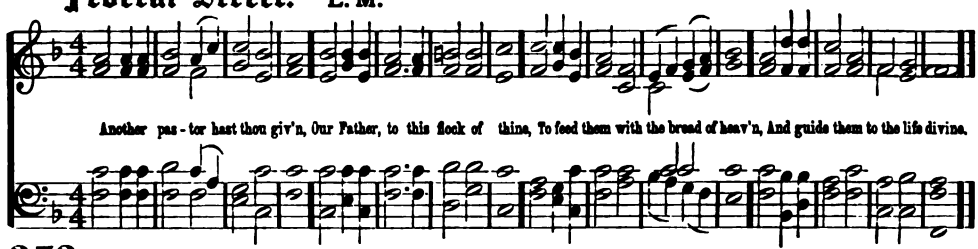
2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'T is midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I 'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me!

Federal Street. L. M.


Another pas - tor hast thou giv'n, Our Father, to this flock of thine, To feed them with the bread of heav'n, And guide them to the life divine.

373.

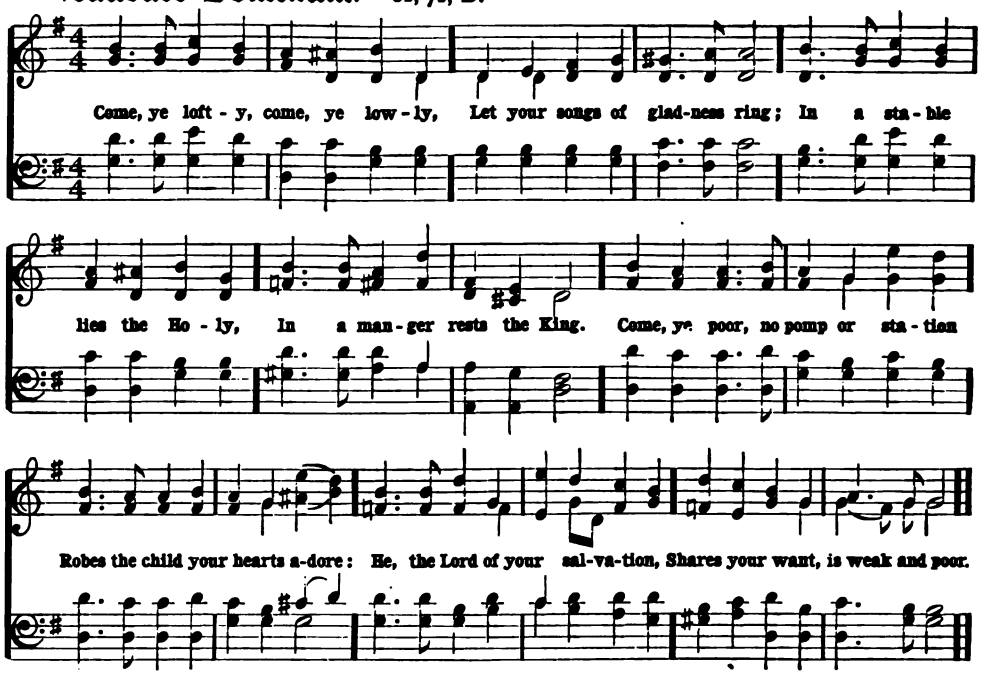
1 ANOTHER pastor hast thou given,
Our Father, to this flock of thine,
To feed them with the bread of heaven,
And guide them to the life divine.

2 O, make him here, we humbly pray,
So faithful to the trust he bears
That from his fold no lamb may stray,
Or fall within the tempter's snares.

3 And when the dying need his aid,
Then may he speak *those truths* sublime
Which lift from death its fearful shade.
And ope to view yon better clime.

4 Where death has been, in homes of grief,
And sorrow's lowest depths are stirred,
There may he offer sweet relief,
Through Christ, the life and living word.

5 Here may he labor while 't is day,
That when night's gloom comes deep'ning on
Like his loved Master, he may say,
The work thou gavest me is done.

Laudate Dominum. 8s, 7s, D.

Come, ye loft - y, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad-ness ring; In a sta - ble
lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King. Come, ye poor, no pomp or sta - tion
Robes the child your hearts a-dore: He, the Lord of your sal-va-tion, Shares your want, is weak and poor.

374.

1 Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King.
Come, ye poor, no pomp or station
Robes the child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of your salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor.

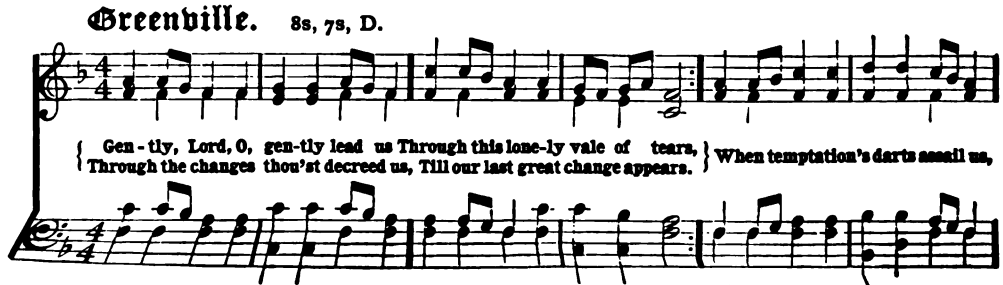
2 Let us bring our poor oblations, —
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
One and all on him to gaze.
Hark, the heaven of heavens is ringing,
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, happy morn?

375.

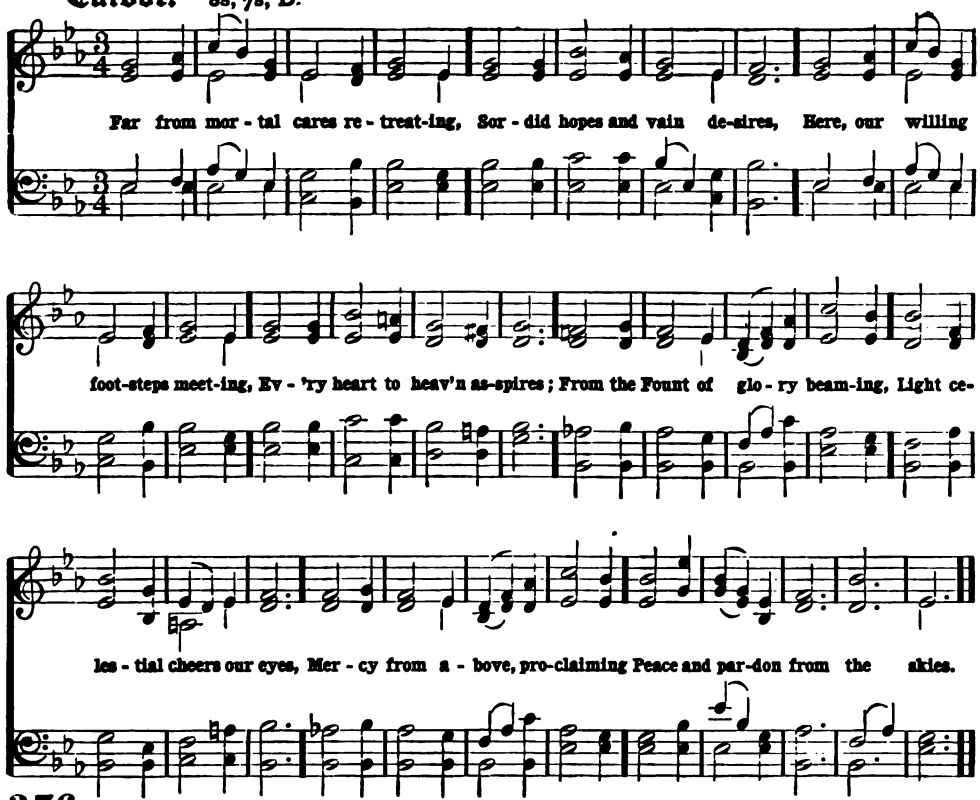
1 Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Greenville. 8s, 7s, D.


Gen - tly, Lord, O, gen-tly lead us Through this lone-ly vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,

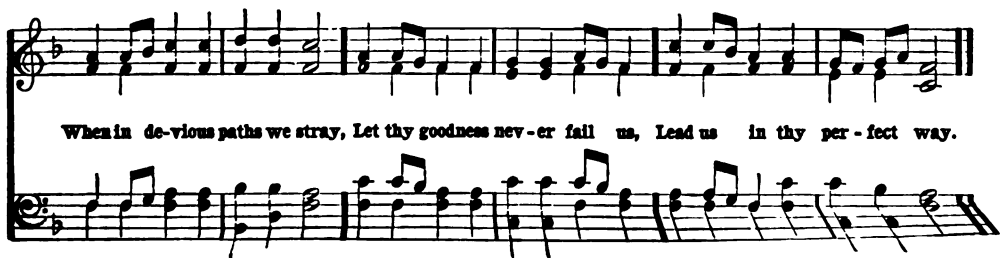
Talbot. 8s, 7s, D.

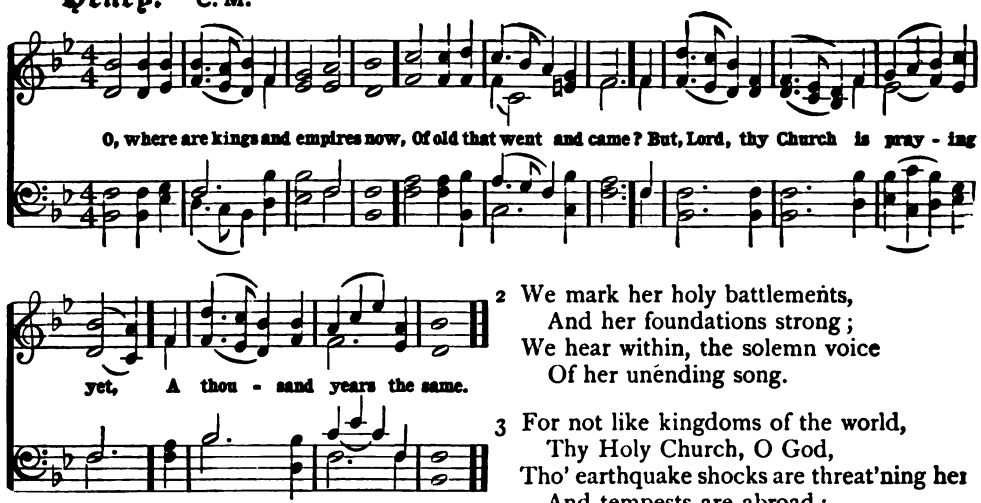

Far from mor - tal cares re - treat-ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de-sires, Here, our willing
foot-steps meet-ing, Ev - 'ry heart to heav'n as-spires; From the Fount of glo - ry beam-ing, Light ce-
les - tial cheers our eyes, Mer - cy from a - bove, pro-claiming Peace and par-don from the skies.

376.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above, proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation
From the dross of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy Providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws, —
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love!
Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

Henry. C. M.



377.

1 O, WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within, the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy Holy Church, O God,
Tho' earthquake shocks are threat'ning her
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands, —
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

378.

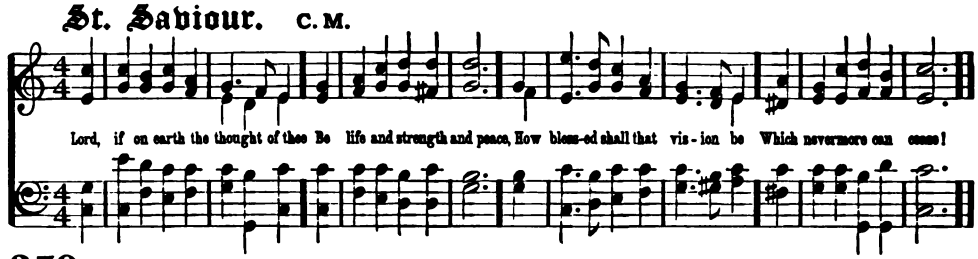
1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

St. Saviour. C. M.


Lord, if on earth the thought of thee Be life and strength and peace, How bless-ed shall that vis-ion be Which nevermore can cease!

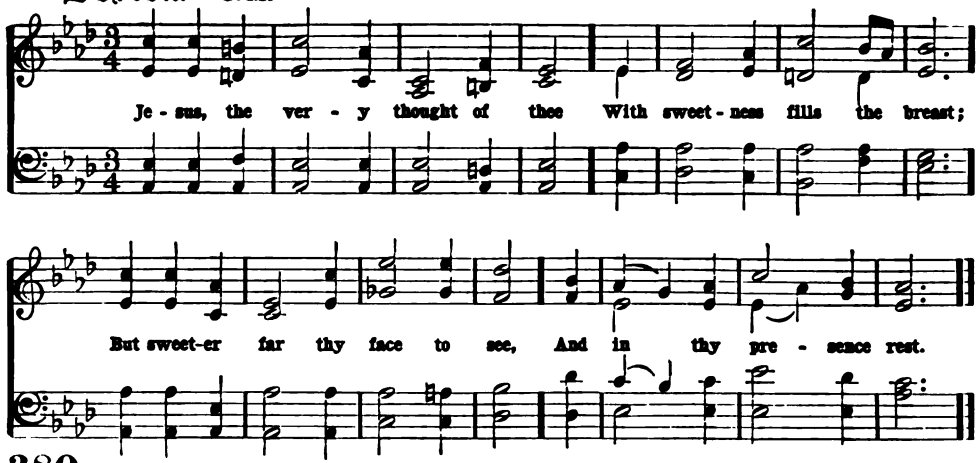
379.

1 LORD, if on earth the thought of thee
Be life and strength and peace,
How blessèd shall that vision be
Which nevermore can cease!

2 How blest when we thy glory see
In light without a shade,
The glory which surrounded thee
Before the worlds were made.

3 Darkly to us, as through a glass,
Thy beauty now is shown;
Then we shall see thee face to face,
And know as we are known.

4 Then purge, O Lord, our hearts from sin,
Hallow thine own abode,
That nought unclean be found within
The temple of our God.

Boston. C. M.

380.

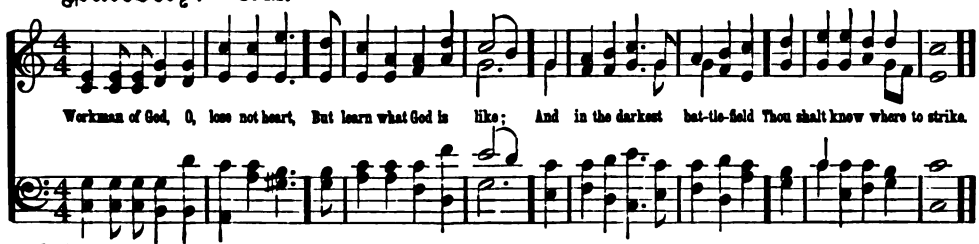
1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O, hope of every contrite heart,
O, joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue, nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his lovers know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And in eternity!

Nativity. C. M.

381.

1 WORKMAN of God, O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

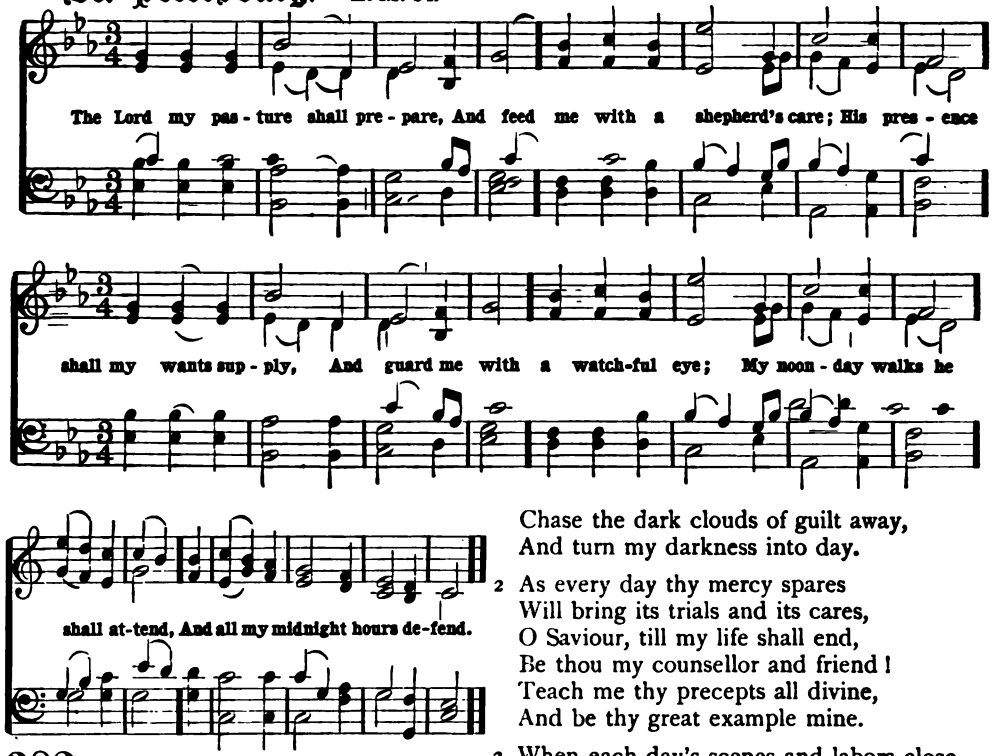
3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth least like
What men agree to praise.

5 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

6 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

St. Petersburg. L. M. 61.


The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His pres - ence
shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye; My noon - day walks he
shall at-tend, And all my midnight hours de-fend.

382.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

383.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend!
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

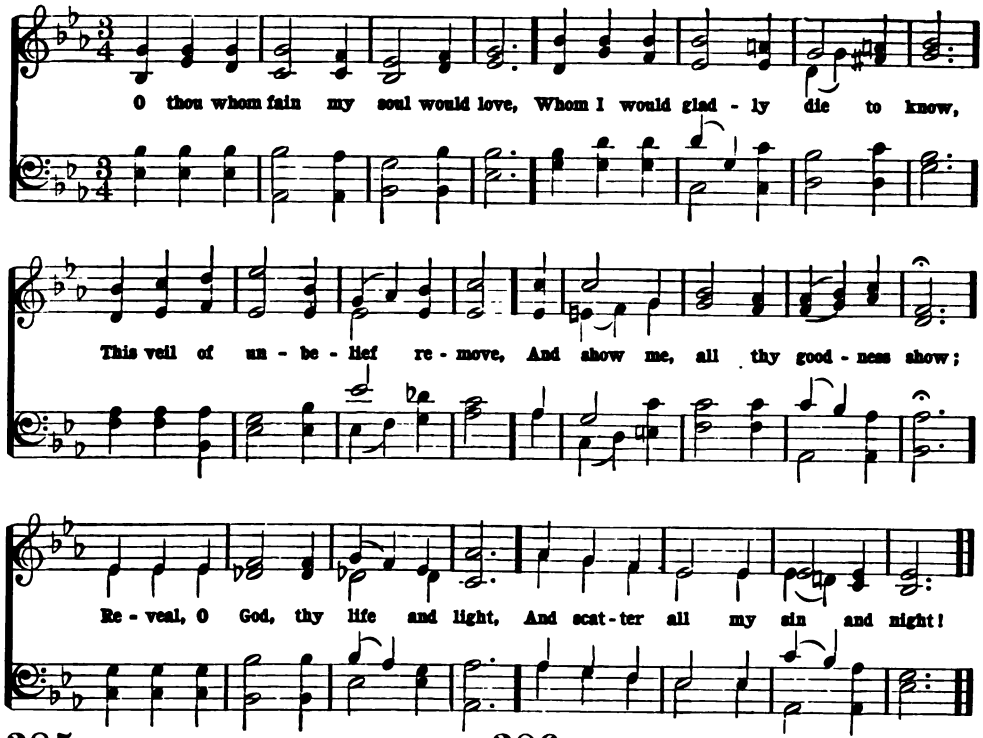
3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

384.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! be our employ
To laud his name in hymns of joy.
Unerring skill his works disclose,
Unbounded might creation shows;
And skill and might, beneath, above,
Display the wonders of his love.

2 Praise ye the Lord! his saving grace,
Conferred on all our sinful race,
The erring world shall yet restore
To light and life forevermore;
And heaven's high dome of bliss above
Resound the triumphs of his love.

Tristitia. L. M. 61.

O thou whom fain my soul would love, Whom I would glad - ly die to know,
This veil of un - be - lief re - move, And show me, all thy good - ness show;
Re - veal, O God, thy life and light, And scat - ter all my sin and night!

385.

1 O THOU whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know,
This veil of unbelief remove,
And show me, all thy goodness show;
Reveal, O God, thy life and light,
And scatter all my sin and night!

2 From thee and from thy love removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro,
And all my selfish will has roved
Where loud the winds of passion blow;
Back to my God at last I fly,
For, O, the waters still are high!

3 The anxious strife, the eager race,
The cares of self, for thee I leave;
Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace,
Into the ark of Love receive;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And still it, Father, on thy breast.

4 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I pray thee with a faltering tongue,
Here, silent, in my heart, alone,
Tell me, O tell me who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart.

386.

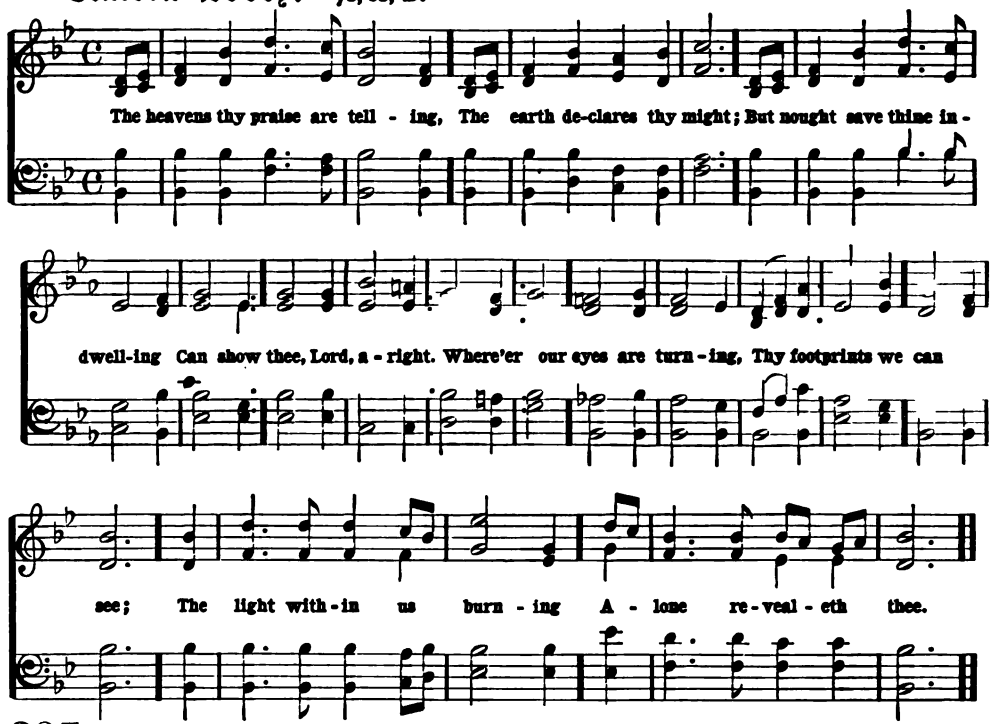
1 O LORD, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far;
Thou hast a father's tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are;
Thy mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 By faith I plunge into this sea:
Its living waters cool my breast;
Hither, when ill assails, I flee,
And find, O Lord, my perfect rest;
Sad doubt is fled, and anxious fear:
Mercy is all that dwelleth here.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn, —
Steadfast on this my soul relies:
Thy patient mercy never dies.

4 Fixed in this faith may I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Tintern Abbey. 7s, 6s, D.


The heavens thy praise are tell - ing, The earth de-clares thy might; But nought save thine in -
dwell-ing Can show thee, Lord, a - right. Where'er our eyes are turn - ing, Thy footprints we can
see; The light with - in us burn - ing A - lone re - veal - eth thee.

387.

1 THE heavens thy praise are telling,
The earth declares thy might;
But nought save thine indwelling
Can show thee, Lord, aright.
Where'er our eyes are turning,
Thy footprints we can see;
The light within us burning
Alone revealeth thee.

2 We know no life divided,
O Lord of Life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all humanity;
We know no death, O Spirit,
Because we live in thee,
And all our souls inherit
Thine immortality.

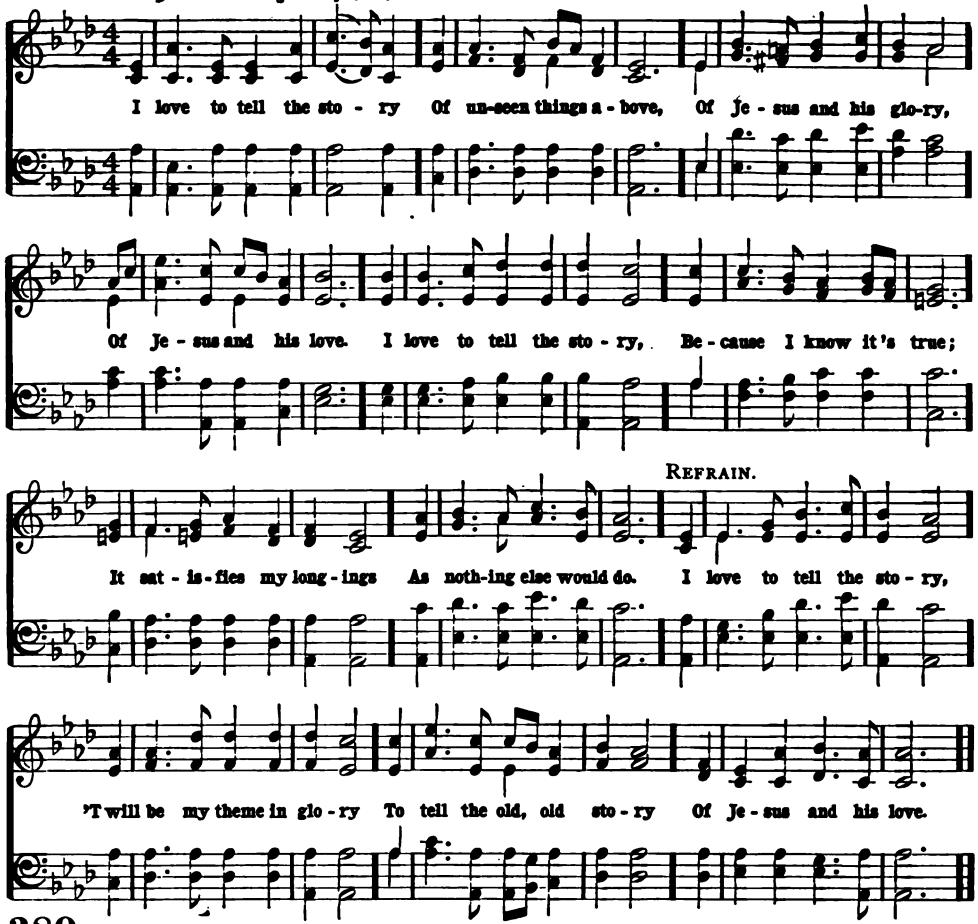
388.

1 Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round you,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

Tell the Story. 7s, 6s, D. [With Hymn 389 only.]

I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo-ry,
Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true;
Refrain.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth-ing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry,
'T will be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

389.

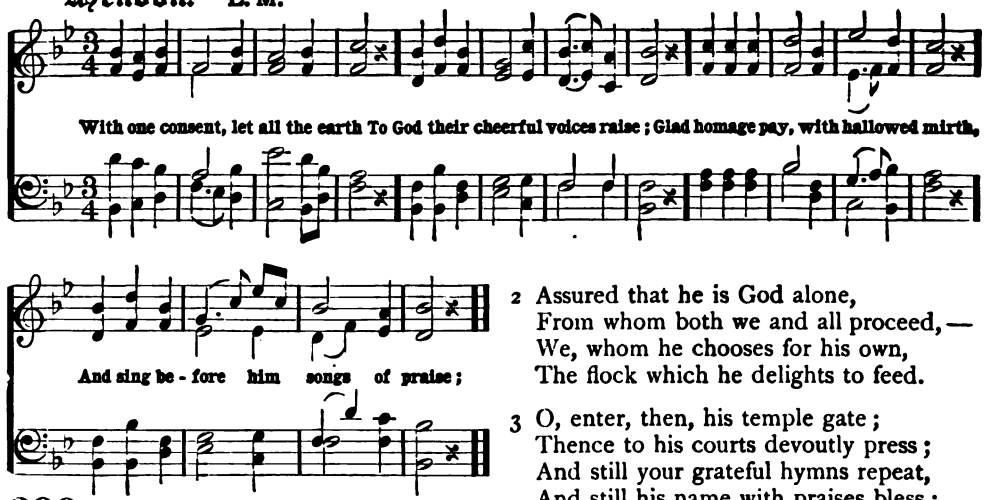
1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.
I love to tell the story, etc.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell the story, etc.

3 I love to tell the story;
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell the story, etc.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'T will be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!
I love to tell the story, etc.

Mendon. L. M.


With one consent, let all the earth To God their cheerful voices raise; Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing be - fore him songs of praise;

390.

1 With one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise;

2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,—
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.

3 O, enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless;

4 For he 's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

391.

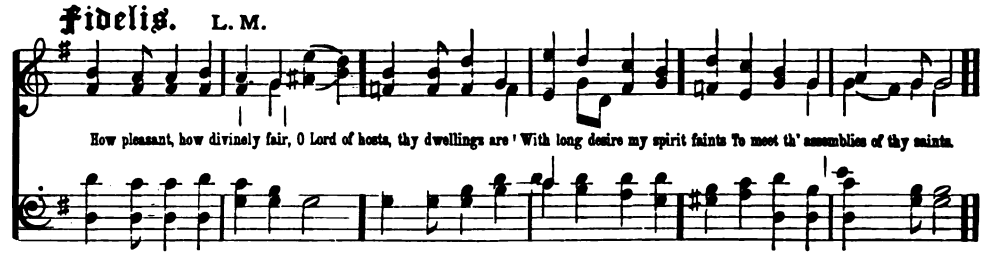
1 Come, O Creator-Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter, to thee we cry,
O highest gift of God most high,
O Fount of life, O Fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Fidelis. L. M.


How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

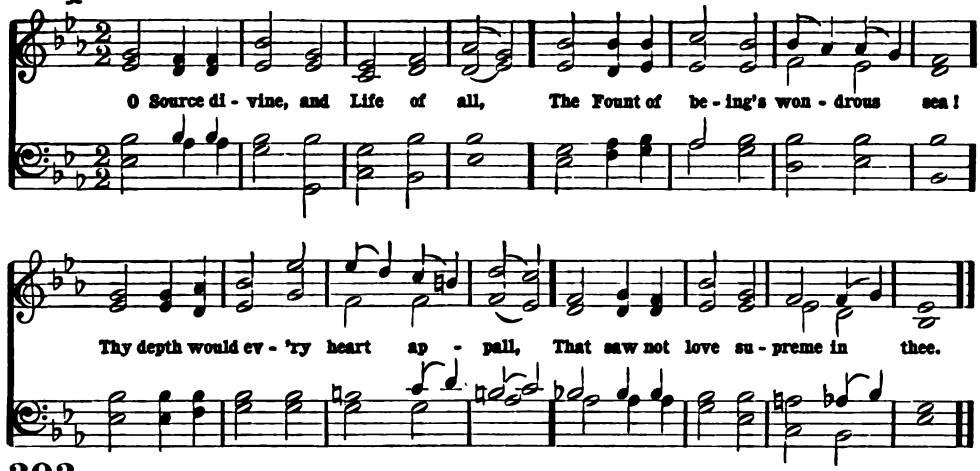
392.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace,
Where they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Penitence. L. M.

O Source di - vine, and Life of all, The Fount of be - ing's won - drous sea!
Thy depth would ev - 'ry heart ap - pall, That saw not love su - preme in thee.

393.

1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not love supreme in thee.

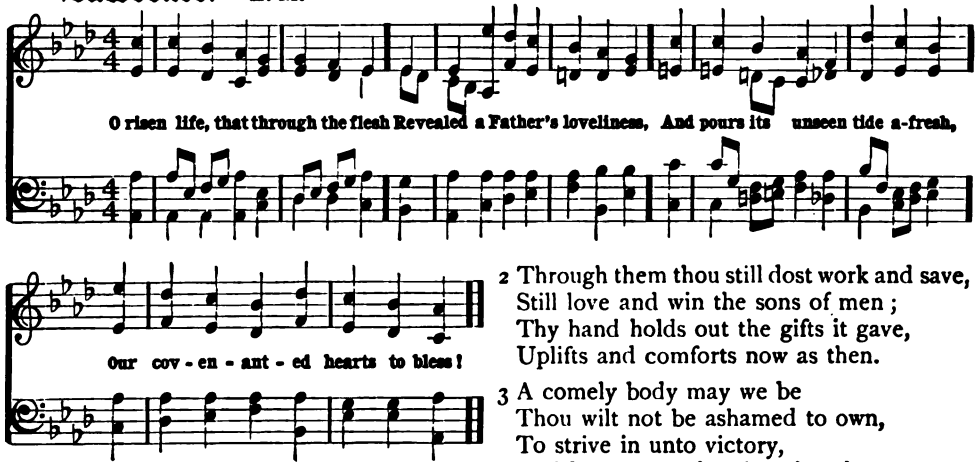
2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law!

Lawrence. L. M.


O risen life, that through the flesh Revealed a Father's loveliness, And pours its unseen tide a-fresh,
Our cov - en - ant - ed hearts to bless!

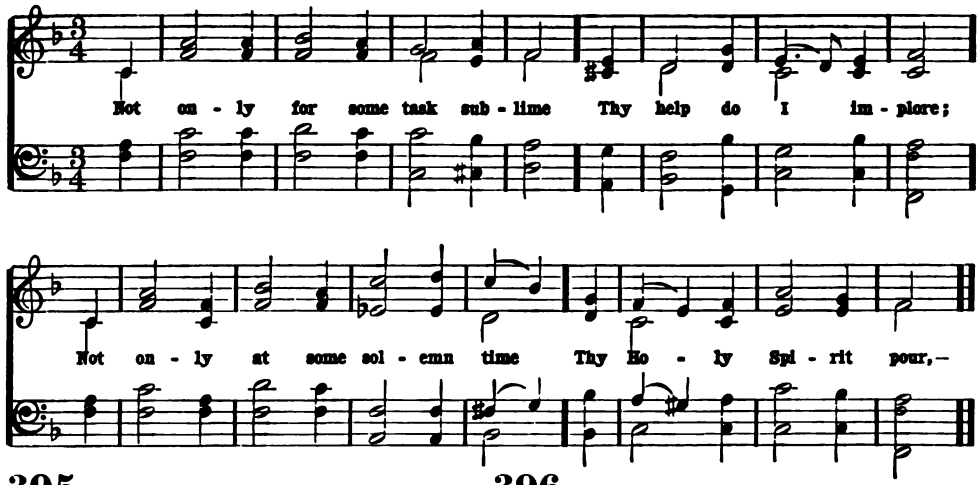
394.

1 O RISEN life, that through the flesh
Revealed a Father's loveliness,
And pours its unseen tide afresh,
Our covenanted hearts to bless!

2 Through them thou still dost work and save,
Still love and win the sons of men;
Thy hand holds out the gifts it gave,
Uplifts and comforts now as then.

3 A comely body may we be
Thou wilt not be ashamed to own,
To strive in unto victory,
And bear up to the gleaming throne.

4 Dwell in us richly; every part
Must feel the Spirit's pulse's beat.
Unworthy substance for thy heart,
Receive me, Master, to thy feet.

Browning. C. M.

395.

1 Not only for some task sublime
Thy help do I implore;
Not only at some solemn time
Thy Holy Spirit pour,—

2 But for each daily task of mine
I need thy quickening power:
I need thy presence everywhere,
I need thee every hour.

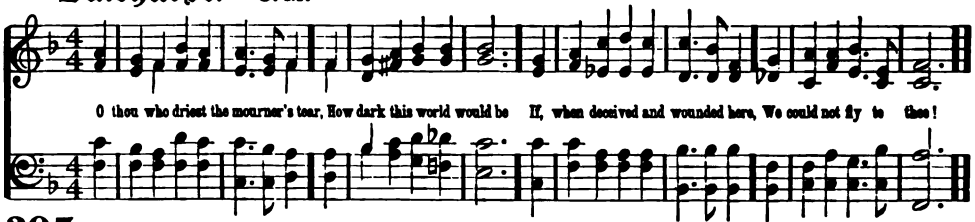
3 Each action finds in thee its spring,
Each joy thy love makes bright,
Each footstep is thine ordering,
Each grief shines in thy light.

396.

1 There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

3 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

Dalehurst. C. M.

397.

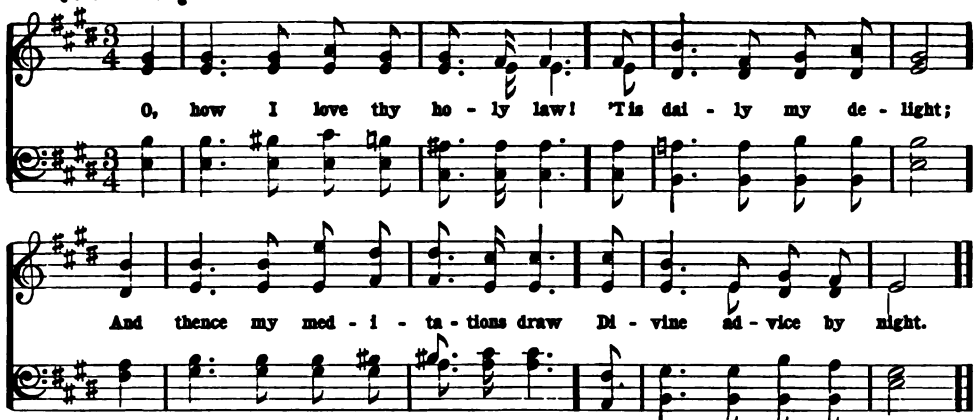
1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too,—

4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Serenity. C. M.

398.

1 O, HOW I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my weary pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

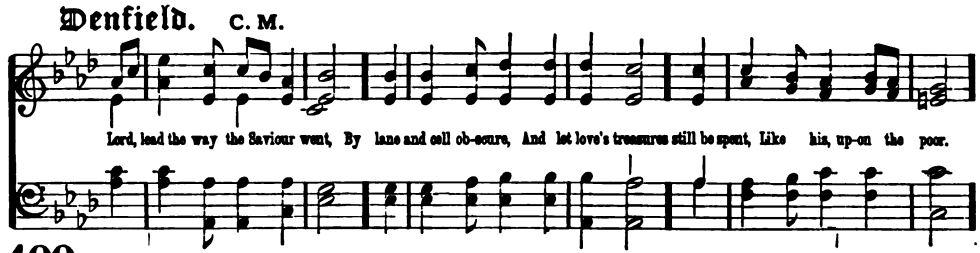
399.

1 HERE in thy temple, Lord, we meet,
And bow before thy throne;
Abased and guilty at thy feet,
We seek thy grace alone.

2 Thy mercy, Lord, so rich and free,
Still runs an endless round,
A boundless, purifying sea,
Where all our sins are drowned.

3 O, send thy pity from on high,
With pardon all divine;
Bring now thy gracious Spirit nigh,
And make us wholly thine.

4 O, may we mourn our follies past,
Each sinful path deplore,
Resolved, while feeble life shall last,
To tread those paths no more.

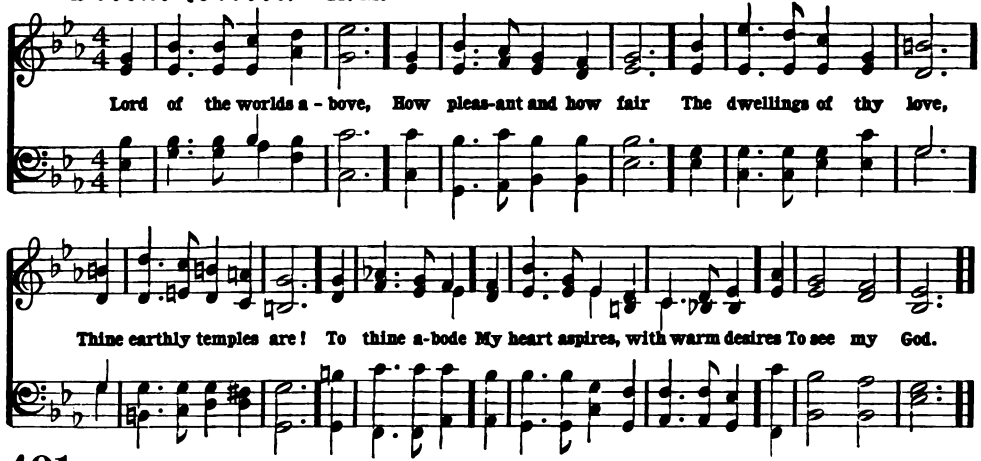
Denfield. C. M.

400.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Greene Street. H. M.

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas-ant and how fair The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are! To thine a-bode My heart aspires, with warm desires To see my God.

401.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires, with warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they who love the way
To Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat,
When God, our King, shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

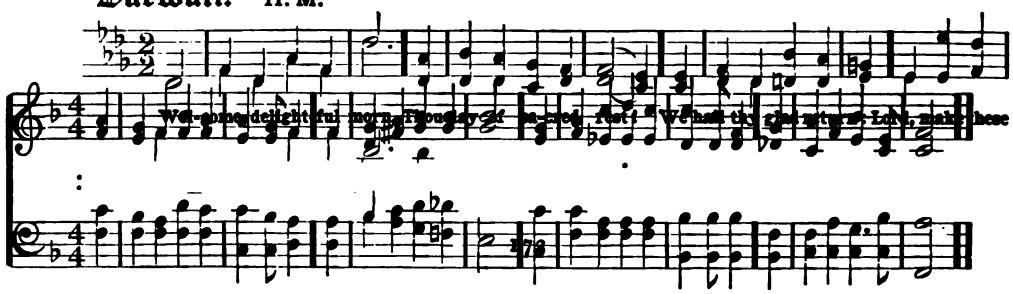
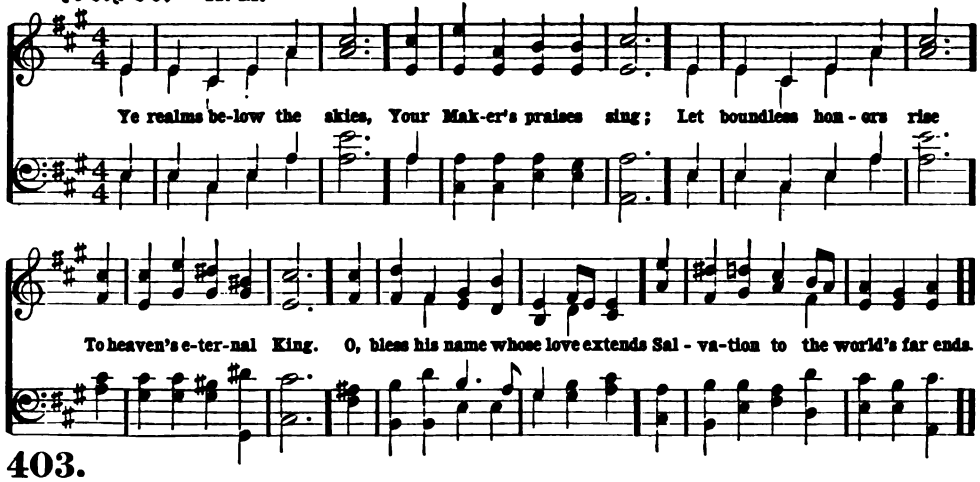
4 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints
With equal zeal, to rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

402.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
We hail thy glad return:
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While we address thy face.
O, let us feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Darwall. H. M.

Silsoe. H. M.

Ye realms be-low the skies, Your Mak-er's praises sing; Let boundless hon-ors rise
To heaven's e-ter-nal King. O, bless his name whose love extends Sal-va-tion to the world's far ends.

403.

1 Ye realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honors rise
To heaven's eternal King.
O, bless his name whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.

2 'T is he the mountains crowns
With forests waving wide;
'T is he old ocean bounds,
And heaves her roaring tide;
He swells the tempests on the main,
Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.

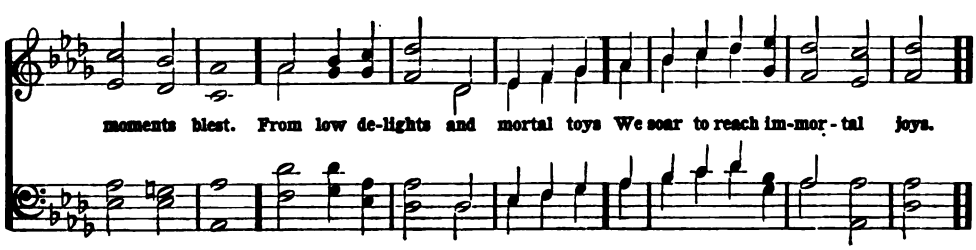
3 Still let the waters roar
As round the earth they roll:
His praise for evermore
They sound from pole to pole.
'T is nature's wild unconscious song
O'er thousand waves that floats along.

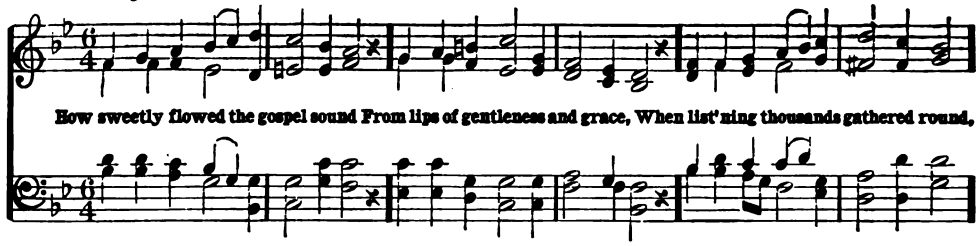
4 His praise, ye worlds on high,
Display with all your spheres,
Amid the darksome sky,
When silent night appears.
O, let his works declare his name
Through all the universal frame!

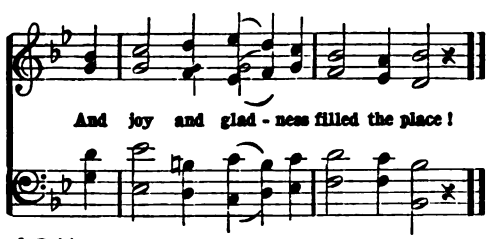
404.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His truth and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father and my Friend"?
I love his name,
I love his word:
Join, all my powers,
And praise the Lord!

Cushman. L. M.





405.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

406.

1 O, SWEETLY breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

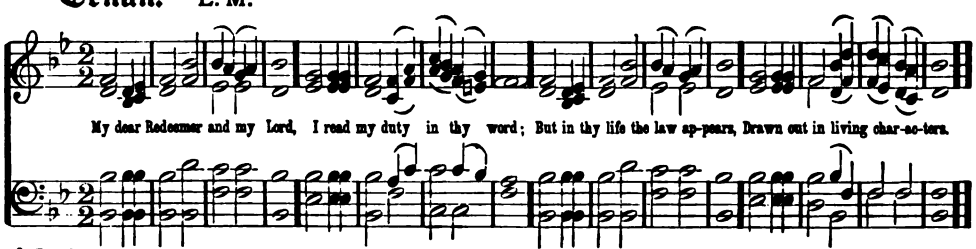
2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust, on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
O, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright immortal throng!

Ernan. L. M.



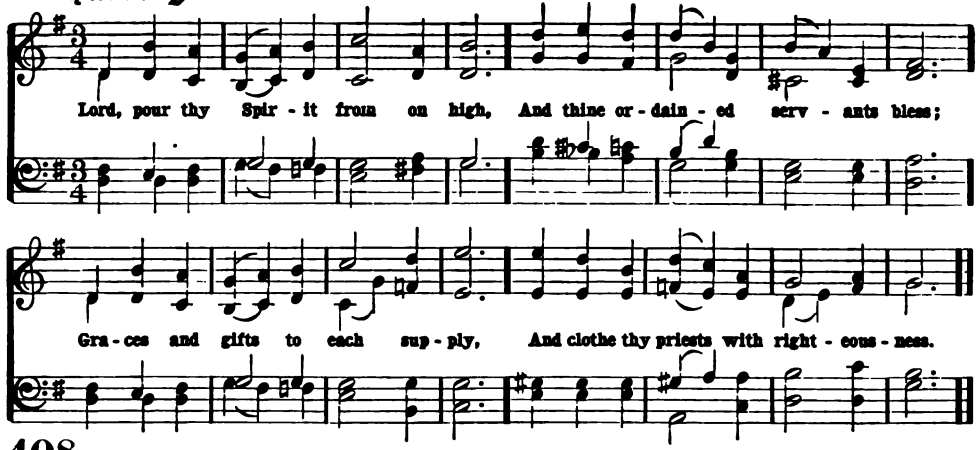
407.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Harding. L. M.

Lord, pour thy Spir - it from on high, And thine or - dain - ed serv - ants bless;
Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe thy priests with right - eous - ness.

408.

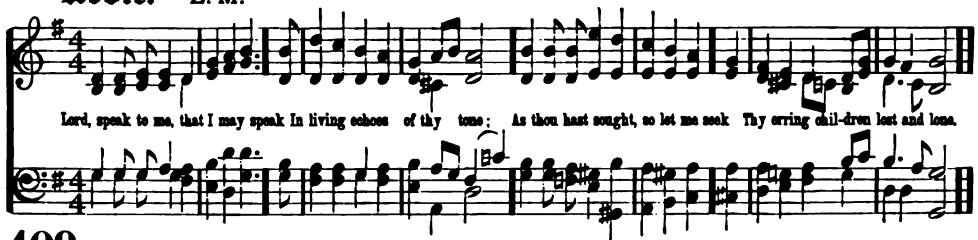
1 LORD, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
Let all thy Churches' pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed thy lambs, and fold thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

Keble. L. M.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In living echoes of thy tone; As thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy erring chil-dren lost and lone.

409.

1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

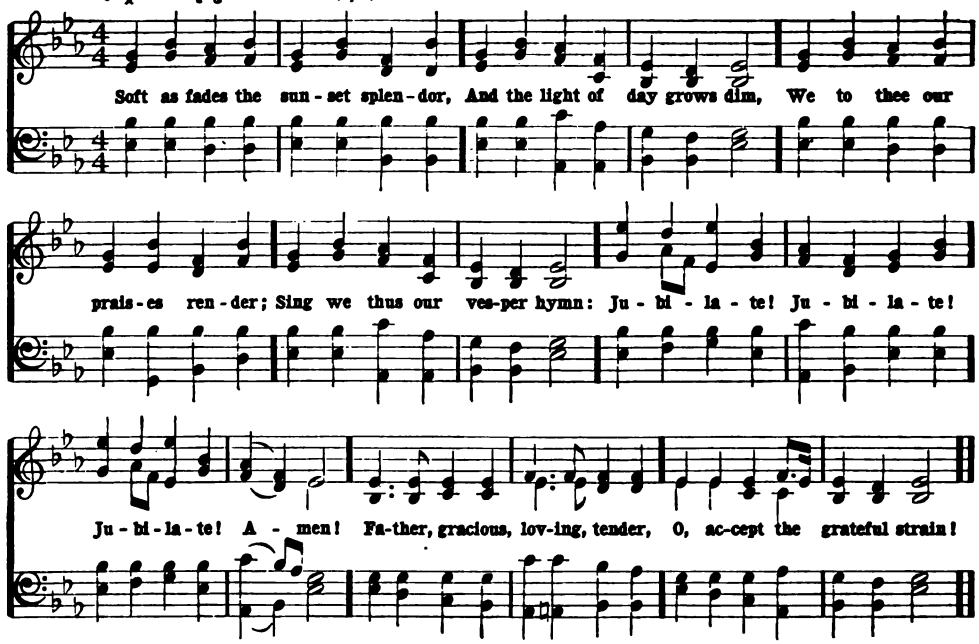
3 O, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart,
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O, give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O, fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

7 O, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Vesper Hymn. 8s, 7s, D.

Soft as fades the sun-set splen-dor, And the light of day grows dim, We to thee our
prais-es ren-der; Sing we thus our ves-per hymn: Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te!
Ju-bi-la-te! A-men! Fa-ther, gracious, lov-ing, tender, O, ac-cept the grateful strain!

410.

1 Soft as fades the sunset splendor,
And the light of day grows dim,
We to thee our praises render;
Sing we thus our vesper hymn:
Jubilate! Amen!
Father, gracious, loving, tender,
O, accept the grateful strain!

2 Day by day comes rich in blessing;
Night by night brings holy calm;
Lord, to thee our praise addressing,
Rises thus our joyful psalm:
Jubilate! Amen!
But, unworthiness confessing,
Into silence fades again.

411.

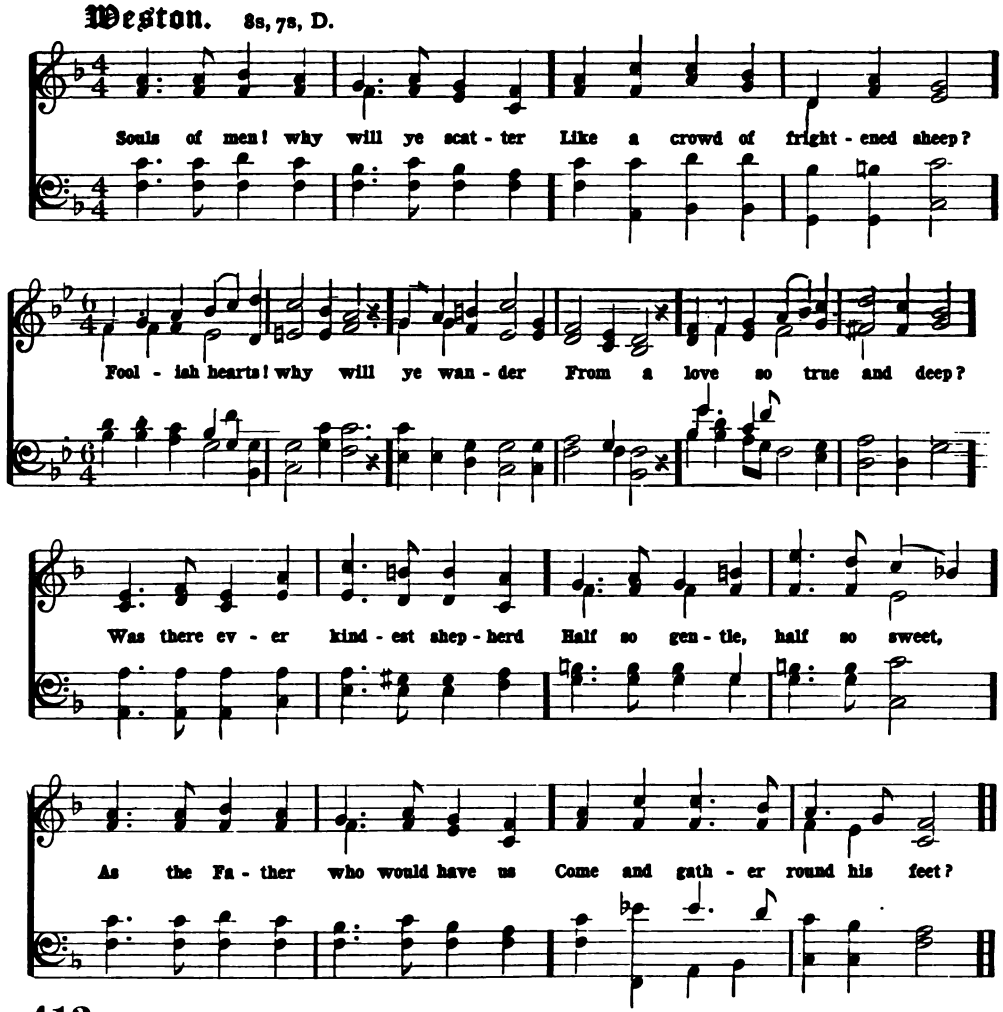
1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

412.

1 Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto thee!
Of thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see thee in thy glory
And thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as sent of Heaven,
Thee for love of sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

Weston. 8s, 7s, D.
Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright - ened sheep?
Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
Was there ev - er kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,
As the Fa - ther who would have us Come and gath - er round his feet?

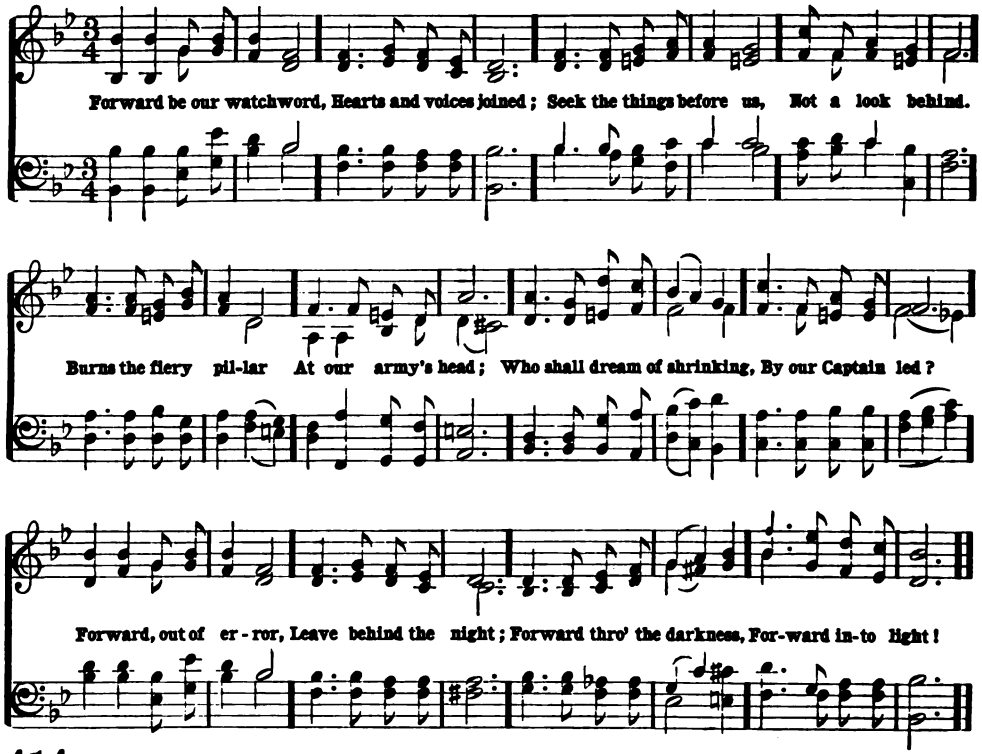
413.

1 Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Father who would have us
Come and gather round his feet?

2 There 's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There 's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.
There 's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There 's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

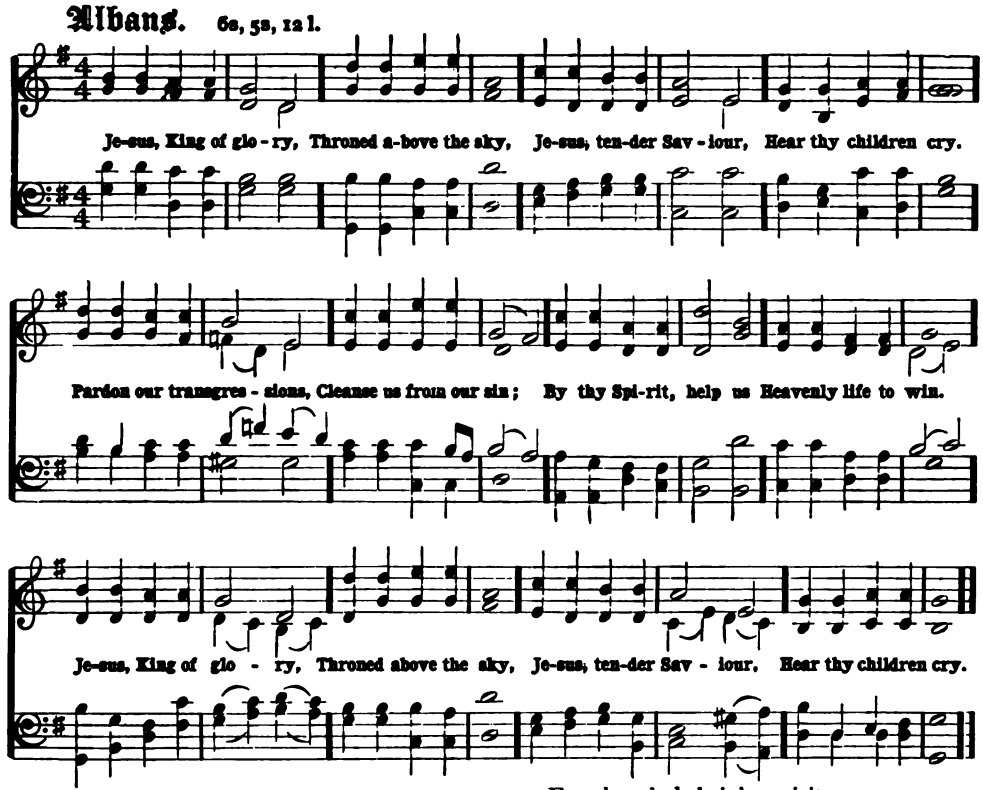
Forward. 6s, 5s, 12 l.

Forward be our watchword, Hearts and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look behind.
Burns the fiery pil-lar At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?
Forward, out of er-ror, Leave behind the night; Forward thro' the darkness, For-ward in-to light!

414.

1 FORWARD be our watchword,
Hearts and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers;
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might,
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into Light!

Albans. 6s, 5s, 12 l.
Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Throned a-bove the sky, Je-sus, ten-der Sav-iour, Hear thy children cry.
Pardon our transgres-sions, Cleanse us from our sin; By thy Spi-rit, help us Heavenly life to win.
Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Throned above the sky, Je-sus, ten-der Sav-iour, Hear thy children cry.

415.

1 JESUS, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear thy children cry.
Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin;
By thy Spirit, help us
Heavenly life to win.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear thy children cry.

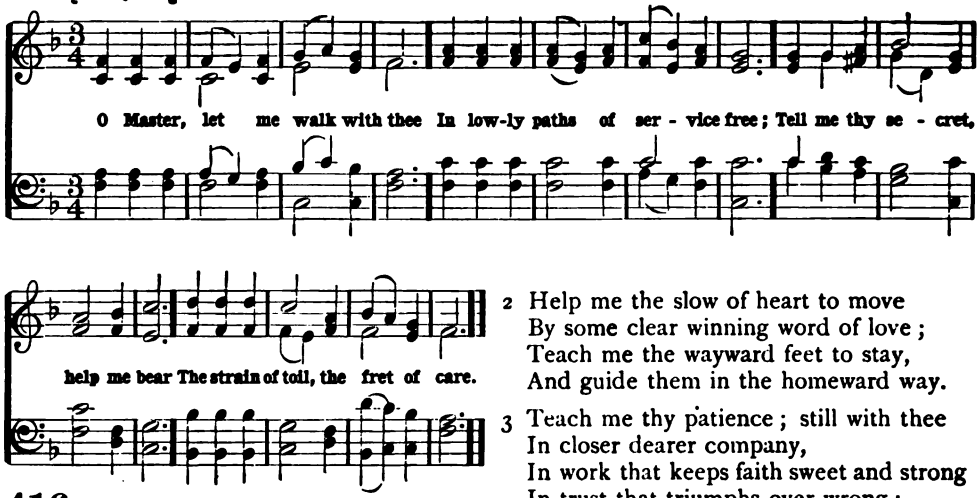
2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship thee;
Celebrate thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, King of glory, etc.

3 For the little children
Who have come to thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold thy face,—
Jesus, King of glory, etc.

4 For thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory,—
Jesus, King of glory, etc.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us, with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of glory, etc.

Hursley. L. M.


O Master, let me walk with thee In low-ly paths of ser - vice free; Tell me thy se - cret,
help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

416.

1 O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

417.

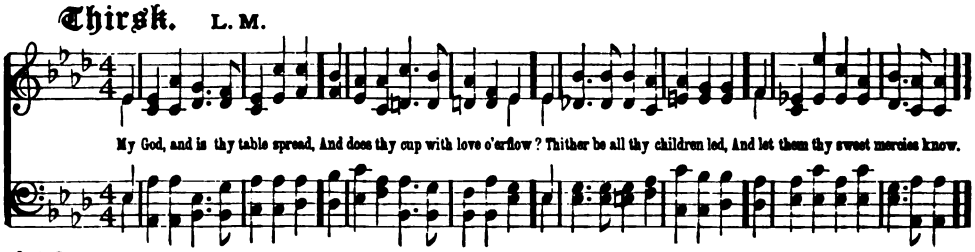
1 O, COME and mourn with me awhile,
And tarry here the cross beside;
O, come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times he spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love;
For thou, our Lord, art crucified!

Thirsk. L. M.


My God, and is thy table spread, And does thy cup with love o'erflow? Thither be all thy children led, And let them thy sweet mercies know.

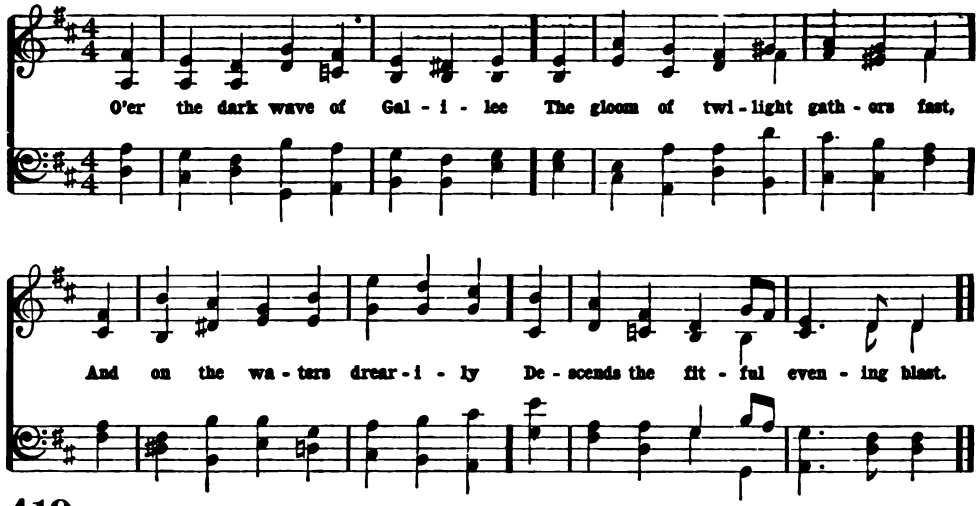
418.

1 MY God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 O, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

3 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

4 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

Communion. L. M.

O'er the dark wave of Gal - i - lee The gloom of twi - light gath - ers fast,
And on the wa - ters drear - i - ly De - scends the fit - ful even - ing blast.

419.

1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

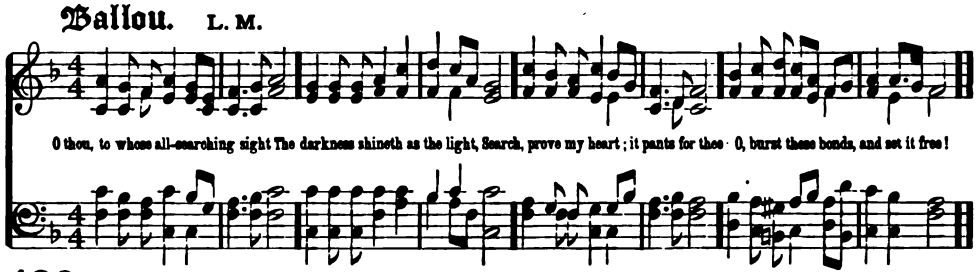
2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

3 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind,
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest:
He hath not where to lay his head.

5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

Ballou. L. M.


O thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee · O, burst these bonds, and set it free!

420.

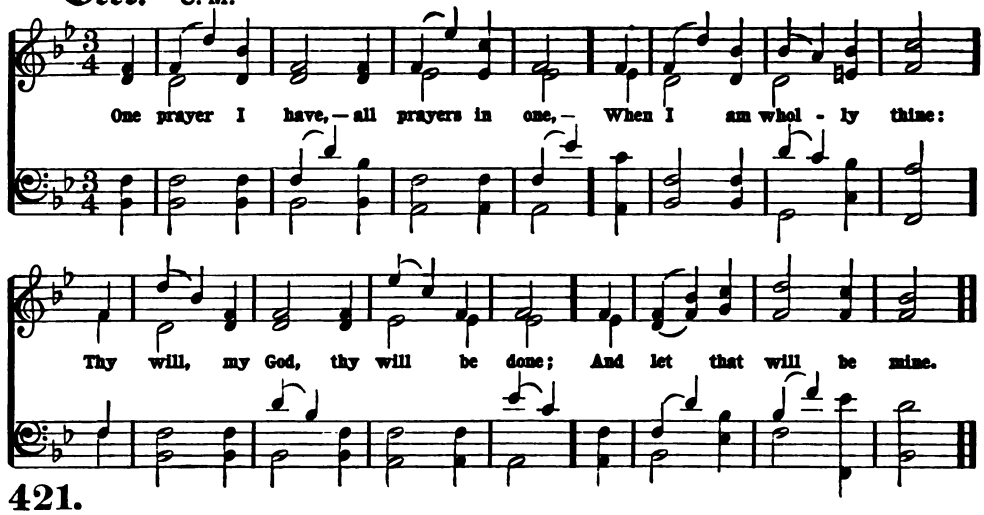
1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
O, burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Father, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

Geer. C. M.

421.

1 One prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

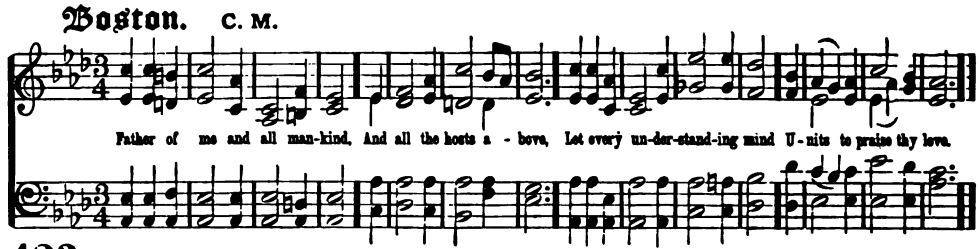
4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No; let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

422.

1 My God, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.

2 I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

3 Let such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along thy narrow way.

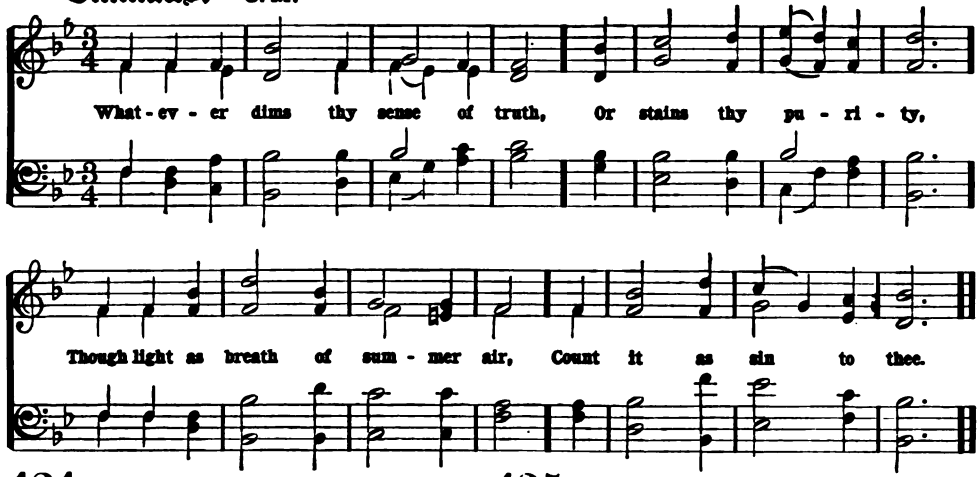
Boston. C. M.

423.

1 Father of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign, —

3 That righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in;

4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

Emmaus. C. M.

424.

1 Whatever dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity,
Though light as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.

2 Preserve the tablet of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
While the Redeemer's lowly faith
Its temple makes with thee.

3 And pray of God that grace be given
To tread time's narrow way:
How dark soever it may be,
It leads to cloudless day.

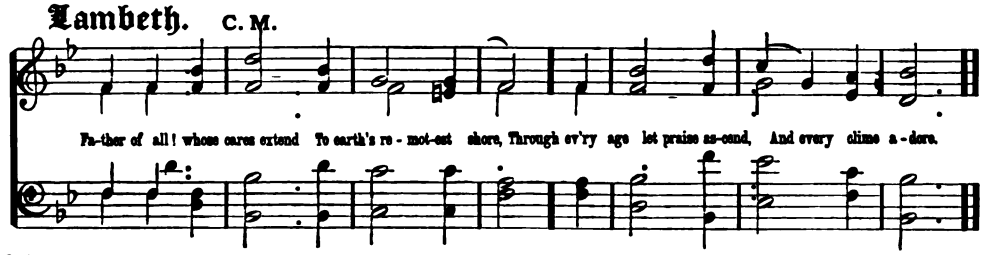
425.

1 Father of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

Lambeth. C. M.



426.

1 Father of all! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.

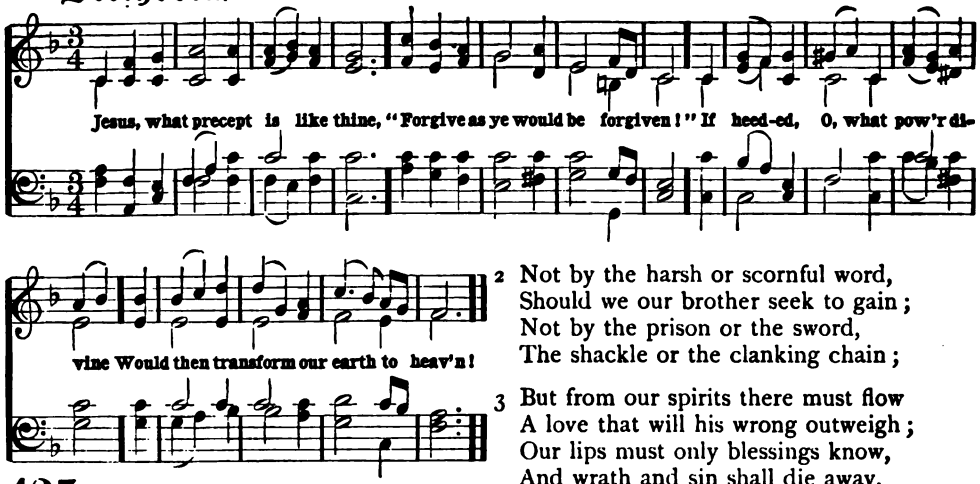
2 Mean though I am, — not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath, —
Lord, lead me whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

3 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

4 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way.

5 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

Beethoven. L. M.


Jesus, what precept is like thine, "Forgive as ye would be forgiven!" If heed-ed, O, what pow'r di-
vine Would then transform our earth to heav'n!

427.

1 JESUS, what precept is like thine,
"Forgive as ye would be forgiven!"
If heeded, O, what power divine
Would then transform our earth to heaven!

2 Not by the harsh or scornful word,
Should we our brother seek to gain;
Not by the prison or the sword,
The shackle or the clanking chain;

3 But from our spirits there must flow
A love that will his wrong outweigh;
Our lips must only blessings know,
And wrath and sin shall die away.

4 'T was heaven that formed the holy plan
To bring the wanderer back by love;
Thus let us win our brother, man,
And imitate thee, God above!

428.

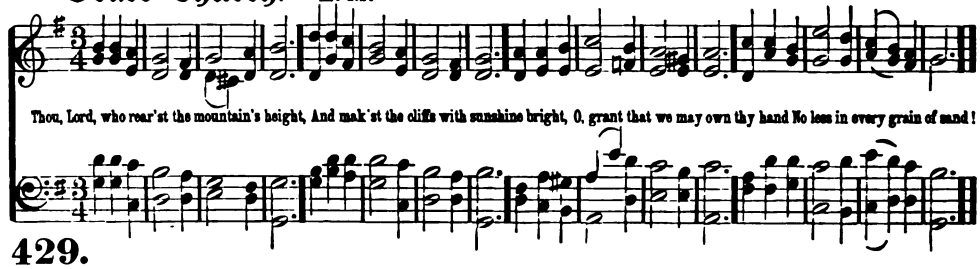
1 FATHER, whose love is measureless,
Who dost thy weakest creature bless,
We come to bear our grateful song
For all the gifts which round us throng.

2 We cannot count them one by one,
And say, our thankful task is done;
Eternity, with endless days,
Is all too short to tell thy praise.

3 And yet, O God, one gift we name,
The one which sets our hearts aflame
Whene'er we speak th' inspiring word,
The priceless gift of Christ the Lord.

4 Through him thy love we learn to see;
He leads us on and up to thee;
And all earth's dark is turned to day
Through Christ, the life, the truth, the way.

Grace Church. L. M.


Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height, And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright, O, grant that we may own thy hand No less in every grain of sand!

429.

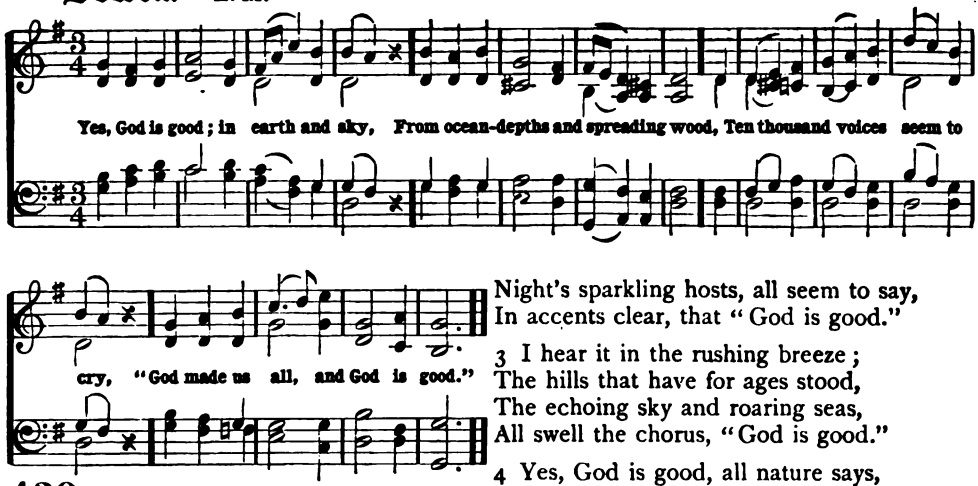
1 THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
O, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!

2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.

3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being, save by thee.

4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

Bowen. L. M.


Yes, God is good; in earth and sky, From ocean-depths and spreading wood, Ten thousand voices seem to
cry, "God made us all, and God is good."

430.

1 YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

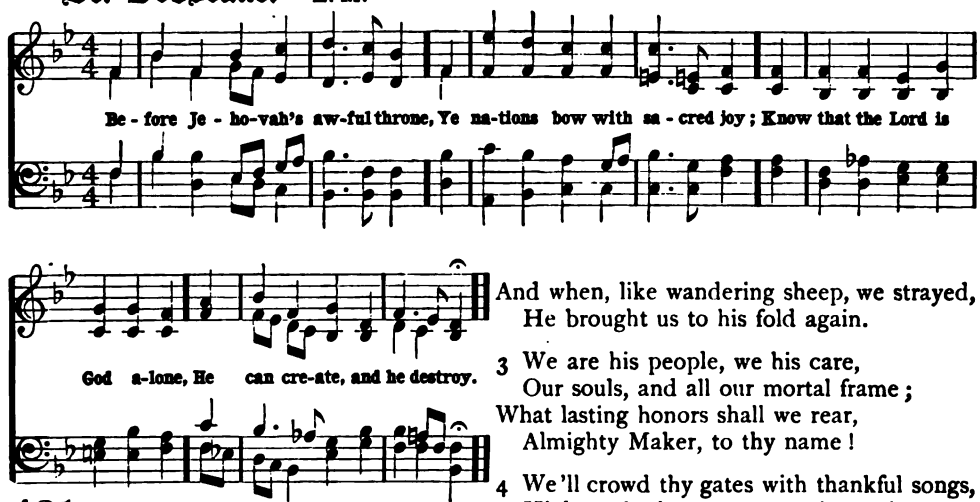
2 The sun, that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that "God is good."

3 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

4 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that "God is good."

5 For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word,
These prompt our song, that "God is good."

St. Drostane. L. M.



431.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

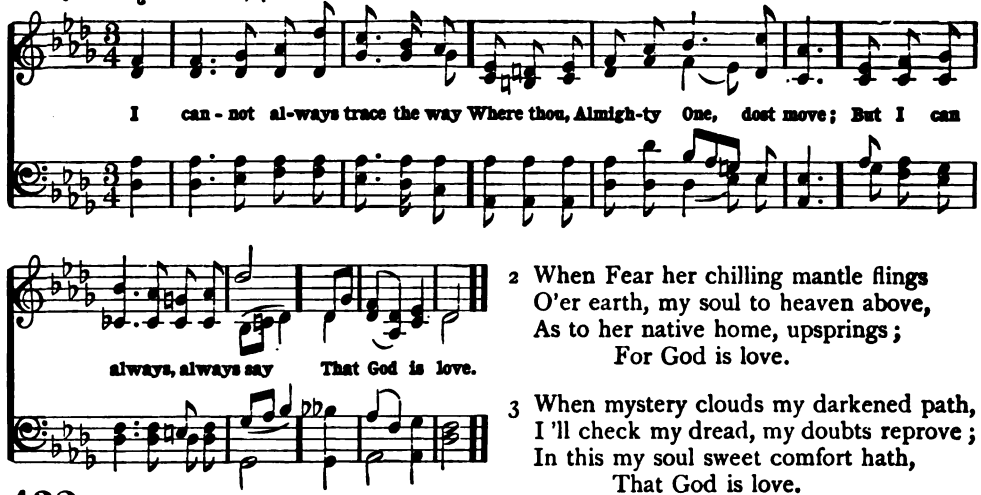
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Sawyer. 8s, 4s.



432.

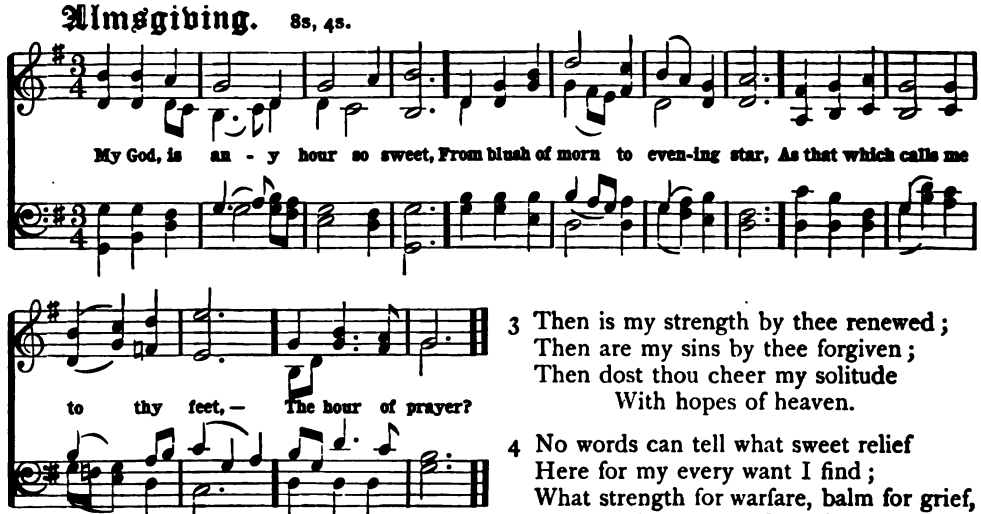
1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

2 When Fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings;
For God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I 'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 O, may this truth my heart employ,
Bid every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to joy:
Thou, God, art love.

Almsgiving. 8s, 4s.



433.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet, —
The hour of prayer?

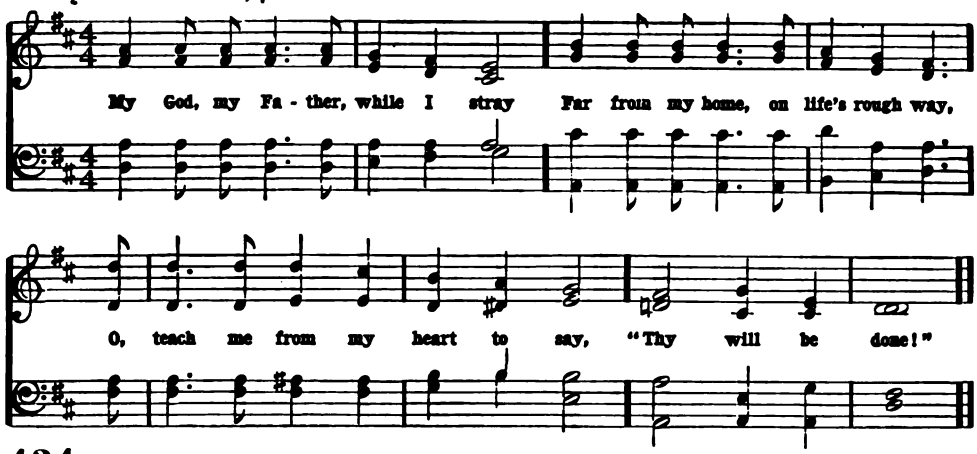
2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Hanford. 8s, 4s.

434.

1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

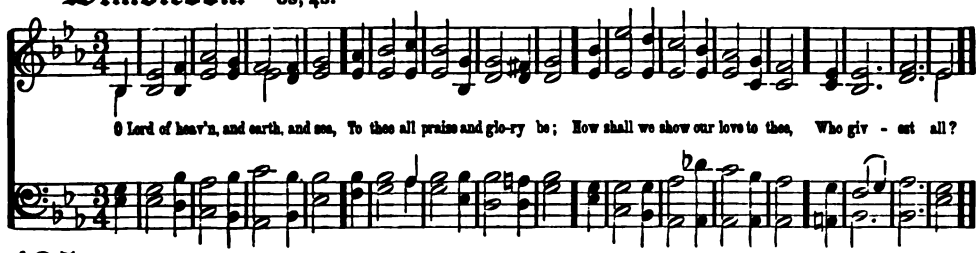
3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I 'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done!"

Wimbledon. 8s, 4s.



435.

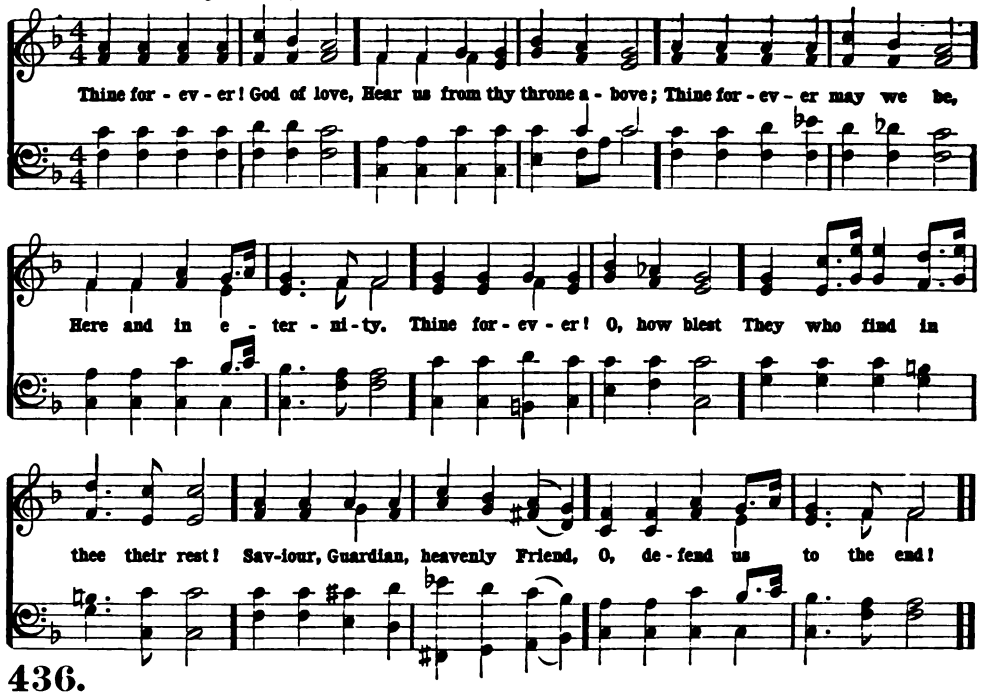
1 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all!

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

4 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.

5 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

Blumenthal. 7s, D.

Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from thy throne a - bove; Thine for - ev - er may we be,
Here and in e - ter - ni - ty. Thine for - ev - er! O, how blest They who find in
thee their rest! Sav-iour, Guardian, heavenly Friend, O, de - fend us to the end!

436.

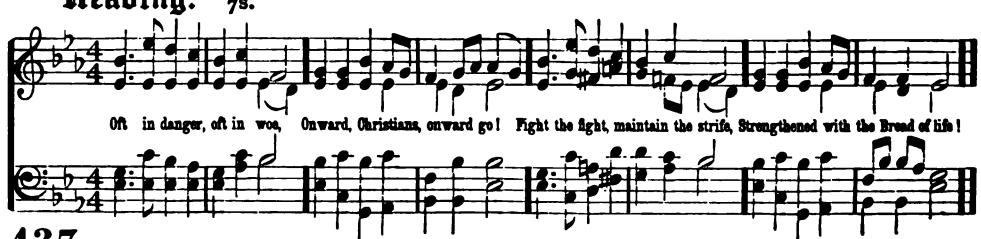
1[1] THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

[2] Thine forever! O, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O, defend us to the end!

2[3] Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

[4] Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife.
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Reading. 7s.


Oft in danger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go! Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of life!

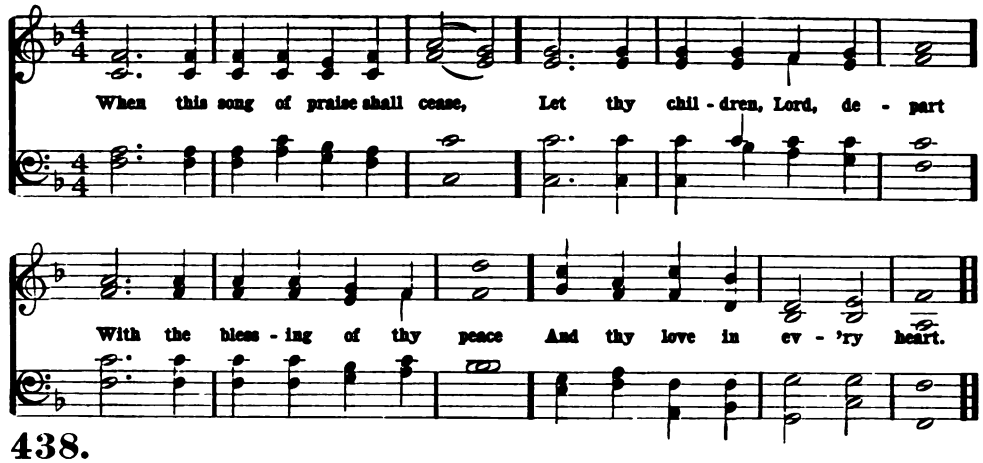
437.

1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life!

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight: nor think the battle long:
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede, —
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward, then, to battle move!
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Dijon. 7s.

When this song of praise shall cease, Let thy chil - dren, Lord, de - part
With the bless - ing of thy peace And thy love in ev - 'ry heart.

438.

1 When this song of praise shall cease,
Let thy children, Lord, depart
With the blessing of thy peace
And thy love in every heart.

2 O, where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
That thy care upholds us yet.

3 Blind are we, and weak, and frail;
Be thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

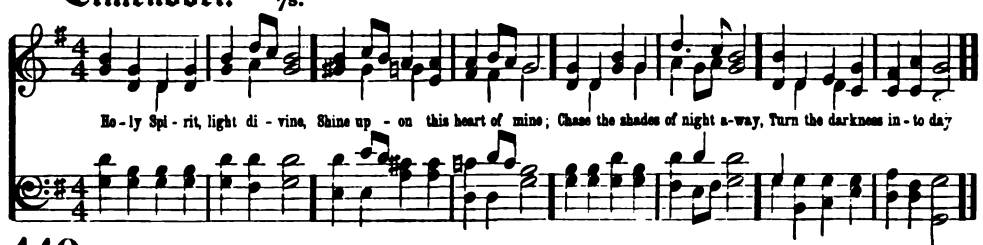
439.

1 While we seek thy will to know, —
Through that, living fountains flow, —
Help us, Father, thus to be
One with Christ, and one with thee.

2 Oft our feet have gone astray
From the true and narrow way;
Yet our wayward souls would be
One with Christ, and one with thee.

3 Counting all things else but dross,
By the glory of the cross,
Give us grace henceforth to be
One with Christ, and one with thee.

4 Upward let our thoughts arise,
Grateful for the sacrifice,
Till, by faith, we come to be
One with Christ, and one with thee.

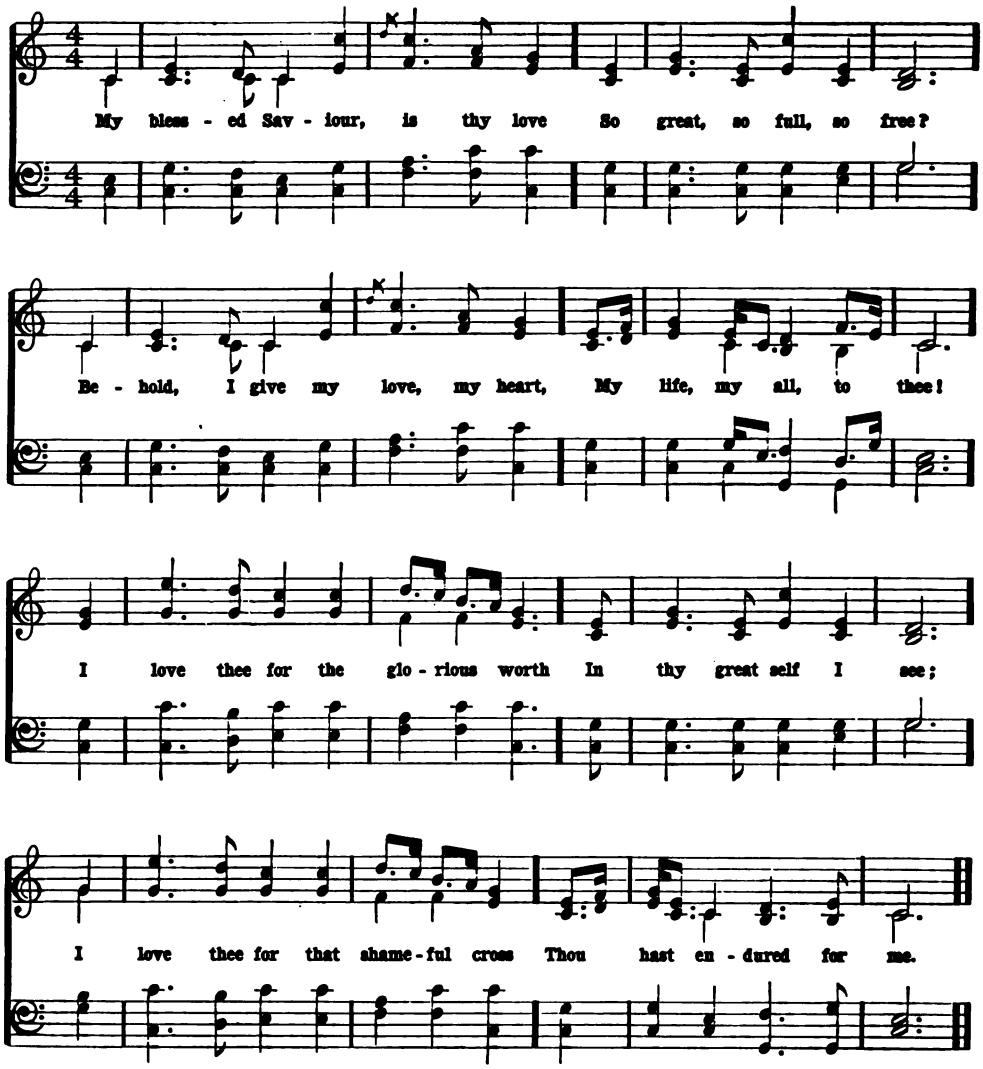
Elmendorf. 7s.

440.

1 Holy Spirit, light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Spirit, power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Spirit, joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

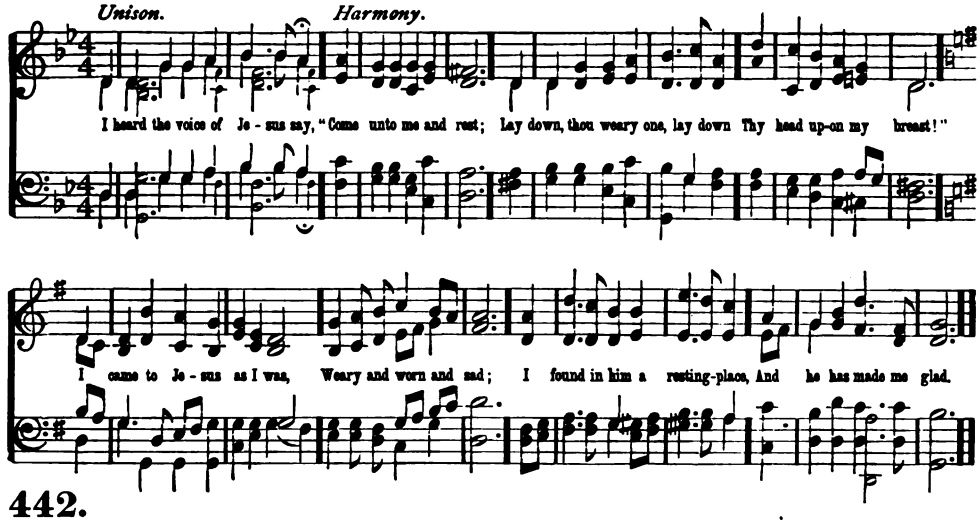
Ingleside. C. M. D.

My bless - ed Sav - iour, is thy love So great, so full, so free?
Be - hold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all, to thee!
I love thee for the glo - rious worth In thy great self I see;
I love thee for that shame - ful cross Thou hast en - dured for me.

441.

1 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to thee!
I love thee for the glorious worth
In thy great self I see;
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

2 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain:
What love with thine can vie!
Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou would'st partake of human flesh
Beset with troubles round.

3 O Lord, I 'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love,
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.
My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to thee!

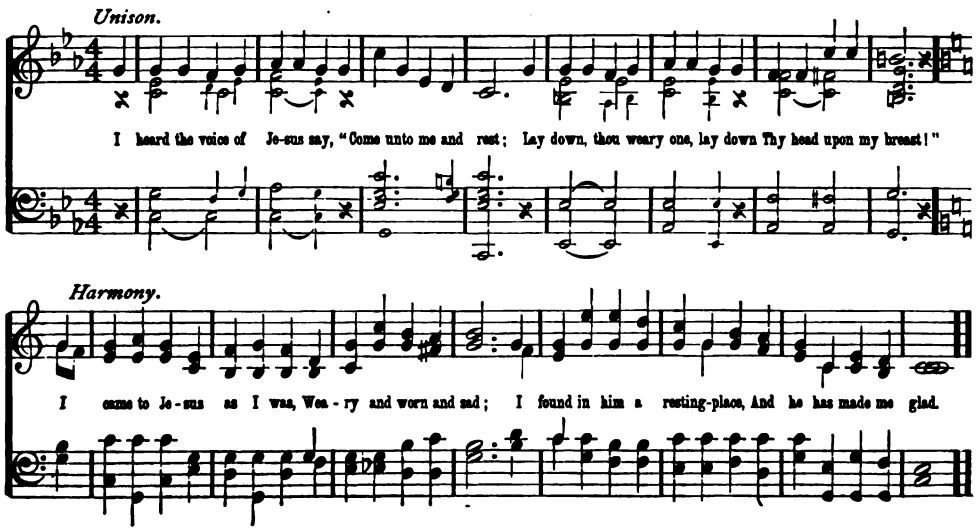
Vox Dilecti. C. M. D.

Unison.
Harmony.
I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast!"
I came to Je - sus as I was, Weary and worn and sad; I found in him a resting-place, And he has made me glad.

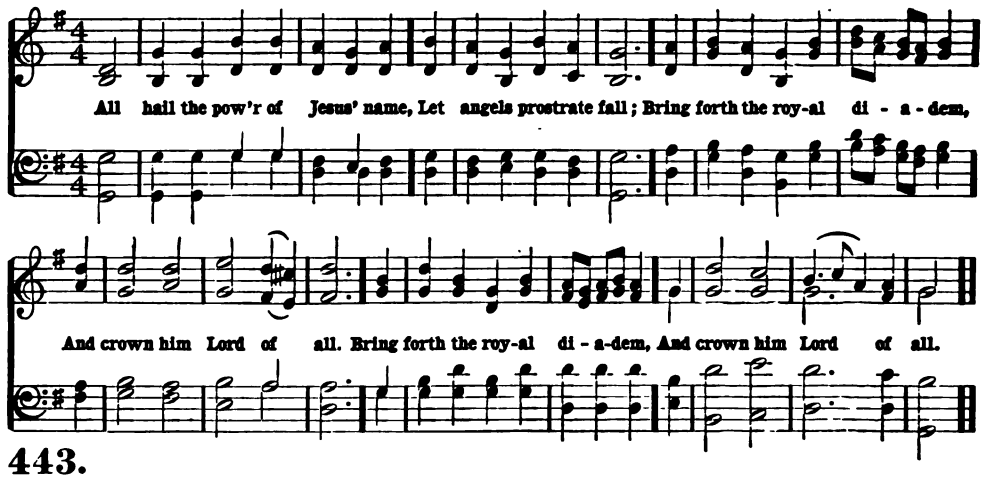
442.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Audite. C. M. D.

Unison.
I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast!"
Harmony.
I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad; I found in him a resting-place, And he has made me glad.

Coronation. C. M.

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

443.

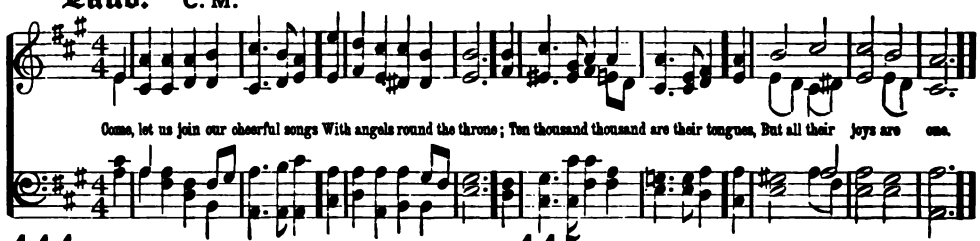
1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 O, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

Laud. C. M.


Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

444.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

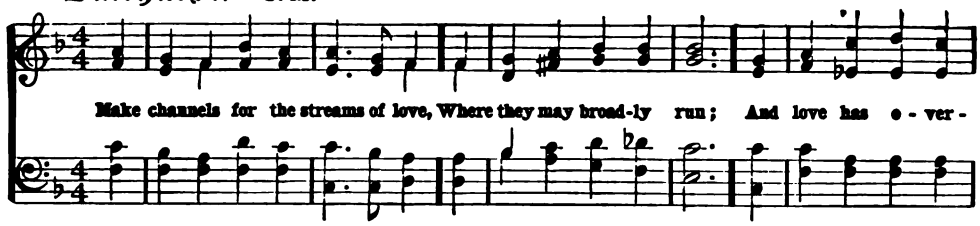
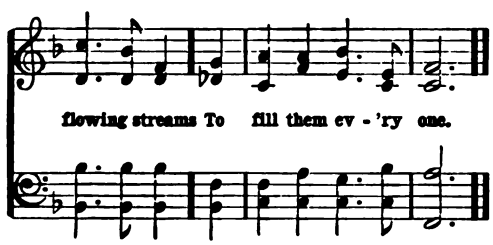
445.

1 O, FROM these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free!
I struggle yet with darkness here:
My God, remember me.

2 Refresh my drooping soul with grace
And quickening energy;
Still running, toiling in the race,
My God, remember me.

3 Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from thee;
And raise this feeble, drooping heart:
My God, remember me.

4 For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings, I flee;
With sins and doubts and fears I fight:
My God, remember me.

Dalehurst. C. M.



446.

1 MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very fount of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of love.

447.

1 O LOVE! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

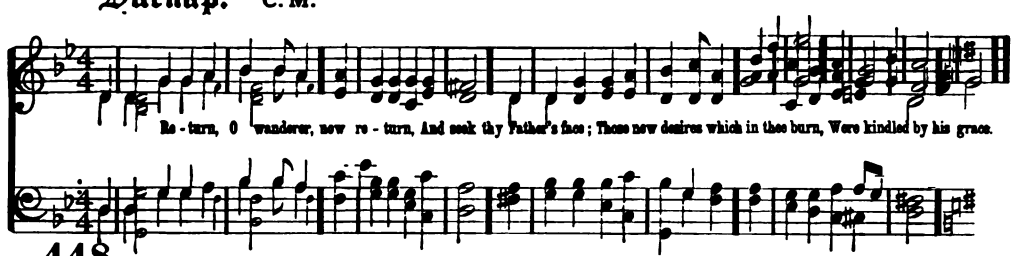
2 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

3 The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

4 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

5 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

Burnap. C. M.



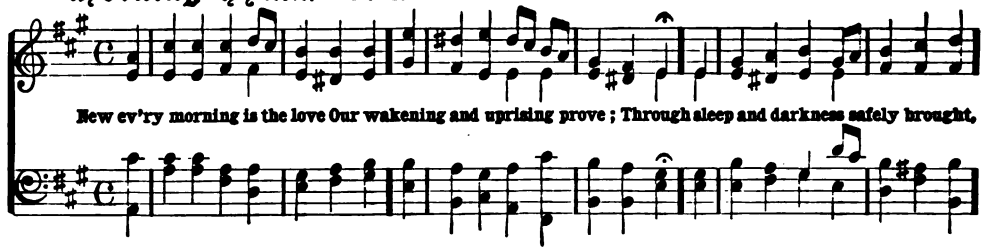
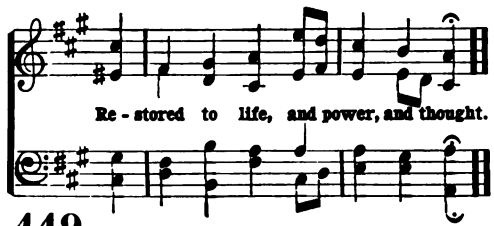
448.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return;
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return;
Thy Father bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, — no longer mourn;
'T is love invites thee near.

Morning Hymn. L. M.

449.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

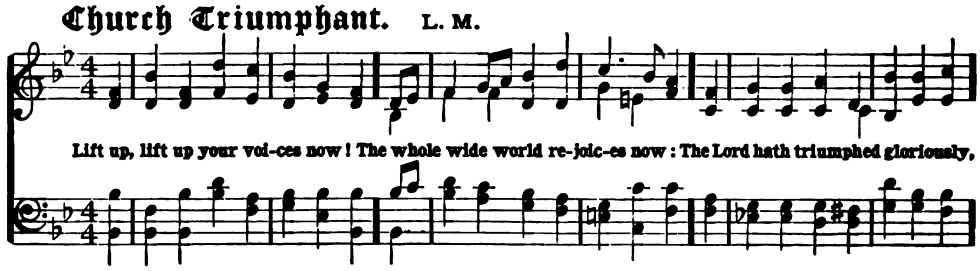
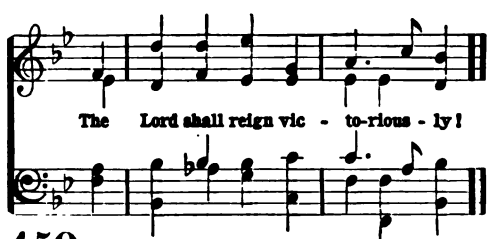
2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Church Triumphant. L. M.

450.

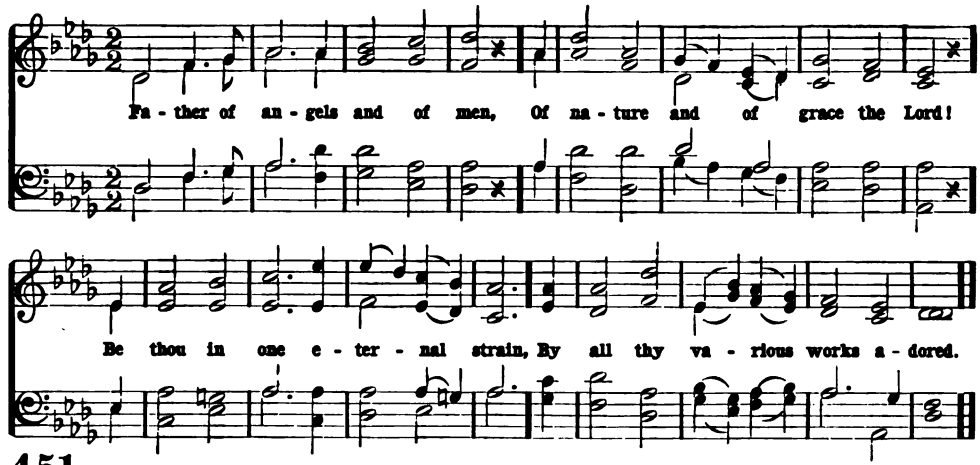
1 LIFT up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now:
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come!

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host he frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all he did, and all he bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where thou hast trod;
In thee we die to rise to God.

Truro. L. M.

451.

1 FATHER of angels and of men,
Of nature and of grace the Lord!
Be thou in one eternal strain,
By all thy various works adored.

2 From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
Through worlds above and worlds below,
Thy boundless mercies, freely given,
In tides of bliss forever flow.

3 Sing, O ye heavens! burst into praise
Thou earth, and let the anthem roll
Till rocks and tombs shall hear the lays,
And light and life embrace the whole!

452.

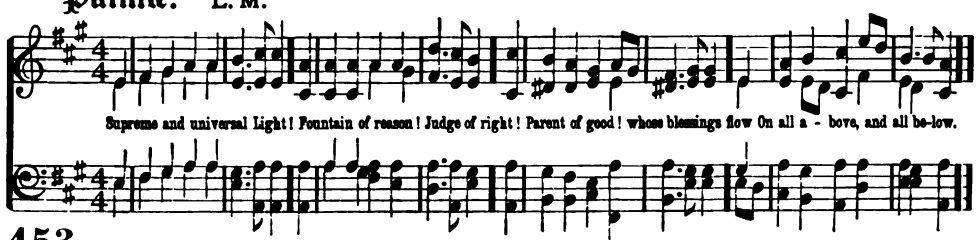
1 O COME! loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our Salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.

4 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

Palmæ. L. M.


Supreme and universal Light! Fountain of reason! Judge of right! Parent of good! whose blessings flow On all a - bove, and all be-low.

453.

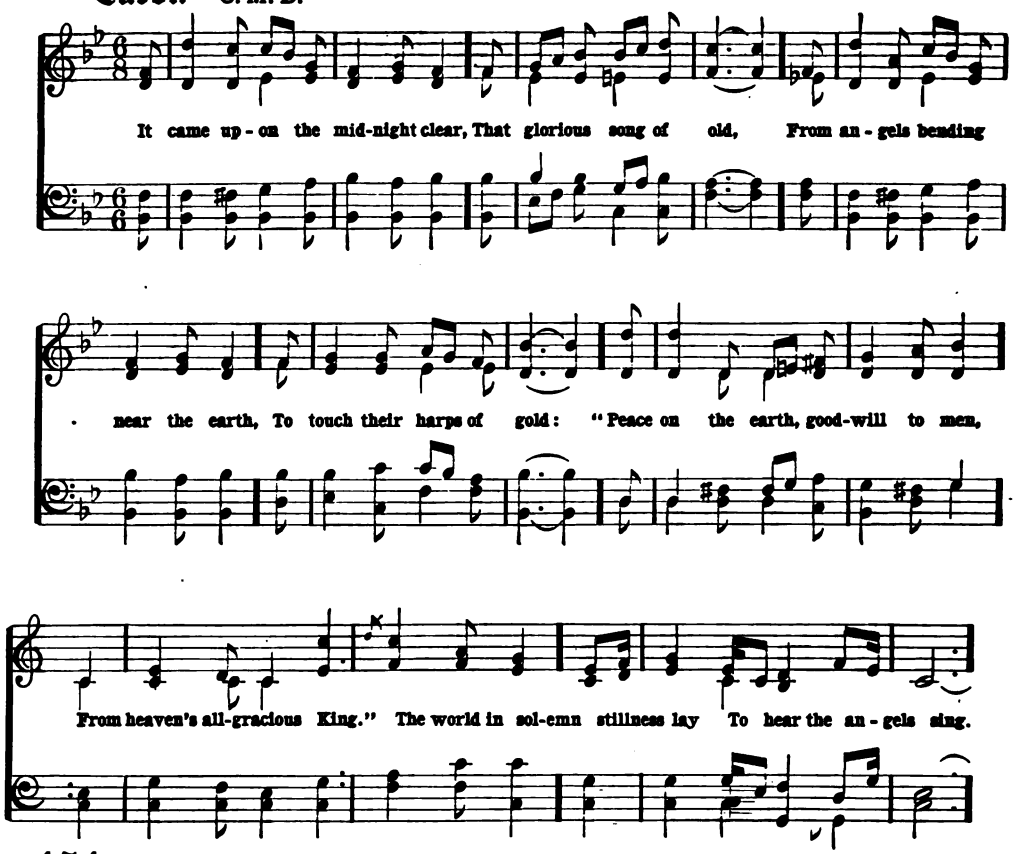
1 SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below!

2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came!

3 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

4 O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want;
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

Carol. C. M. D.


It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old, From an-gels bending
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King." The world in sol-emn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

454.

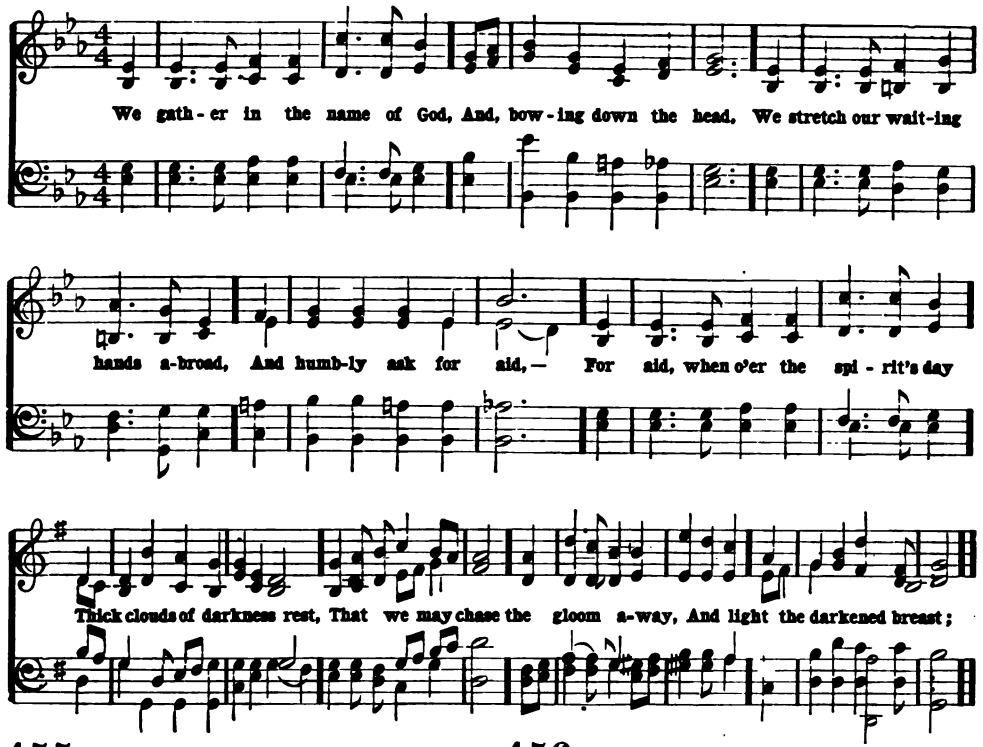
1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow, —
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Faulkland. C. M. D.

We gath-er in the name of God, And, bow-ing down the head, We stretch our wait-ing
hands a-broad, And humb-ly ask for aid, — For aid, when o'er the spi-rit's day
Thick clouds of darkness rest, That we may chase the gloom a-way, And light the darkened breast;

455.

1 We gather in the name of God,
And, bowing down the head,
We stretch our waiting hands abroad,
And humbly ask for aid, —
For aid, when o'er the spirit's day
Thick clouds of darkness rest,
That we may chase the gloom away,
And light the darkened breast;

2 For strength to lead the poor, the weak,
Who tread the vale of years;
For pity's hand to dry the cheek
Where sorrow sits in tears;
For hope, the beautiful and bright,
That whispers, "Ne'er despond!"
For faith, that through the darkest night
Still sees a star beyond.

3 Bold heralds of the cross, O God,
Undaunted send us forth;
Salvation be our rallying word,
Our field, the boundless earth;
Love on our lips and in our soul,
Our labors never done,
O Sovereign Helper! till the goal
By all at last be won!

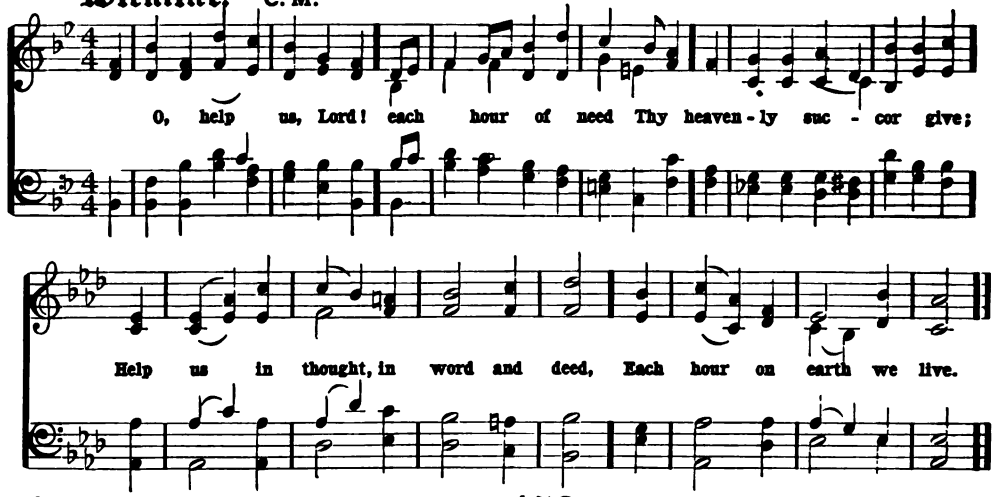
456.

1 It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all, —
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore, —
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

2 'T is hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But O! 't is good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more!

3 More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God forevermore!

Wickliffe. C. M.



457.

1 O, HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, in word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
O, help us, Lord, the more!

3 O, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Saviour, from on high;
We have no help but thee!
O, help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be!

458.

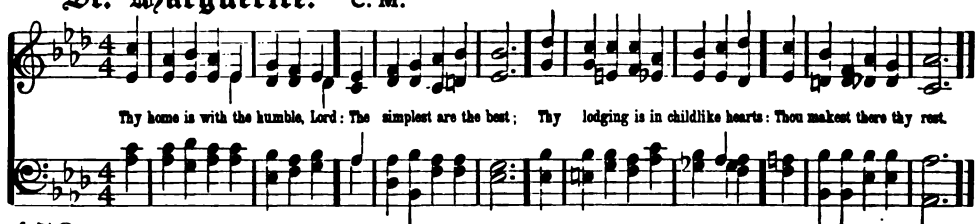
1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch he still shall keep,
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

St. Marguerite. C. M.

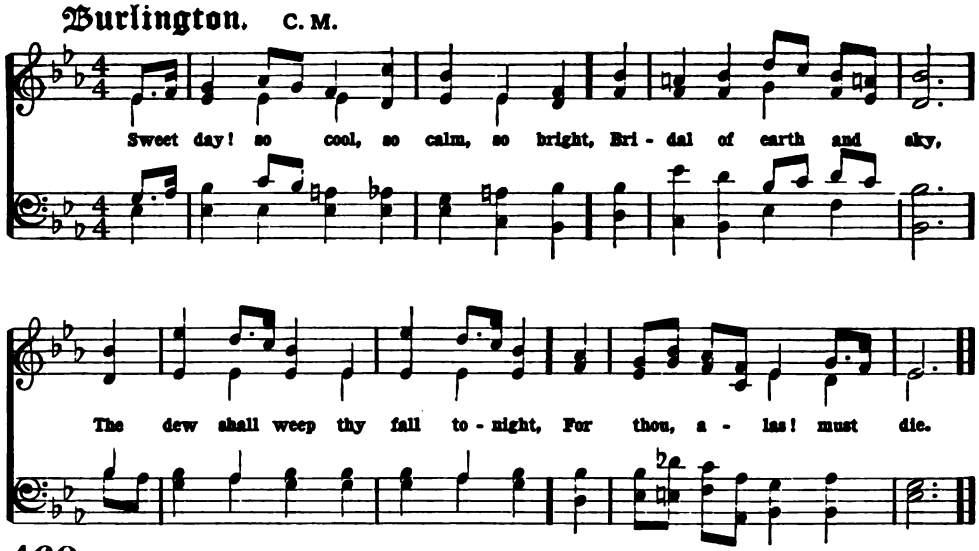


459.

1 THY home is with the humble, Lord:
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts:
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

Burlington. C. M.

460.

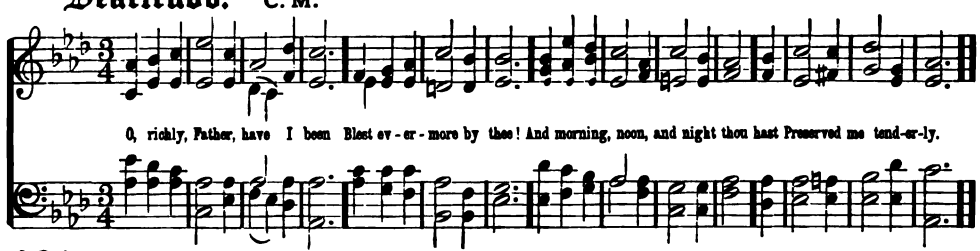
1 SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.

2 Sweet rose! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

3 Sweet spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade;
Thou, too, alas! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die!

Beatitudo. C. M.



461.

1 O, RICHLY, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by thee!
And morning, noon, and night thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

2 The love that thou alone canst claim,
To idols I have given;
And I have bound to earth, the hopes
That know no home but heaven.

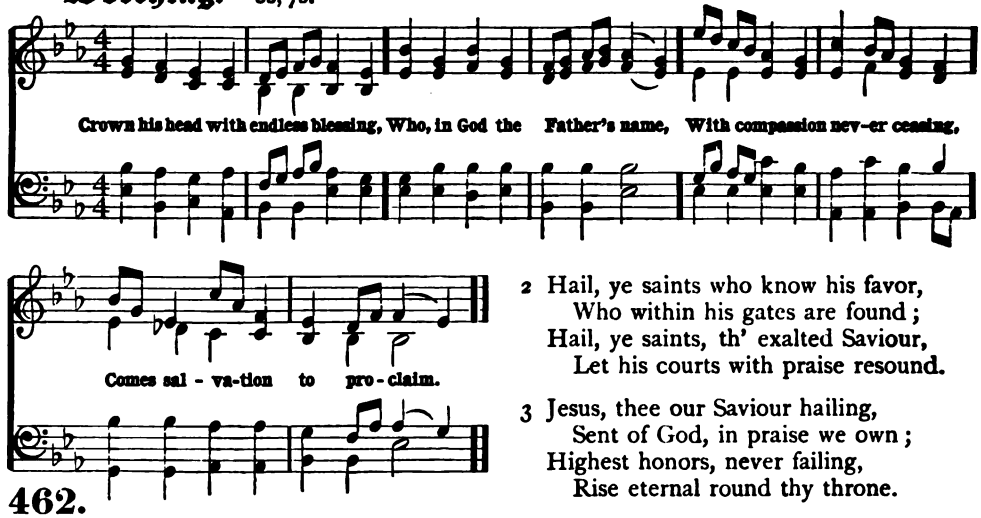
3 Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father; O, more than Father thou
Hast always been to me!

4 Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

5 That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
The mighty power of faith, —

6 Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

Worthing. 8s, 7s.


Crown his head with endless blessing, Who, in God the Father's name, With compassion nev-er ceasing,
Comes sal - va-tion to pro-claim.

462.

1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.

2 Hail, ye saints who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, th' exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Sent of God, in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows and flows forevermore.

463.

1 Onward, Christian! though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on!

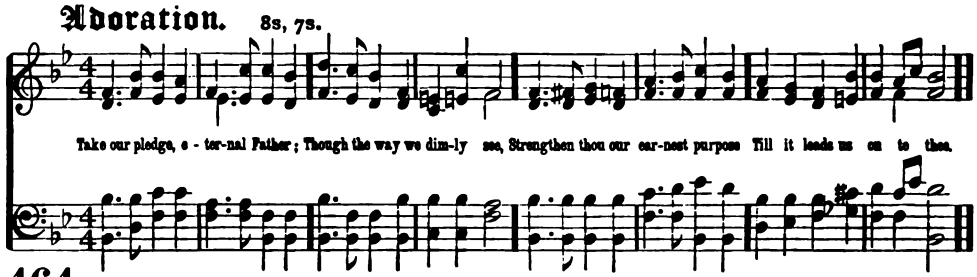
2 Listen, Christian! their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love;"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever: heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it; press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son,
By the prayer of Jesus: "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

Adoration. 8s, 7s.

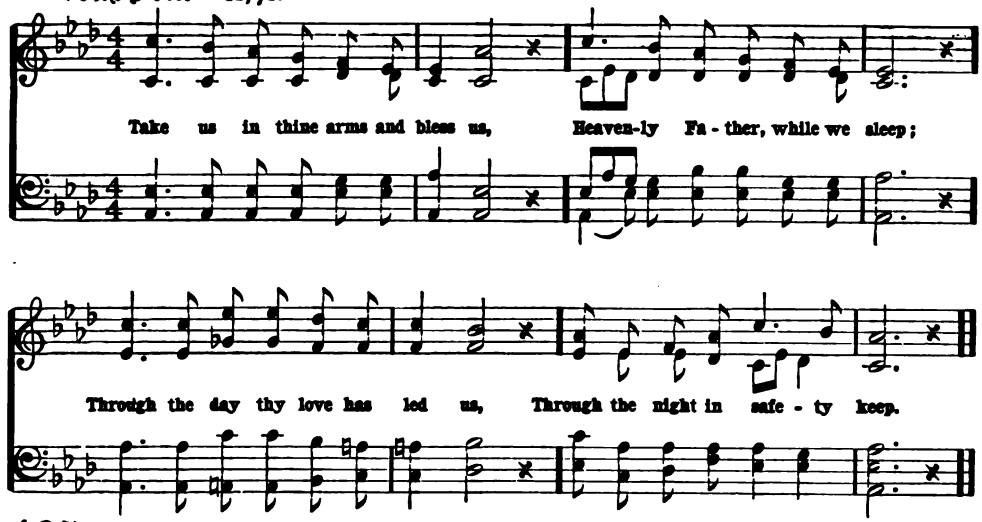

Take our pledge, e - ter-nal Father; Though the way we dim-ly see, Strengthen thou our ear-nest purpose Till it leads us on to thee.

464.

1 Take our pledge, eternal Father;
Though the way we dimly see,
Strengthen thou our earnest purpose
Till it leads us on to thee.

2 Standing for the Christ-like spirit,
Facing toward the morning light,
We, thy children, pledge our service:
Lead us, Father, in the right.

3 Take our pledge, and let it hold us
Ever in thy perfect way,
Till we come into thy kingdom,
Through the purpose of this day.

Lassen. 8s, 7s.

Take us in thine arms and bless us, Heaven-ly Fa - ther, while we sleep;
Through the day thy love has led us, Through the night in safe - ty keep.

465.

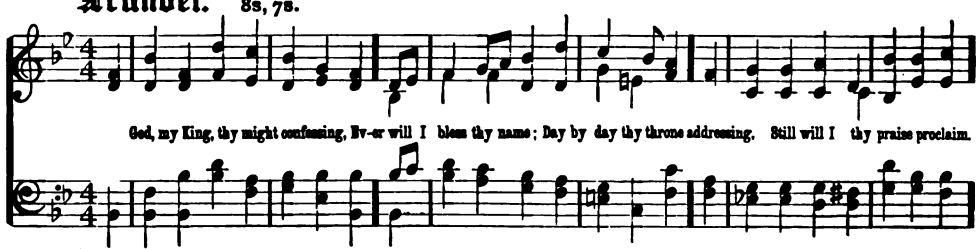
1 TAKE us in thine arms and bless us,
Heavenly Father, while we sleep;
Through the day thy love has led us,
Through the night in safety keep.

2 For thy goodness, Lord, we bless thee;
All our sins forgive, we pray;
May we wake to praise and serve thee
With the dawning of the day.

3 In the past thy power has kept us,
In the present guide us still;
And through all the veiled future
Shield us from all harm and ill.

4 When our work on earth is ended,
And life's evening shadows come,
May we fall asleep to waken
In our heavenly rest and home.

Arundel. 8s, 7s.


God, my King, thy might confessing, Ev-er will I bless thy name; Day by day thy throne addressing, Still will I thy praise proclaim.

466.

1 GOD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

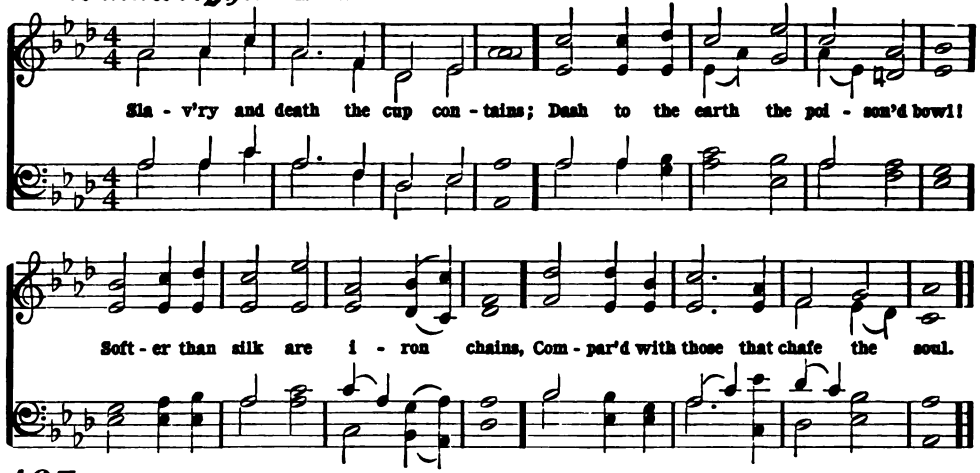
2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee
Thee shall all thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

Wainwright. L. M.

Sla - v'ry and death the cup con - tains; Dash to the earth the poi - son'd bowl!
Soft - er than silk are i - ron chains, Com - par'd with those that chafe the soul.

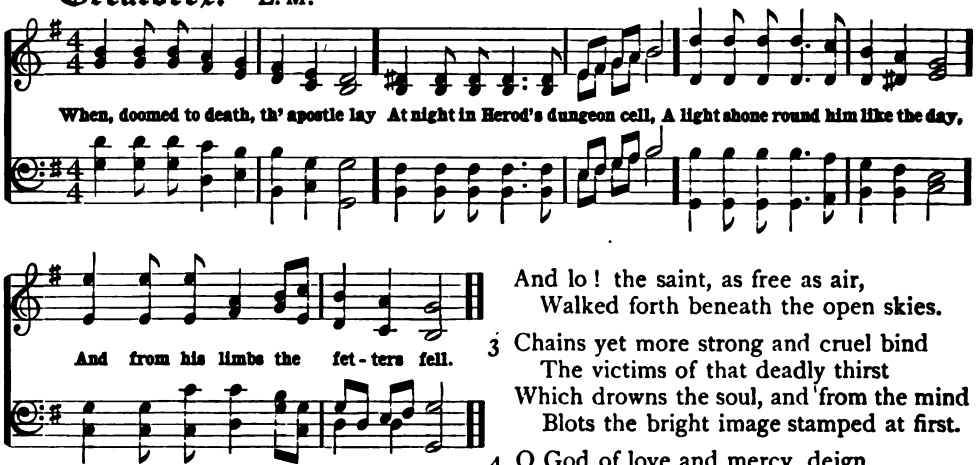
467.

1 SLAVERY and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys.
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruisèd reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless; guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

Greatorex. L. M.

When, doomed to death, th' apostle lay At night in Herod's dungeon cell, A light shone round him like the day,
And from his limbs the fet - ters fell.

468.

1 WHEN, doomed to death, the apostle lay
At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
A light shone round him like the day,
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

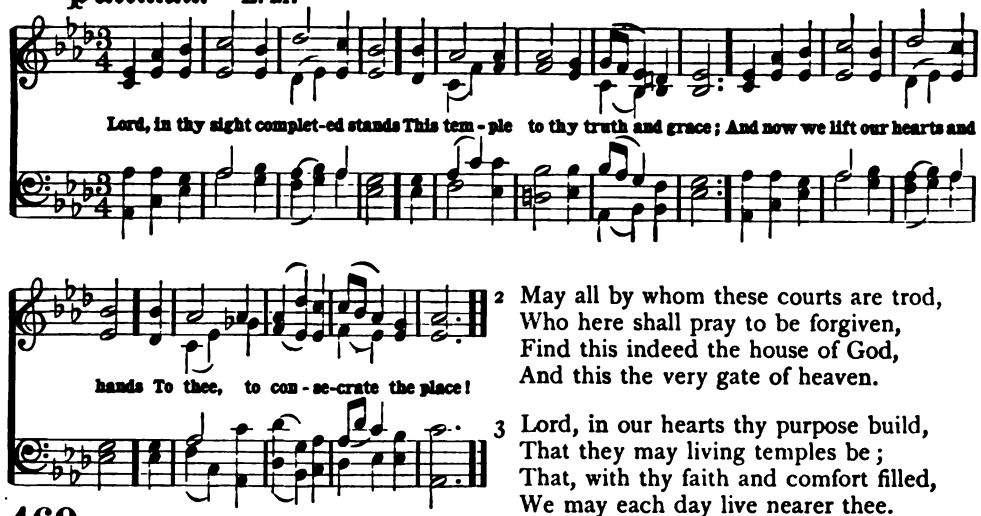
2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!

5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more.

Pullman. L. M.


Lord, in thy sight complet-ed stands This tem - ple to thy truth and grace; And now we lift our hearts and
hands To thee, to con - se-crate the place!

469.

1 LORD, in thy sight completed stands
This temple to thy truth and grace;
And now we lift our hearts and hands
To thee, to consecrate the place!

2 May all by whom these courts are trod,
Who here shall pray to be forgiven,
Find this indeed the house of God,
And this the very gate of heaven.

3 Lord, in our hearts thy purpose build,
That they may living temples be;
That, with thy faith and comfort filled,
We may each day live nearer thee.

4 And when at last shall break the bands
That bind our spirits to the dust,
To thine own house, not made with hands,
Take us to dwell with all the just.

470.

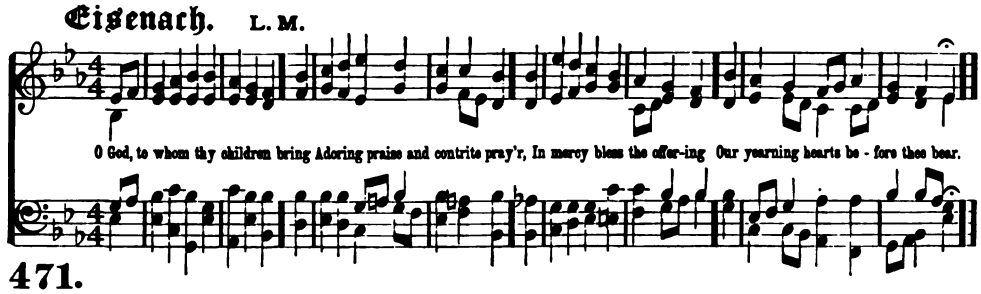
1 O LIFE that maketh all things new, —
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one.

3 One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;

4 The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death, —
The Life that maketh all things new.

Eisenach. L. M.


O God, to whom thy children bring Adoring praise and contrite pray'r, In mercy bless the offer-ing Our yearning hearts be - fore thee bear.

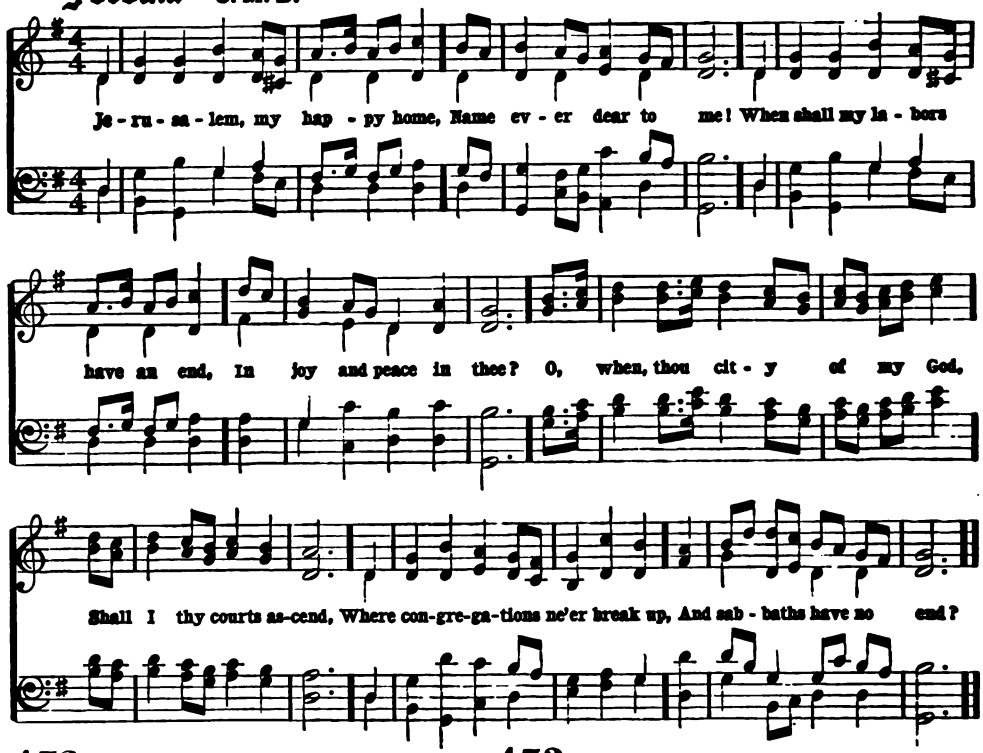
471.

1 O GOD, to whom thy children bring
Adoring praise and contrite prayer,
In mercy bless the offering
Our yearning hearts before thee bear.

2 With ardor for the heavenly race,
Unchecked by sin or mortal loss,
The Holy Spirit's quickening grace
Inspire this Soldier of the Cross.

3 Give him the Prophet's tongue of flame,
The Patriarch's patience to endure;
And may the Master's sacred name
Be written on a life all pure.

4 So Eloquence and Truth and Love
Shall win the trophies of thy word,
And fit, e'en here, for realms above,
The priceless jewels of our Lord.

Jordan. C. M. D.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors
have an end, In joy and peace in thee? O, when, thou cit - y of my God,
Shall I thy courts as-cend, Where con-gre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And sab - baths have no end?

472.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?
O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

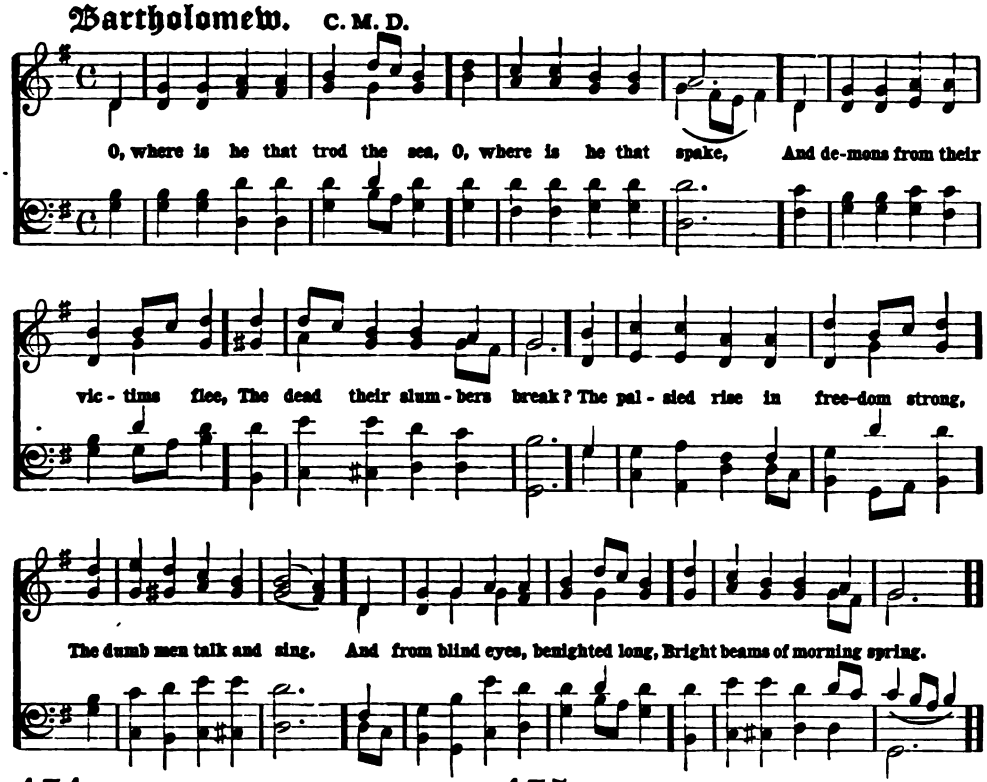
2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you!
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

473.

1 THE golden clouds that float along
Like banners of the sky;
The breeze that like a spirit's song
In melody goes by;
The earth, of joy and gladness full,
In ocean, glen, and grove, —
All nature, bright and beautiful,
Proclaims that God is love.

2 At night, when softly in the sky
The smiling stars come forth,
Each brooding like a seraph's eye
Above the slumbering earth,
The moon, in naked beauty, flings
Her radiance from above,
And 'mid the silver silence sings,
Her Maker's name is love.

3 And hark! from Judah's holy hills
We hear a voice divine;
In our delighted hearts it thrills:
Blest Saviour, it is thine!
Its hallowed tones in rapture soar
All nature's songs above:
It speaks — ah! now we doubt no more —
The Lord our God is love!

Bartholomew. C. M. D.
O, where is he that trod the sea, O, where is he that spake, And de-mons from their
vic - tims flee, The dead their slum - bers break? The pal - sied rise in free-dom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing. And from blind eyes, benighted long, Bright beams of morning spring.

474.

1 O, WHERE is he that trod the sea,
O, where is he that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O, where is he that trod the sea?
'T is only he can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal he gave:
Full soon, by pow'r celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take;
'T was springtide when he blessed the bread,
'T was harvest when he brake.

3 O, where is he that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs he 'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased, or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

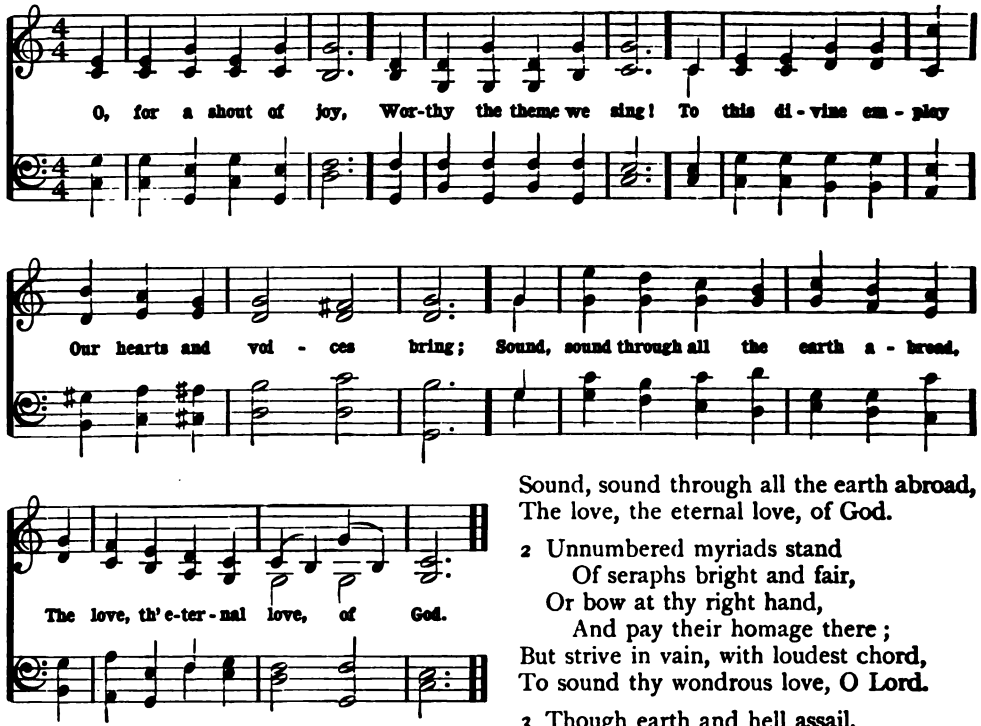
475.

1 A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

2 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And, dawning on a lonely birth,
Uprose the light of man.

3 For troubles such as man must bear,
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict, and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest sheaf
His patient love shall win.

Arthur. H. M.


O, for a shout of joy, Wor-thy the theme we sing! To this di-vine em-ploy
Our hearts and voi-ces bring; Sound, sound through all the earth a-broad,
The love, th' e-ter-nal love, of God.

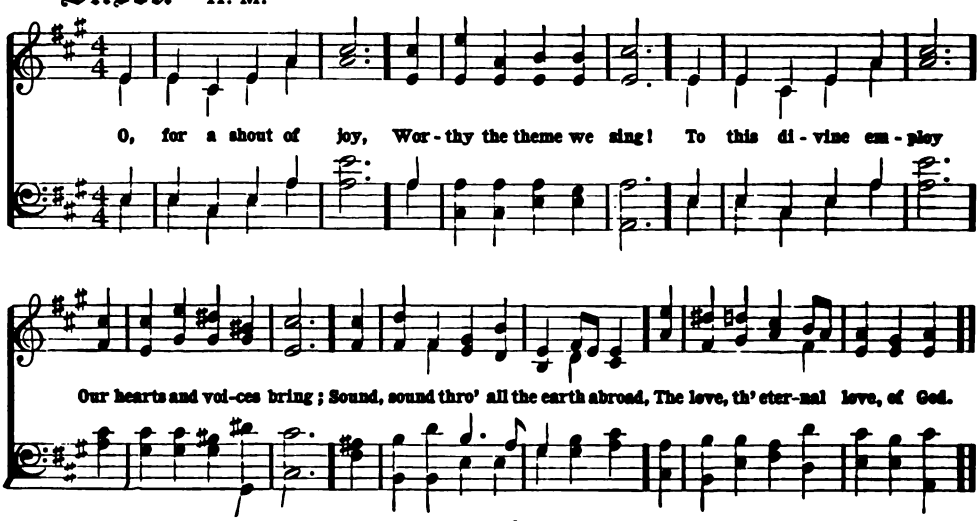
476.

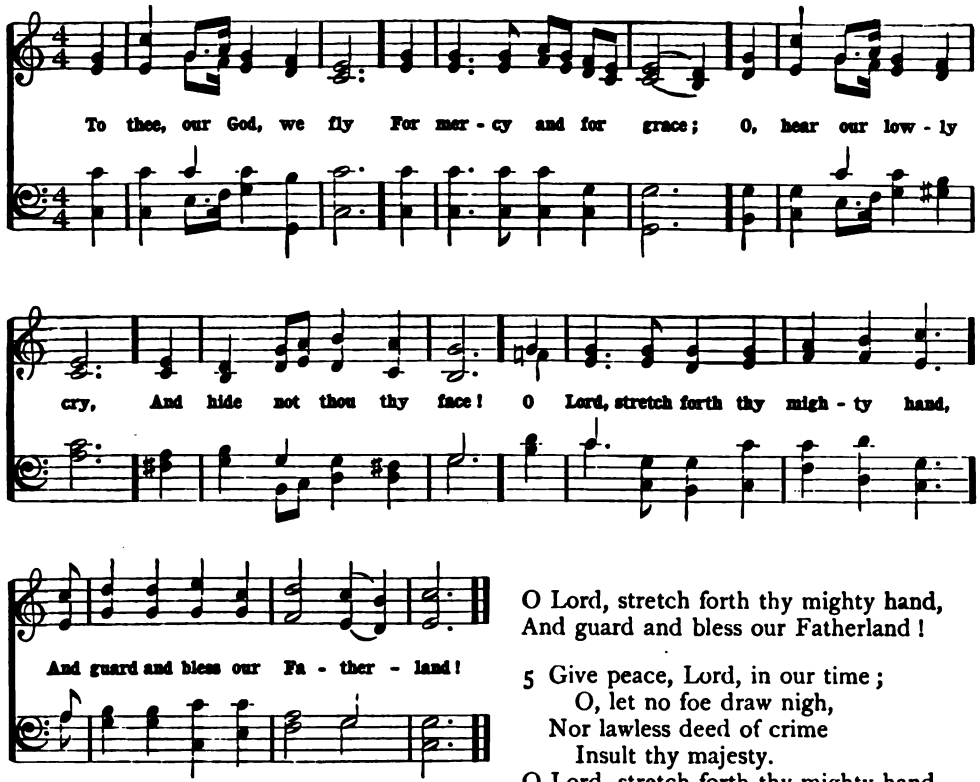
1 O, FOR a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound through all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

Silsoe. H. M.


O, for a shout of joy, Wor-thy the theme we sing! To this di-vine em-ploy
Our hearts and voi-ces bring; Sound, sound thro' all the earth abroad, The love, th' eter-nal love, of God.

Return. H. M.

To thee, our God, we fly For mer - cy and for grace; O, hear our low - ly
cry, And hide not thou thy face! O Lord, stretch forth thy migh - ty hand,
And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land!

477.

1 To thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O, hear our lowly cry,
And hide not thou thy face!
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

3 The powers ordained by thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

4 The Church of thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

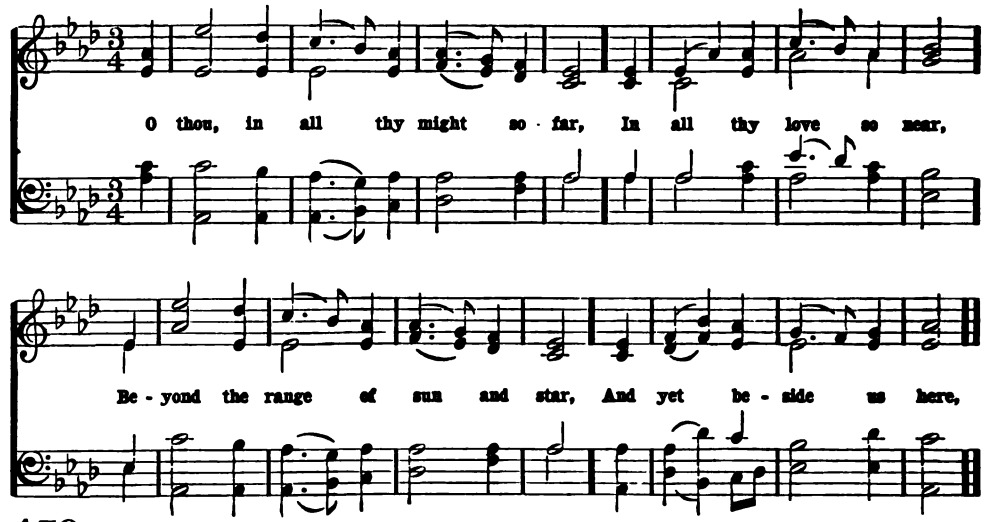
5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O, let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult thy majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

478.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below!

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above, —
Till all who humbly seek thy face
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

Boardman. C. M.

479.

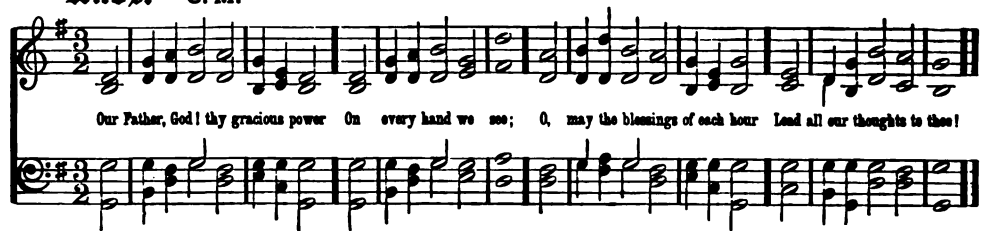
1 O THOU, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,

2 What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art, within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about?

3 Yet, though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more;
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore!

4 O, sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see!

5 And dearer than all things I know,
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

Knox. C. M.

480.

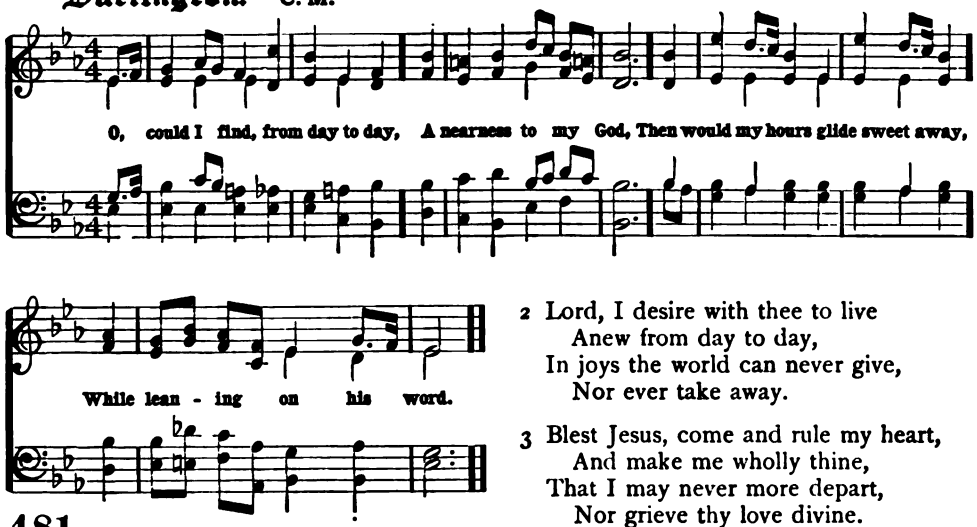
1 OUR Father, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of Heaven we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed, O God, from thee!

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend,
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend!

Burlington. C. M.

481.

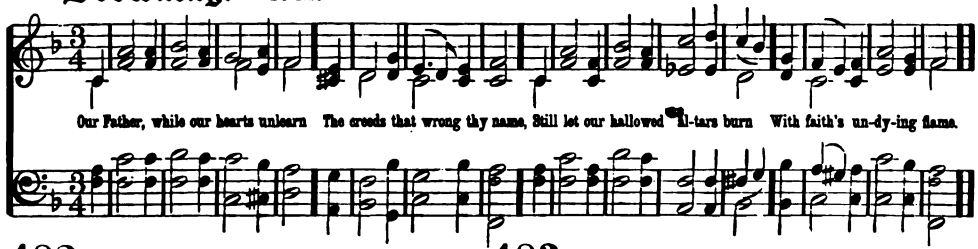
1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore ;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Browning. C. M.


Our Father, while our hearts unlearn The creeds that wrong thy name, Still let our hallowed al-tars burn With faith's un-dy-ing flame.

482.

1 OUR Father, while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

2 Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see ;
The star of love must light the path
That leads to heaven and thee.

3 If, 'mid the gathering storms of doubt,
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without,
Thy love will not withhold.

4 Our prayers accept ; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew ;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

483.

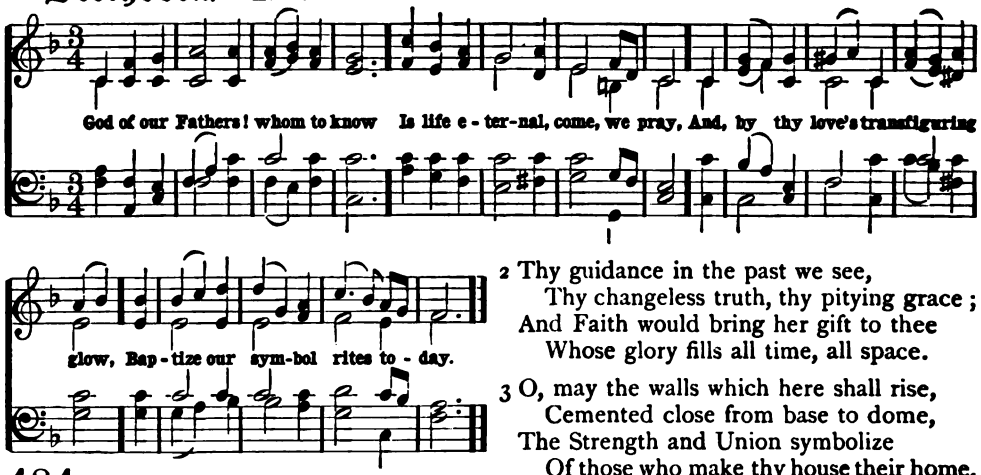
1 IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 Blow, winds of God ! awake, and blow
The mists of earth away !
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray !

4 Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly vine,
Within our earthly sod ;
Most human, and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

Beethoven. L. M.


God of our Fathers! whom to know Is life e - ter-nal, come, we pray, And, by thy love's transfiguring
glow, Bap - tize our sym-bol rites to - day.

484.

1 God of our Fathers! whom to know
Is life eternal, come, we pray,
And, by thy love's transfiguring glow,
Baptize our symbol rites to-day.

2 Thy guidance in the past we see,
Thy changeless truth, thy pitying grace;
And Faith would bring her gift to thee
Whose glory fills all time, all space.

3 O, may the walls which here shall rise,
Cemented close from base to dome,
The Strength and Union symbolize
Of those who make thy house their home.

4 So shall thy Spirit's quickening power,
Here as a central light be known,
And men and angels bless the hour
We laid in faith our corner-stone.

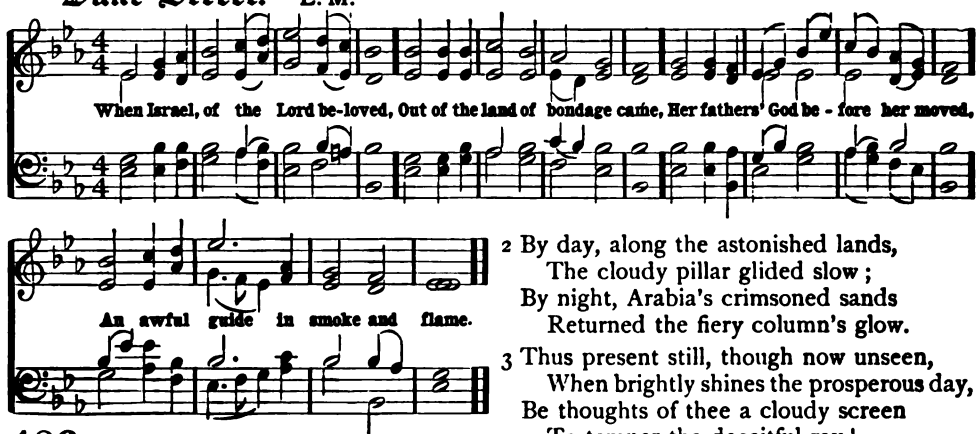
485.

1 Give me thy heart, O thoughtless youth,
Ere yet the evil days draw near!
O, early seek the ways of truth,
Ere hope grow dim, ere life be drear!

2 Give me thine heart! The yoke I lay
Upon thy youthful neck is light;
My burden grows from day to day
More dear to sense, more fair to sight!

3 Come to me now! The crown I press
Upon thy brow hath not a thorn;
A crown so rare, to soothe and bless,
No royal head hath ever worn!

4 Come to me now! This hour decide, —
And be thine offering full and free:
O, for his sake who for thee died,
My wandering child, come home to me!

Duke Street. L. M.

When Israel, of the Lord be-loved, Out of the land of bondage came, Her fathers' God be - fore her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

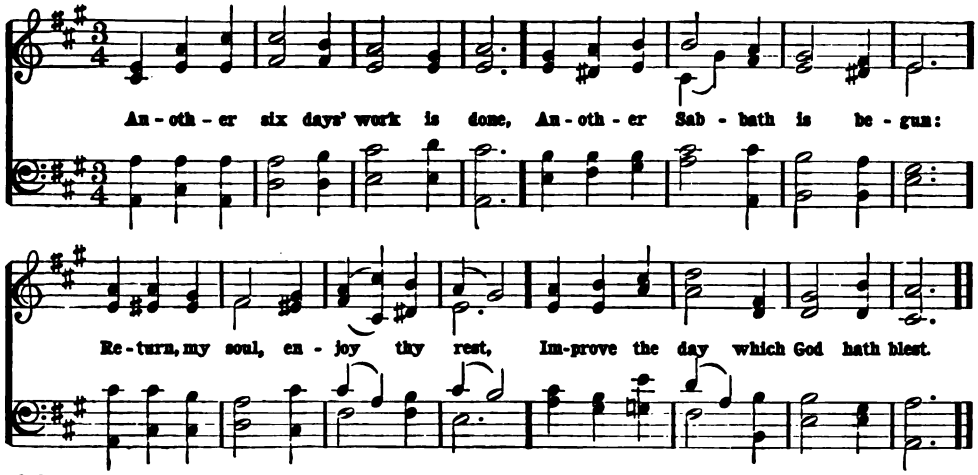
486.

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray!

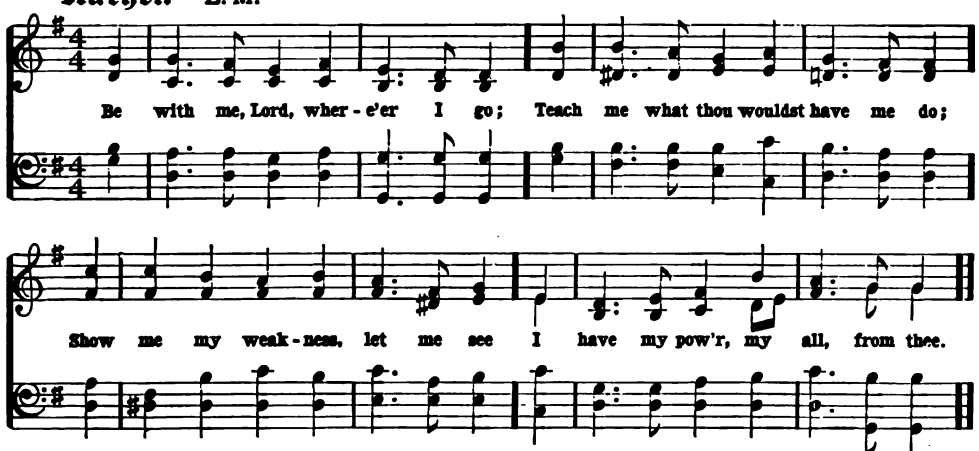
4 And, O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Stennett. L. M.

487.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.

2 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

Rachel. L. M.

Be with me, Lord, wher - e'er I go; Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Show me my weak - ness, let me see I have my pow'r, my all, from thee.

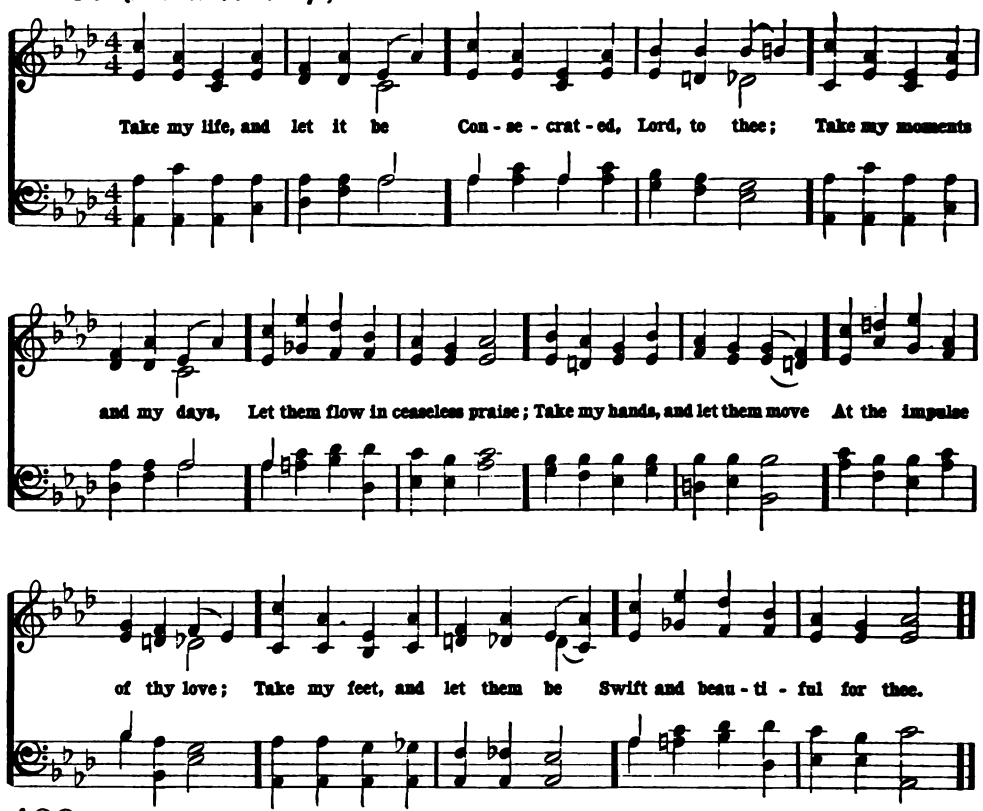
488.

1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from thee.

2 Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

4 O, may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

Consecration. 7s, D.

Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee; Take my moments
and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise; Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse
of thy love; Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.

489.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee;
Take my silver and my gold, —
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

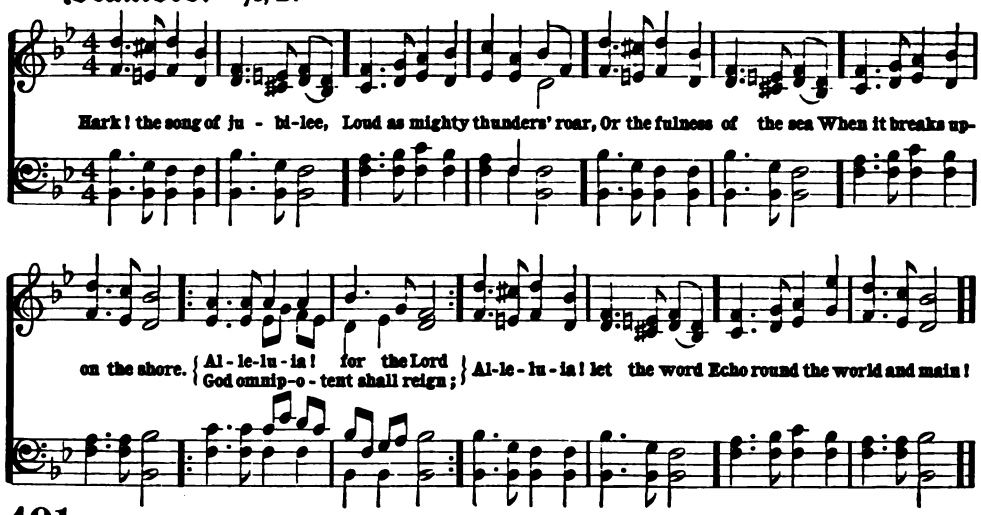
3 Take my will, and make it thine, —
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, — it is thine own, —
It shall be thy royal throne;
Take my love, — my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

490.

1 GOD of love, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Son agree;
Show to us the Prince of Peace;
Bid our strifes forever cease.
By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread the banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

Stanford. 7s, D.


Hark! the song of ju - bi-lee, Loud as mighty thunders' roar, Or the fulness of the sea When it breaks up-
on the shore. { Al-le-lu-ia! for the Lord God omnip-o-tent shall reign; } Al-le-lu-ia! let the word Echo round the world and main!

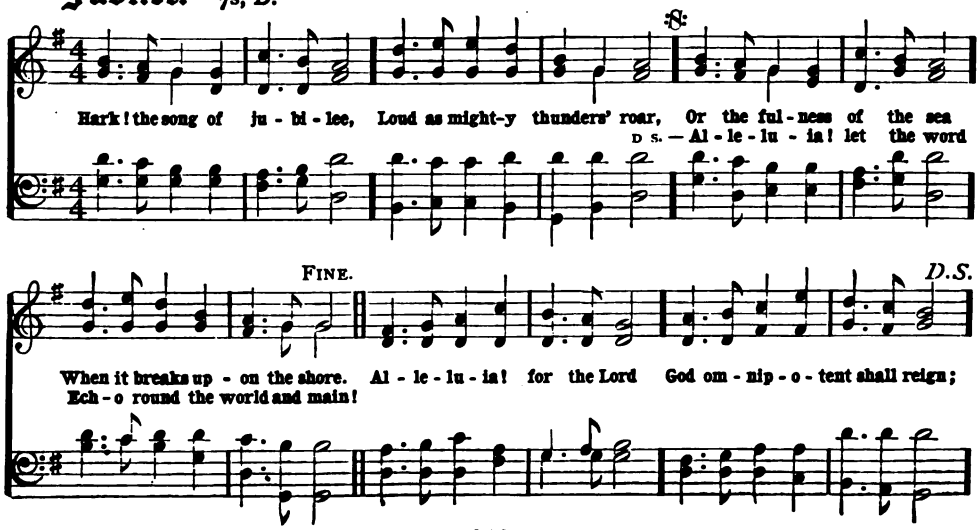
491.

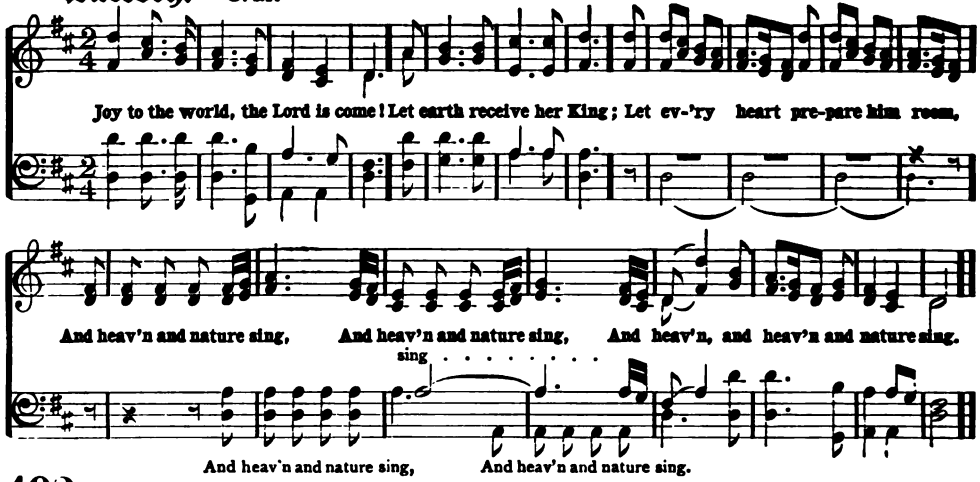
1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.
Alleluia! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Alleluia! let the word
Echo round the world and main!

2 Alleluia! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'t is done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall.
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

Jubilee. 7s, D.


Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thunders' roar, Or the ful-ness of the sea
D S. — Al - le - lu - ia! let the word
FINE.
D.S.
When it breaks up - on the shore. Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
Ech - o round the world and main!

Antioch. C. M.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
sing
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

492.

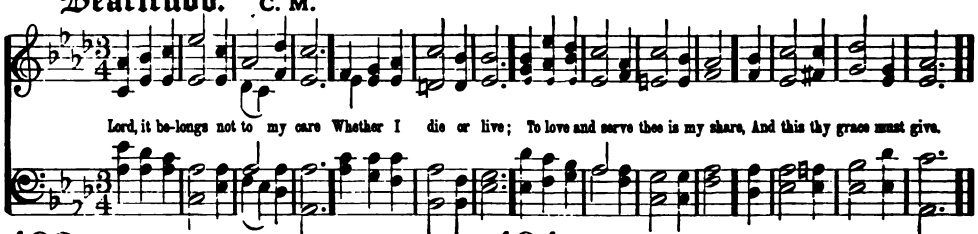
1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Beatitudo. C. M.



493.

1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

494.

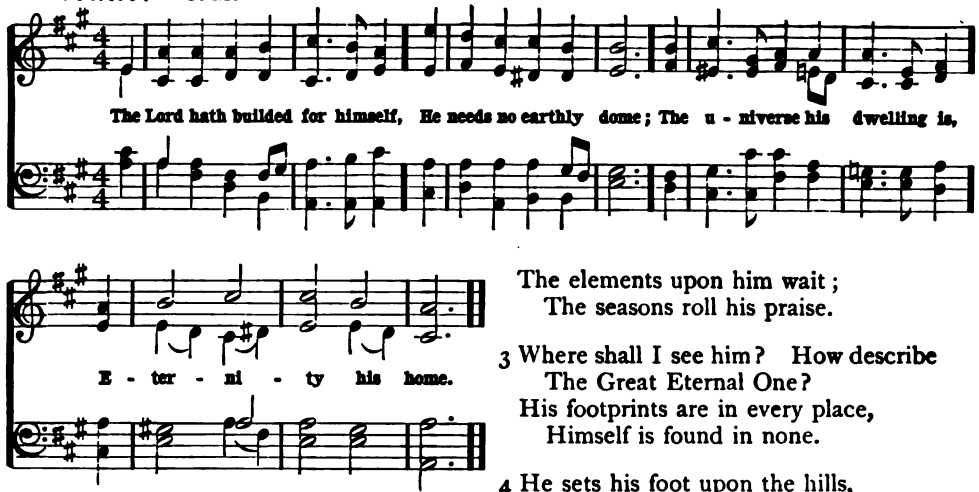
1 Jesus! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

4 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

Laud. C. M.



495.

1 The Lord hath builded for himself,
He needs no earthly dome;
The universe his dwelling is,
Eternity his home.

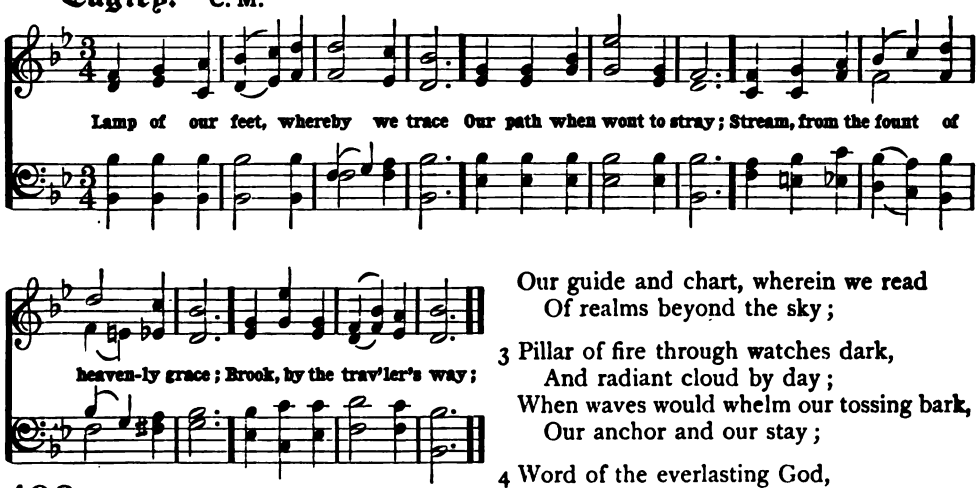
2 Earth is his altar: Nature there
Her daily tribute pays:
The elements upon him wait;
The seasons roll his praise.

3 Where shall I see him? How describe
The Great Eternal One?
His footprints are in every place,
Himself is found in none.

4 He sets his foot upon the hills,
And earth beneath him quakes;
He walks upon the hurricane,
And in the thunder speaks.

5 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

Eagley. C. M.


Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace Our path when wont to stray; Stream, from the fount of
heaven-ly grace; Brook, by the trav'ler's way;

496.

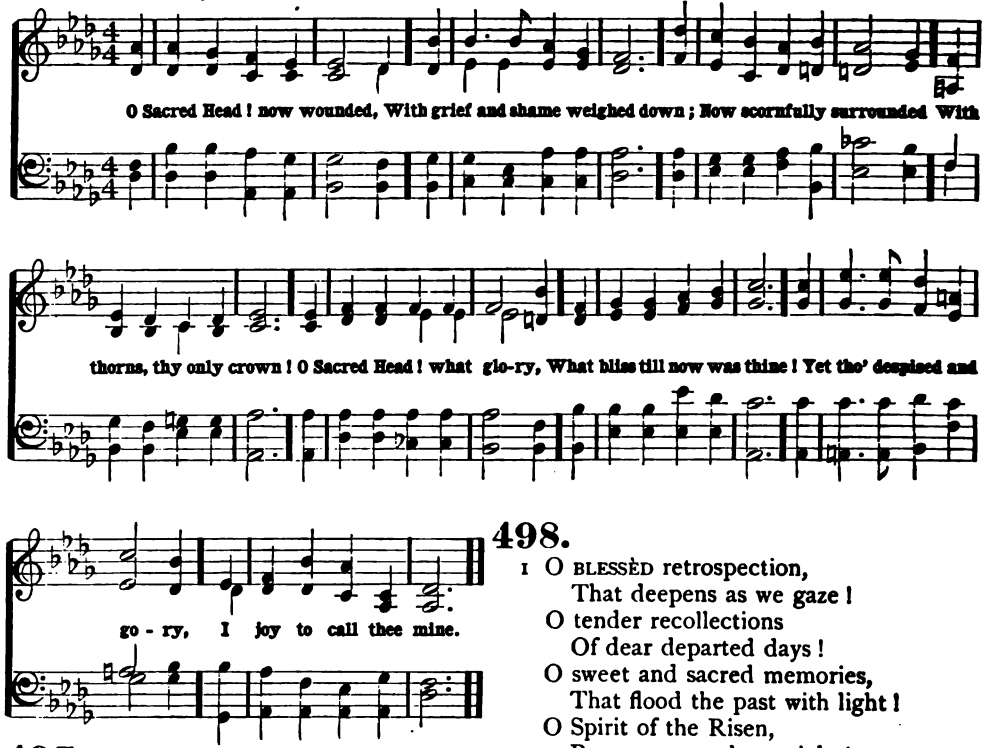
1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook, by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of his glorious Son,
Without thee, how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Relief. 7s, 6s, D.

O Sacred Head! now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down; Now scornfully surrounded With
thorns, thy only crown! O Sacred Head! what glo-ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet tho' despised and
go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

497.

1 O SACRED Head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown!
O Sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee!

3 Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies happy through thy love.

498.

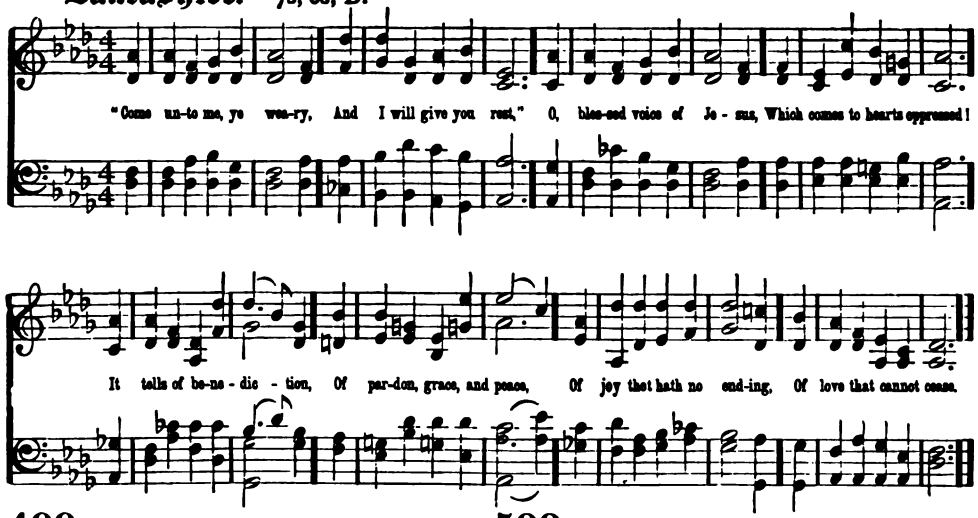
1 O BLESSÈD retrospection,
That deepens as we gaze!
O tender recollections
Of dear departed days!
O sweet and sacred memories,
That flood the past with light!
O Spirit of the Risen,
Renew our souls to-night!

2 While for this glad reunion
We come in sweet accord,
On every waiting spirit
Bestow thy blessing, Lord!
Accept our deep thanksgiving,
Our Father, that thy care,
Thy brooding love and kindness,
Hath kept us everywhere.

3 All the dear fold, O Father,
Bring home in spirit now;
The present and the absent,
Help to renew their vow;
When, far from this loved altar,
Our weakness, Lord, we see,
Wilt thou, to feet that falter,
New strength and courage be!

4 Lord, let thy sacred presence
Go with us when we part,
And may this glad reunion
Bind close our hands and hearts.
To every holy purpose
The better life to live,
O, may this sweet refreshing,
New consecration give!

Lancashire. 7s, 6s, D.


"Come un-to me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest," O, bles-sed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of be-ne - dic - tion, Of par-don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end-ing, Of love that cannot cease.

499.

1 "Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

2 "Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But he has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to thee!

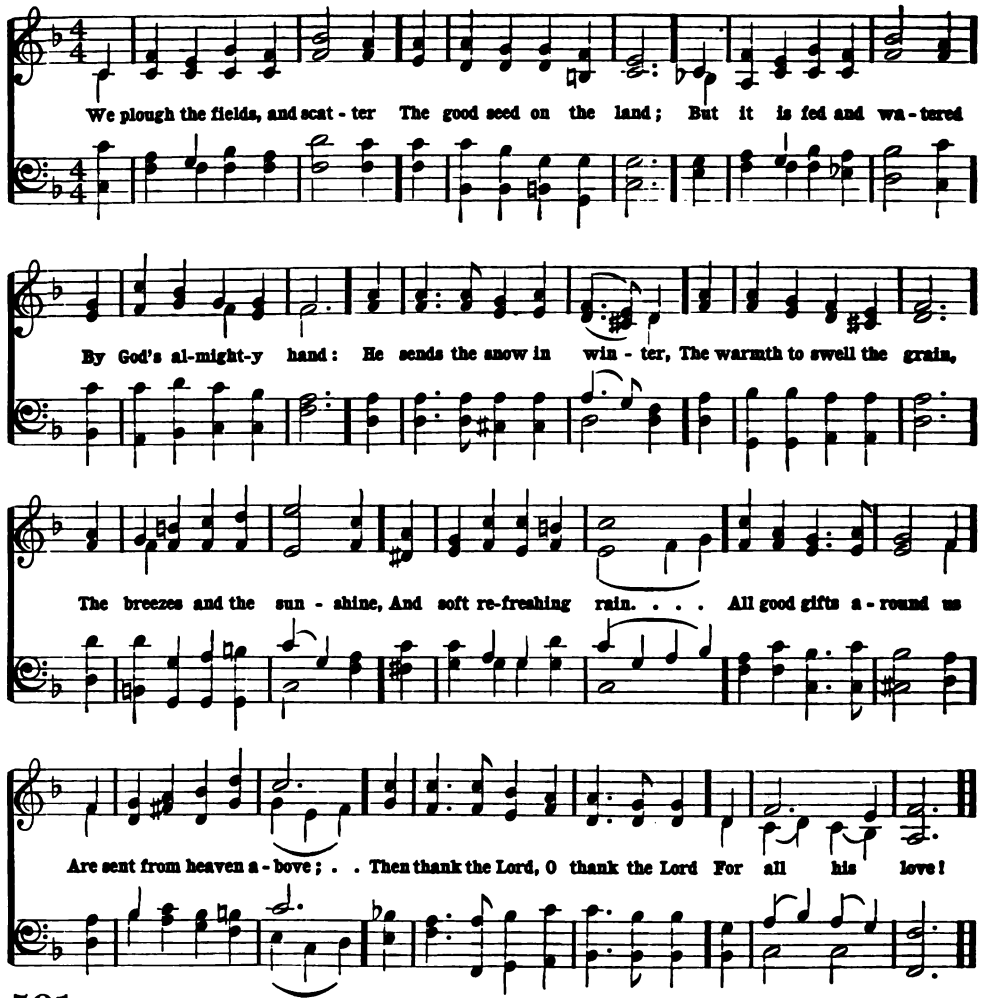
500.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may, —

3 "It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 "Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there, —
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice!"

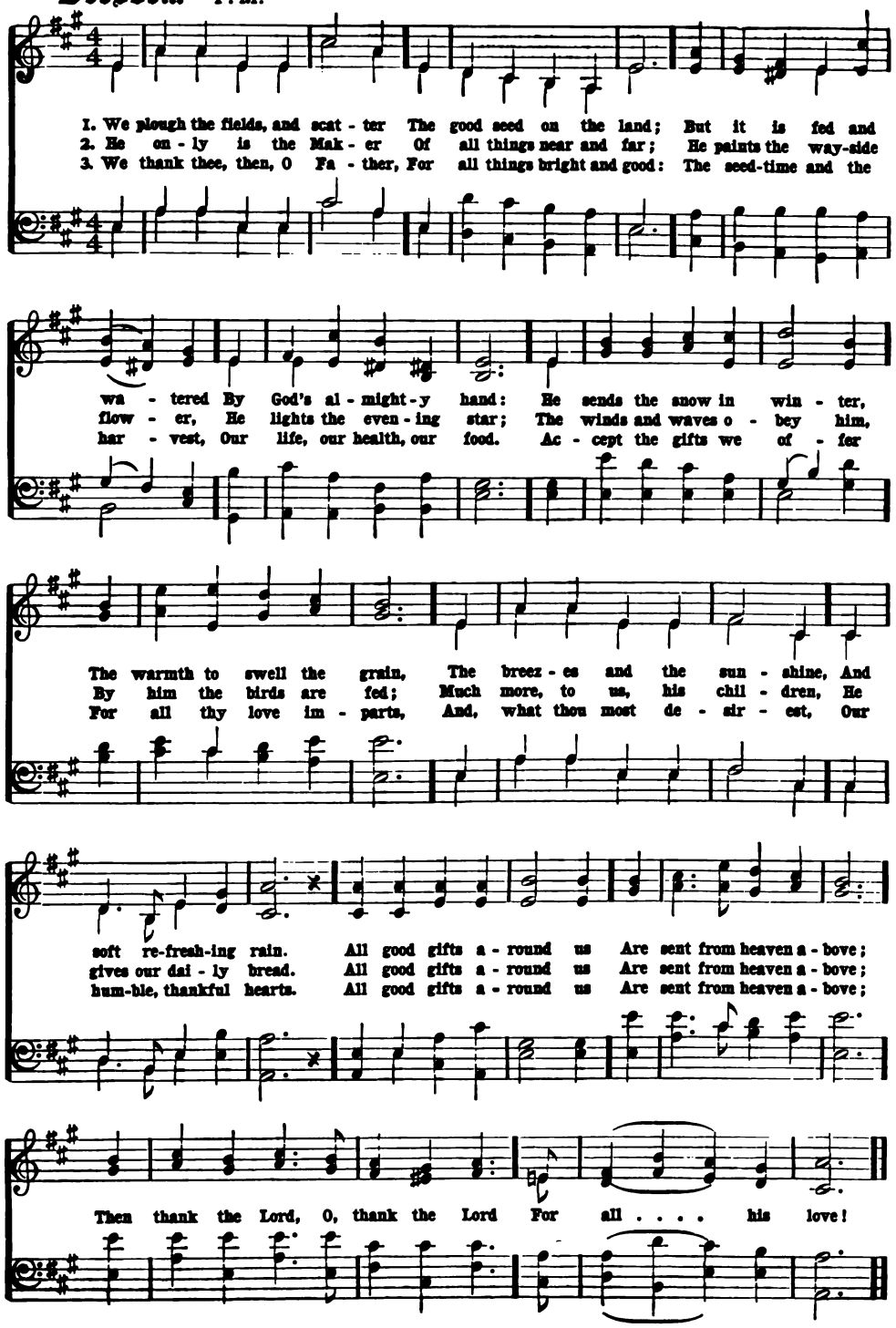
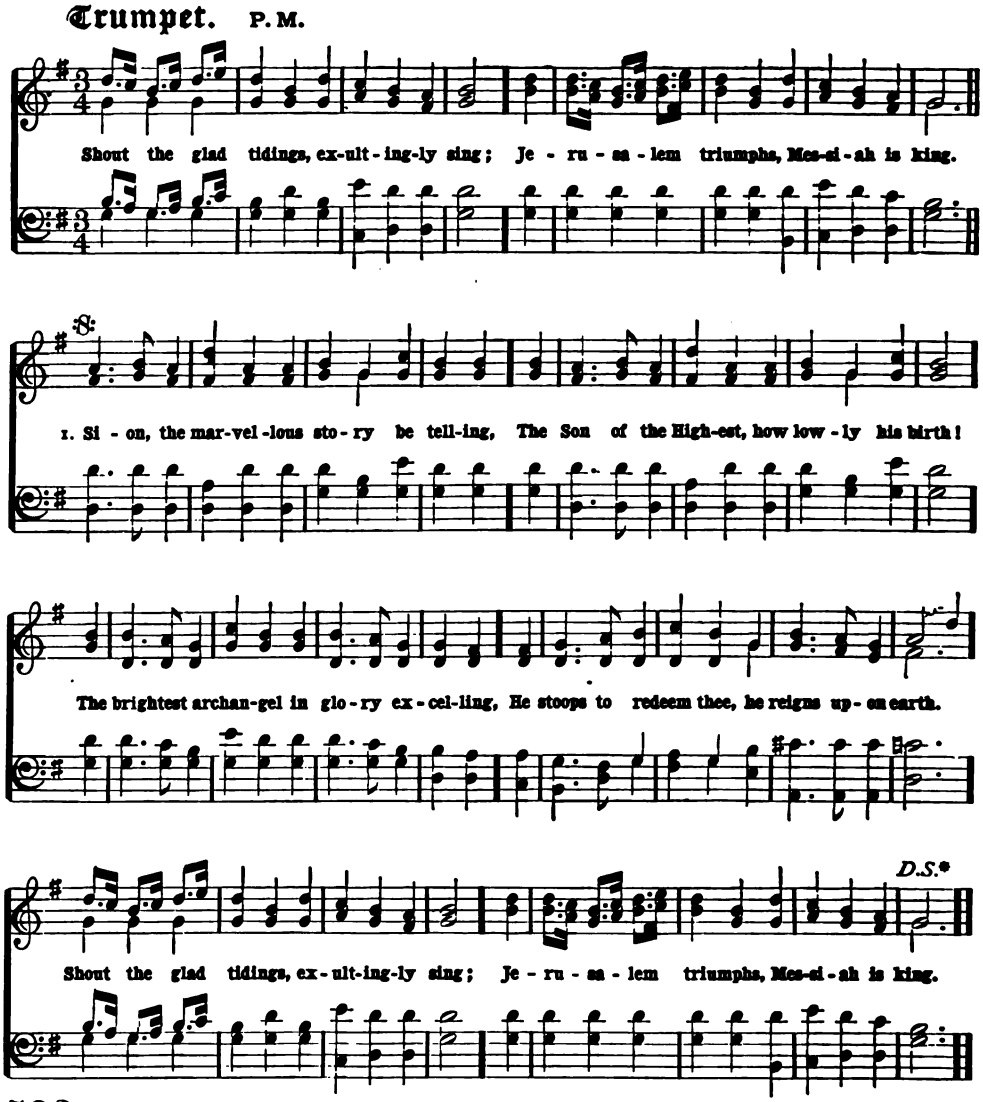
Cottman. P. M.

We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land; But it is fed and wa - tered
By God's al-might-y hand: He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sun - shine, And soft re-freshing rain. . . . All good gifts a - round us
Are sent from heaven a - bove; . . Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all his love!

501.

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land;
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O, thank the Lord
For all his love!

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more, to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good:
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

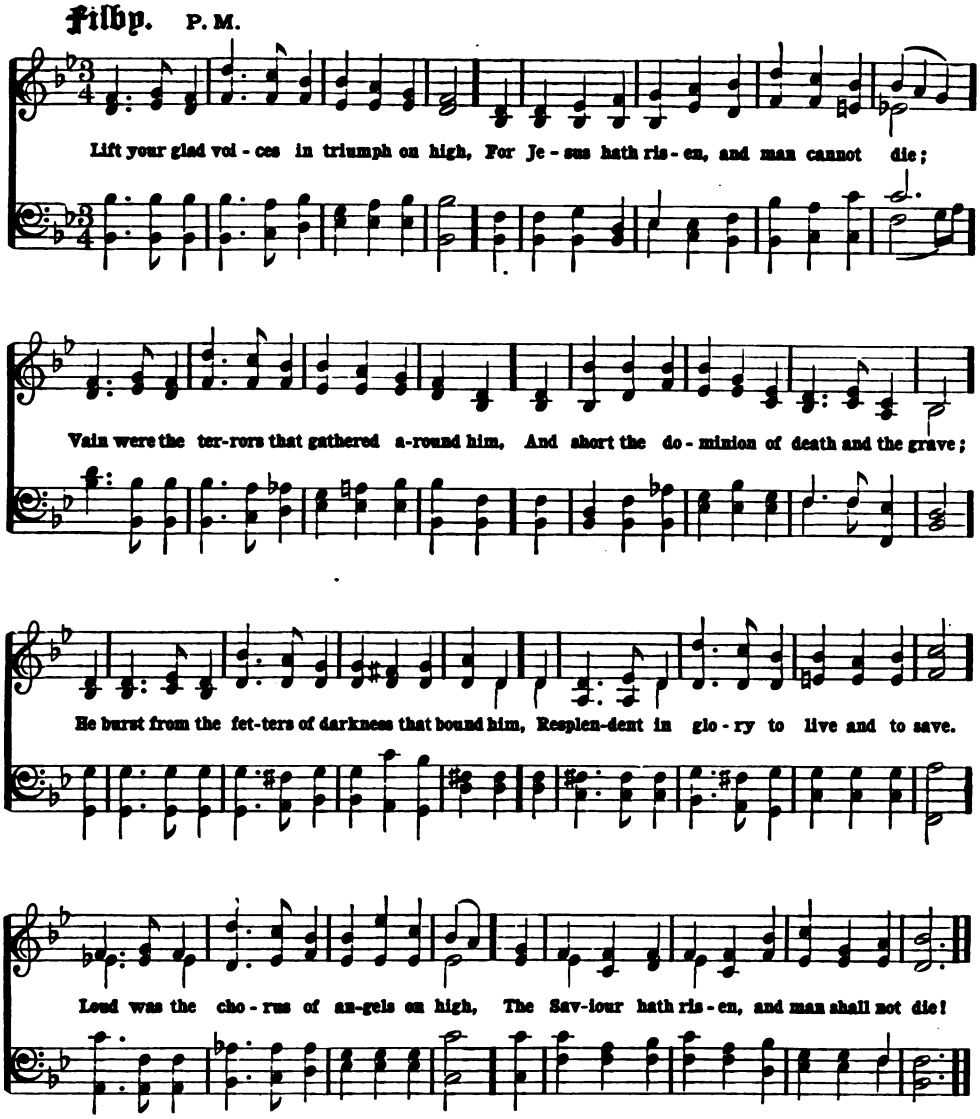
Dresden. P. M.

1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land; But it is fed and
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the way-side
3. We thank thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good: The seed-time and the
wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand: He sends the snow in win - ter,
flow - er, He lights the even - ing star; The winds and waves o - bey him,
har - vest, Our life, our health, our food. Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer
The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine, And
By him the birds are fed; Much more, to us, his chil - dren, He
For all thy love im - parts, And, what thou most de - sir - est, Our
soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a - bove;
gives our dai - ly bread. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a - bove;
hum-ble, thankful hearts. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a - bove;
Then thank the Lord, O, thank the Lord For all . . . . his love!

Trumpet. P. M.
Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is king.
1. Si - on, the mar-vel-lous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the High-est, how low-ly his birth!
The brightest archan-gel in glo-ry ex-cel-ling, He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth.
D.S.*
Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is king.

502.

1 * SION, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

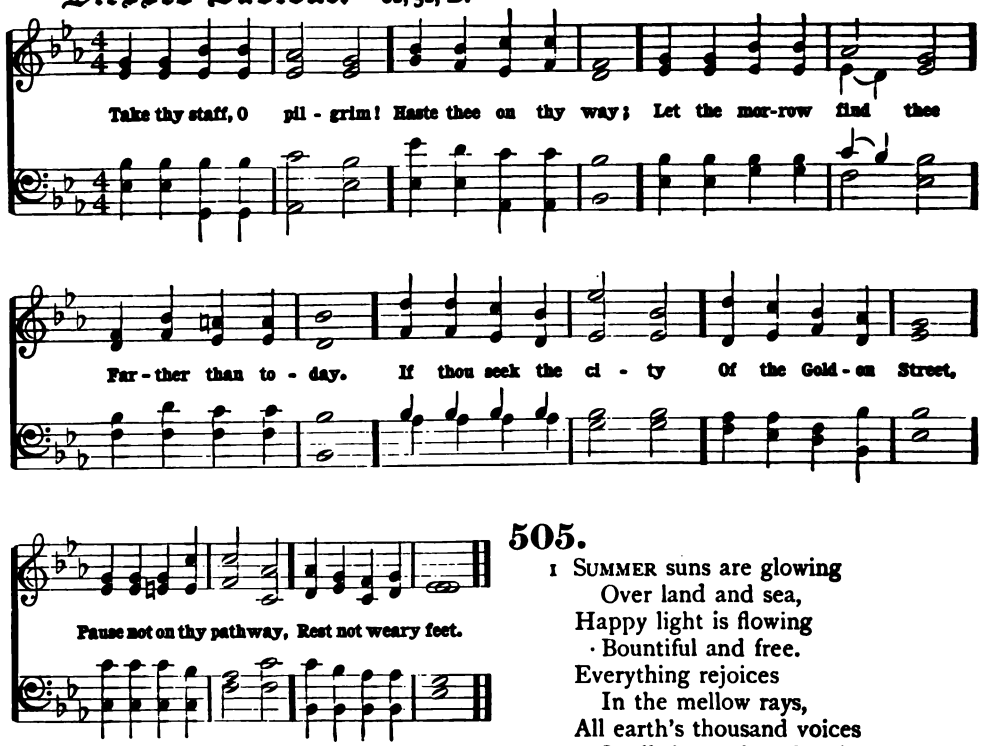
* *Note that the stanza begins at the* ninth measure of the music; but the first eight measures should be sung after an organ *interlude as well as at the beginning.*

Filby. P. M.
Lift your glad voi - ces in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man cannot die;
Vain were the ter-rors that gathered a-round him, And short the do - minion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fet-ters of darkness that bound him, Resplen-dent in glo - ry to live and to save.
Loud was the cho - rus of an-gels on high, The Sav-iour hath ris - en, and man shall not die!

503.

1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die!

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

Blessed Saviour. 6s, 5s, D.


Take thy staff, O pil - grim! Haste thee on thy way; Let the mor-row find thee
Far-ther than to - day. If thou seek the ci - ty Of the Gold-en Street,
Pause not on thy pathway, Rest not weary feet.

504.

1 TAKE thy staff, O pilgrim!
Haste thee on thy way;
Let the morrow find thee
Farther than to-day.
If thou seek the city
Of the Golden Street,
Pause not on thy pathway,
Rest not weary feet.

2 In the heavenly journey
Press with zeal along;
Resting will but weary,
Running make thee strong.
Wings that eagles carry
Rear them in their flight;
So thy burden bears thee,
Surely, then, 't is light!

3 Haste! it hath been told thee
All things are thine own;
Pass the pearly portals,
Stand before the throne.
Here thy journey endeth,
Here thy staff lay down;
Enter here thy mansion,
Here receive thy crown!

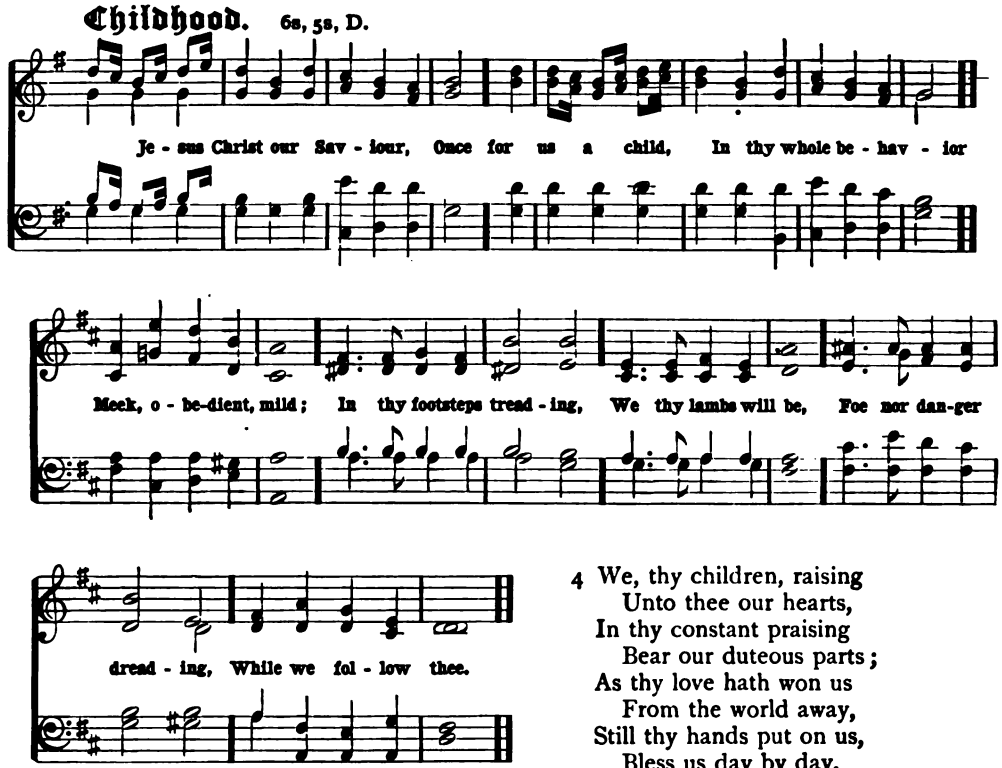
505.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Make us love thee more;
And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh!

4 We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light;
Life is dark without thee,
Death with thee is bright.
Light of Light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.


Childhood. 6s, 5s, D.
Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, Once for us a child, In thy whole be - hav - ior
Meek, o - be-dient, mild; In thy footsteps tread - ing, We thy lambs will be, Foe nor dan-ger
dread - ing, While we fol - low thee.

506.

1 Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Once for us a child,
In thy whole behavior
Meek, obedient, mild;
In thy footsteps treading,
We thy lambs will be,
Foe nor danger dreading,
While we follow thee.

2 For the varied blessings
Given us to share, —
Mother's fond caressings,
Father's guardian care, —
For our friends and kindred,
For our daily food,
For our wanderings hindered,
For our learning good;

3 For all thou bestowest,
All thou dost withhold;
Whatsoe'er thou knowest
Best for us, thy fold;
For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till in heavenly places
We thy face shall know, —

4 We, thy children, raising
Unto thee our hearts,
In thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts;
As thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still thy hands put on us,
Bless us day by day.

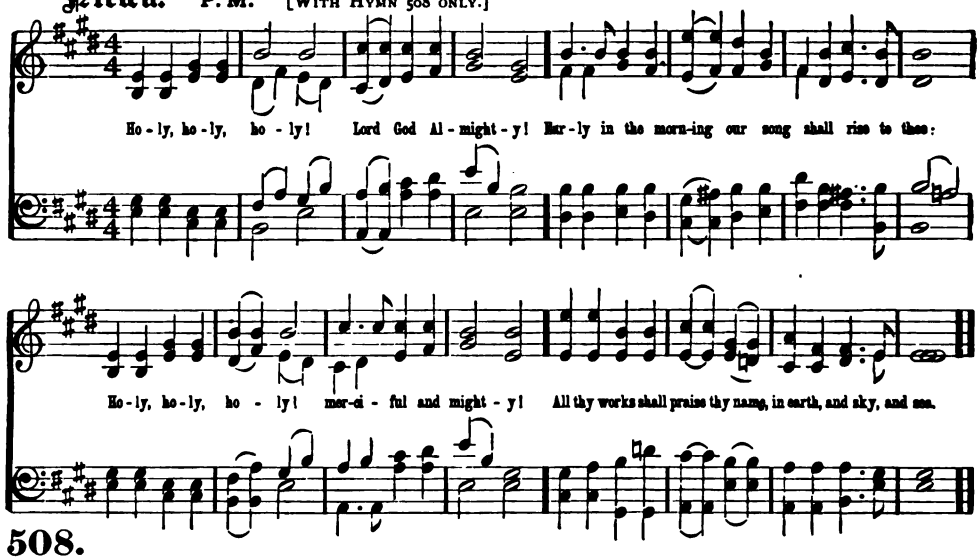
507.

1 In the hour of trial,
Father, strengthen me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from thee.
When thou see'st me waver,
With a touch recall,
Nor from thy dear favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm, —
By thy love sustaining,
Father, keep thy child;
All my foes restraining,
And my passions wild.

3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below, —
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

Nicæa. P. M. [With Hymn 508 only.]


Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee:
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! mer-ci-ful and might-y! All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea.

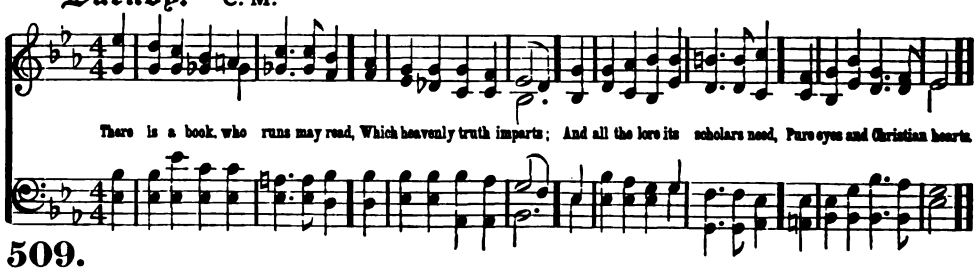
508.

1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Thou who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be!

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee
Infinite in power, in love and purity!

Barnby. C. M.


There is a book, who runs may read, Which heavenly truth imparts; And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

509.

1 There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

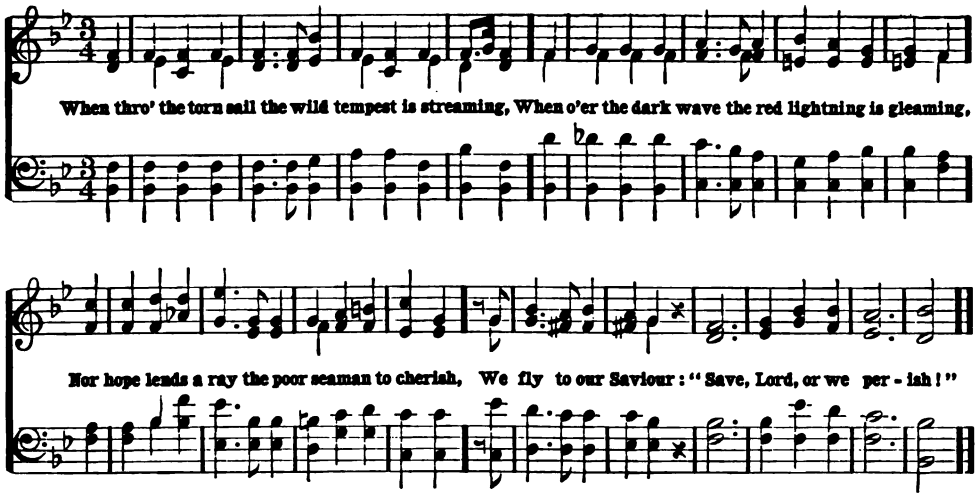
2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

5 Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

Haven. 12s. [With Hymn 510 only.]


When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Saviour: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish!"

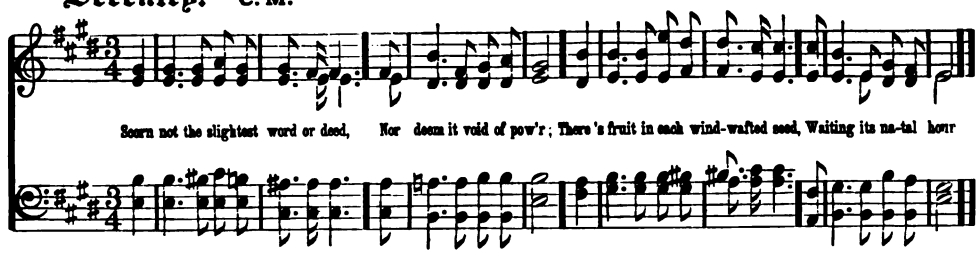
510.

1 When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Saviour: "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemèd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

Serenity. C. M.



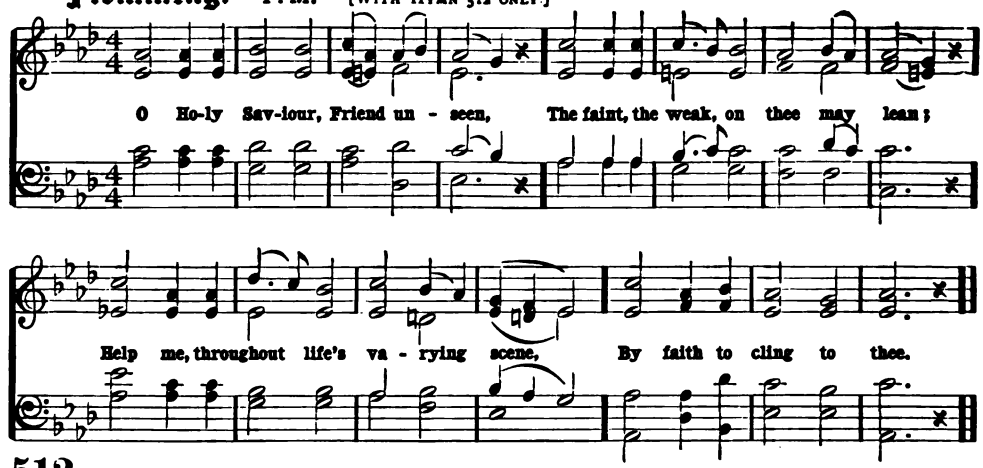
511.

1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work, and despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that love the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Flemming. P. M. [With Hymn 513 only.]

O Ho-ly Sav-iour, Friend un - seen, The faint, the weak, on thee may lean;
Help me, throughout life's va - rying scene, By faith to cling to thee.

512.

1 O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on thee may lean;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to thee?

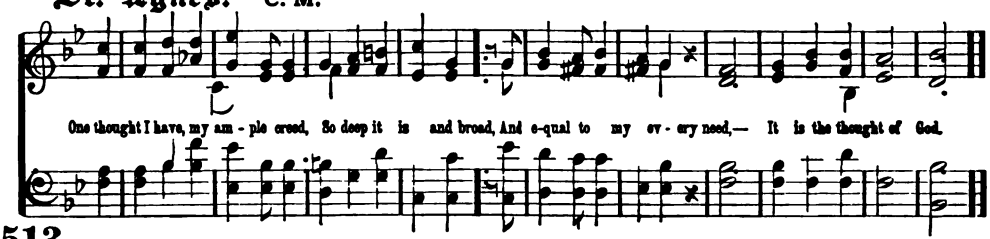
3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appall,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to thee?

St. Agnes. C. M.



513.

1 One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

2 Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies,
Shines forth the thought of God.

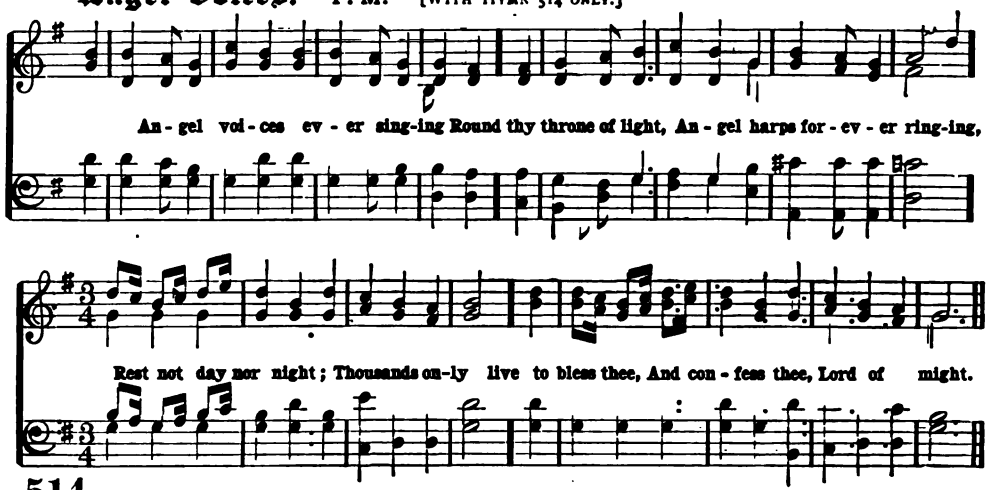
3 At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

4 I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

5 To this their secret strength they owed,
The martyrs' path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

6 Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessèd thought of God!

Angel Voices. P. M. [With Hymn 514 only.]


An - gel voi - ces ev - er sing-ing Round thy throne of light, An - gel harps for - ev - er ring-ing,
Rest not day nor night; Thousands on-ly live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might.

514.

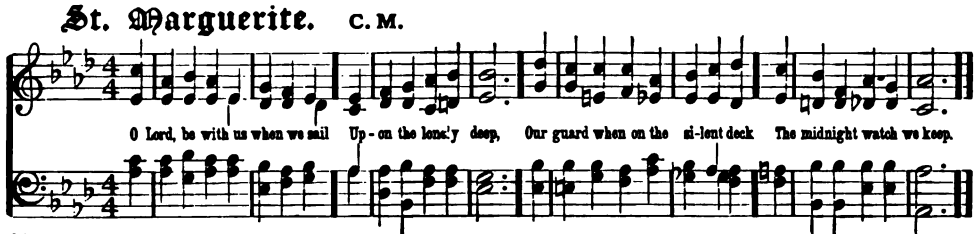
1 Angel voices ever singing
Round thy throne of light,
Angel harps forever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know that thou rejoicest
O'er each work of thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For thy pleasure didst design.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee,
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts, and minds, and hands, and voices,
In our choicest melody.

St. Marguerite. C. M.



515.

1 O Lord, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid raging winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For thou, O God, art near.

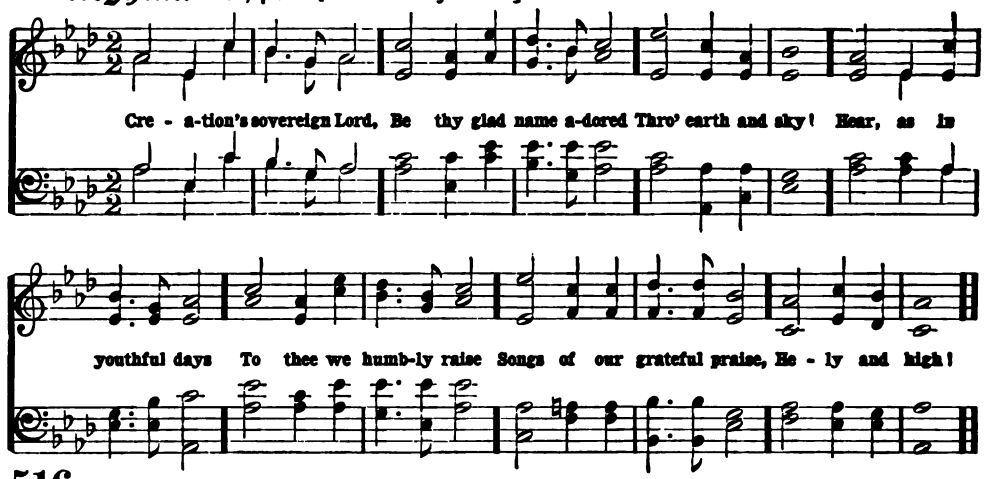
3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storms,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are thine, — are held within
The hollow of thine hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of thine could save, —

5 So, when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still!"

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

Righini. 6s, 4s. [With Hymn 516 only.]


Cre - a-tion's sovereign Lord, Be thy glad name a-dored Thro' earth and sky! Hear, as in
youthful days To thee we humb-ly raise Songs of our grateful praise, Ho - ly and high!

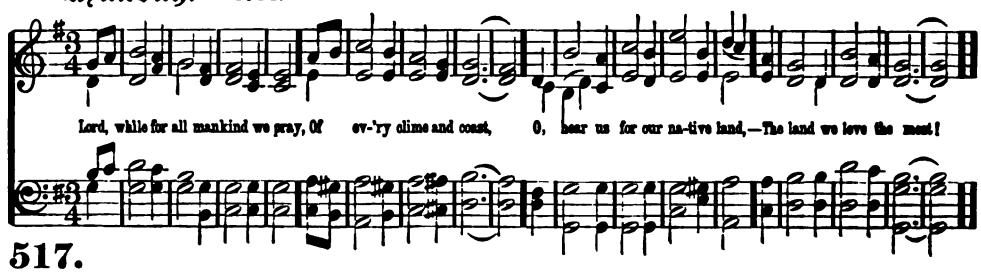
516.

1 Creation's sovereign Lord,
Be thy glad name adored
Through earth and sky!
Hear, as in youthful days
To thee we humbly raise
Songs of our grateful praise,
Holy and high!

2 Thanks for thy light so free,
Causing our eyes to see
Thy truth and grace;
Love, that dispels our fear,
Mercy, to sinners dear,
Life, dying souls to cheer,
For all our race.

3 Thanks, that on hearts like ours
Thy loving-kindness showers
Knowledge divine;
O, let its influence be
Fruitful in works for thee,
Causing in purity
Our lives to shine!

4 Bless this our childhood band,
And let us ever stand
Truthful and strong;
Christians in deed and love,
Such as thou wilt approve,
Till we in worlds above
Thy praise prolong!

Manoah. C. M.

517.

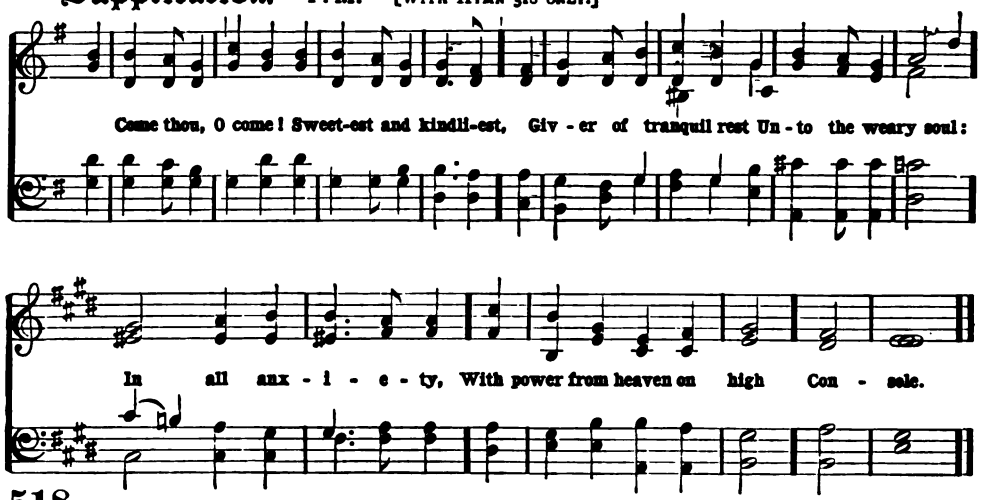
1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land, —
The land we love the most!

2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou our refuge and our trust,
Our everlasting friend.

Supplication. P. M. [With Hymn 518 only.]


Come thou, O come! Sweet-est and kindli-est, Giv - er of tranquil rest Un - to the weary soul:
In all anx - i - e - ty, With power from heaven on high Con - sole.

518.

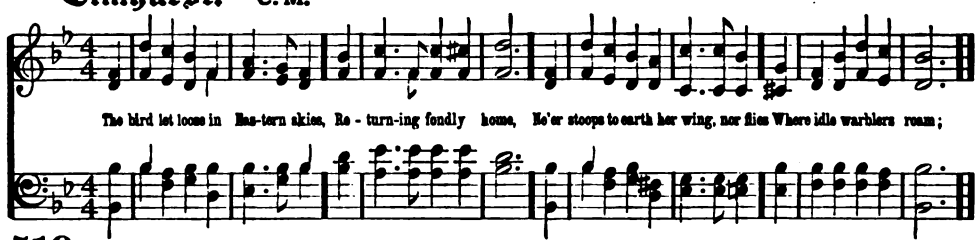
1 Come thou, O come!
Sweetest and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul:
In all anxiety,
With power from heaven on high
Console.

2 Come thou, O come!
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come thou, O come!
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbor our souls to save,
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

4 Come thou, O come!
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, blessed Spirit, come!
Lead thou us tenderly
Till we shall find with thee
Our home.

Elmhurst. C. M.


The bird let loose in Eas-tern skies, Re - turn-ing fondly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where idle warblers roam;

519.

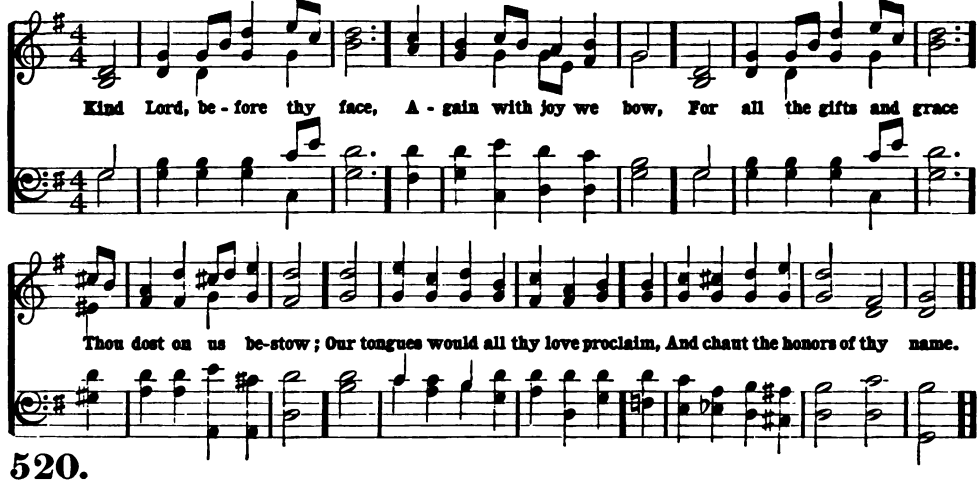
1 The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, God, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

Howes. H. M. [With Hymn 520 or 522.]


Kind Lord, be - fore thy face, A - gain with joy we bow, For all the gifts and grace
Thou dost on us be-stow; Our tongues would all thy love proclaim, And chant the honors of thy name.

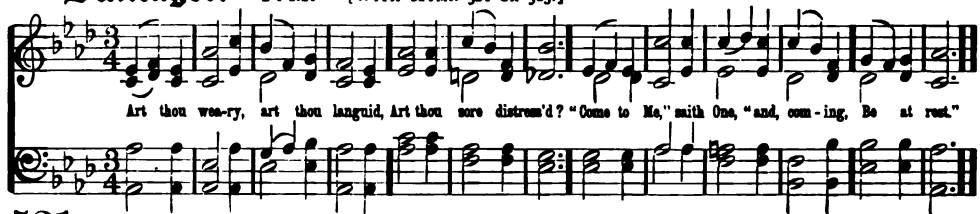
520.

1 Kind Lord, before thy face,
Again with joy we bow,
For all the gifts and grace
Thou dost on us bestow;
Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
Our joyful souls have met;
Here paid our solemn vows,
And felt our union sweet.
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

3 Now may we dwell in peace
Till here again we come;
And may our love increase,
Till thou shalt bring us home.
Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

Bullinger. P. M. [With Hymn 521 or 523.]



521.

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

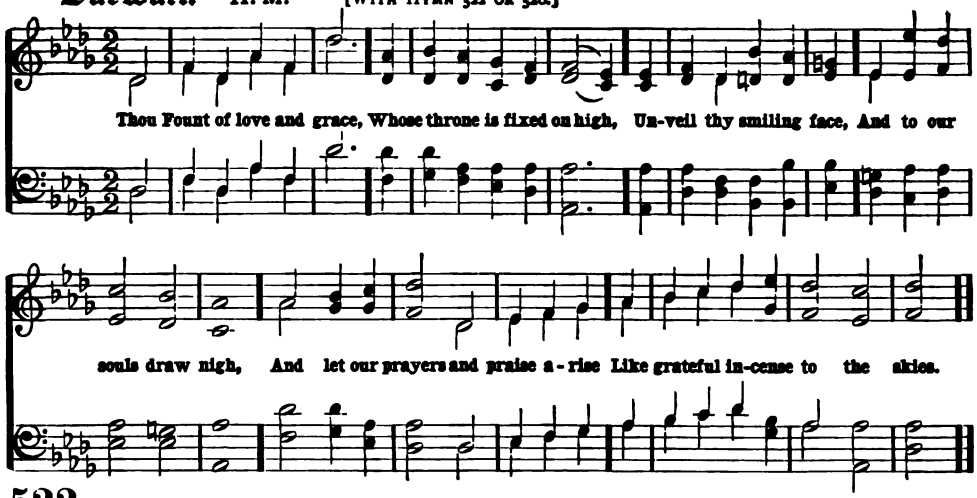
4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes!'"

Darwall. H. M. [With Hymn 522 or 520.]


Thou Fount of love and grace, Whose throne is fixed on high, Un-veil thy smiling face, And to our
souls draw nigh, And let our prayers and praise a-rise Like grateful in-cense to the skies.

522.

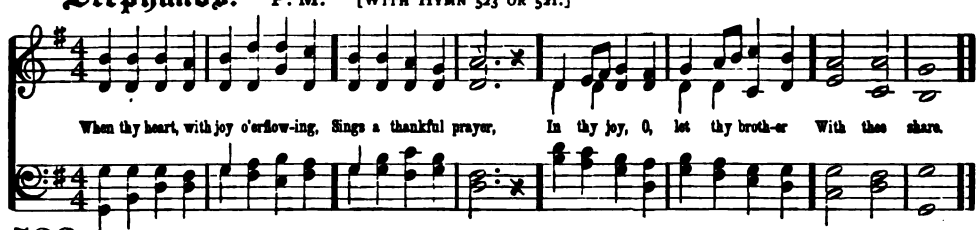
1 Thou Fount of love and grace,
Whose throne is fixed on high,
Unveil thy smiling face,
And to our souls draw nigh,
And let our prayers and praise arise
Like grateful incense to the skies.

2 This house to thee we give, —
Thine may it ever be, —
Here bid the sinner live,
Here set the captive free;
Here let thy word its beams display,
And safely guide to endless day.

3 Here may the stricken heart
By truth be cheered and blessed,
And here thy grace impart,
To all by grief oppressed,
And streams of peace and plenty flow
To all who seek thy joy to know.

4 Long may these walls resound
With thy salvation, Lord,
And grace to all abound,
Who hear thy holy word;
And youth and age their offerings raise
In songs of ardent, cheerful praise.

Stephanos. P. M. [With Hymn 523 or 521.]



523.

1 When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O, let thy brother
With thee share.

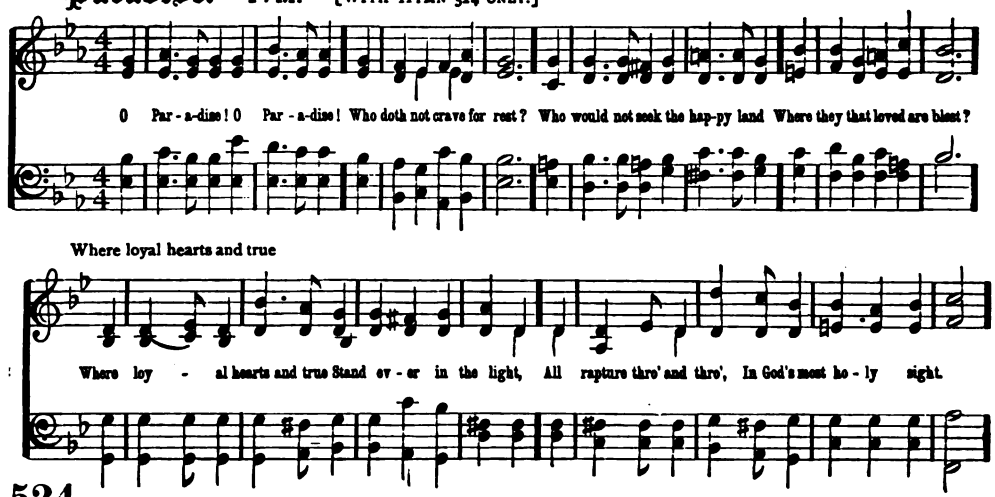
2 When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

3 If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

4 Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

5 Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

Paradise. P. M. [With Hymn 524 only.]


O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

524.

1 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest.
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold? — Refrain.

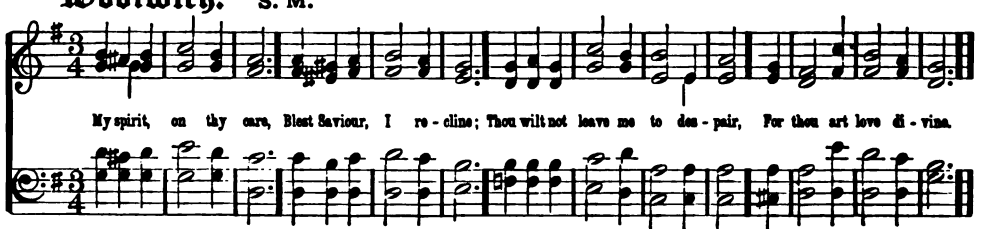
3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near. — Refrain.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore. — Refrain.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me. — Refrain.

6 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 't will not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song. — Refrain.

Woolwich. S. M.



525.

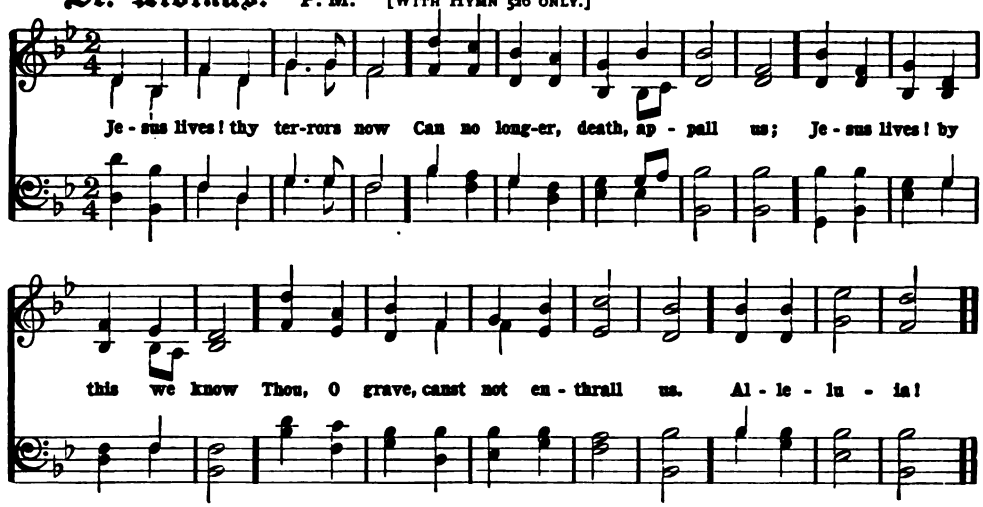
1 My spirit, on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

St. Albinus. P. M. [With Hymn 526 only.]


Je - sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no long-er, death, ap - pall us; Je - sus lives! by
this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!

526.

1 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
Can no longer, death, appall us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

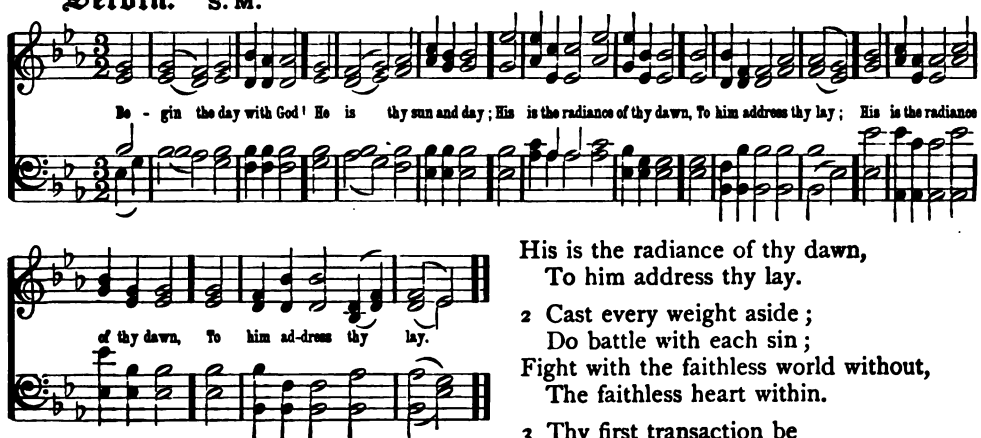
2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then, alone, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where he has gone;
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Selvin. S. M.


Be - gin the day with God! He is thy sun and day; His is the radiance of thy dawn, To him address thy lay; His is the radiance
of thy dawn, To him ad-dress thy lay.

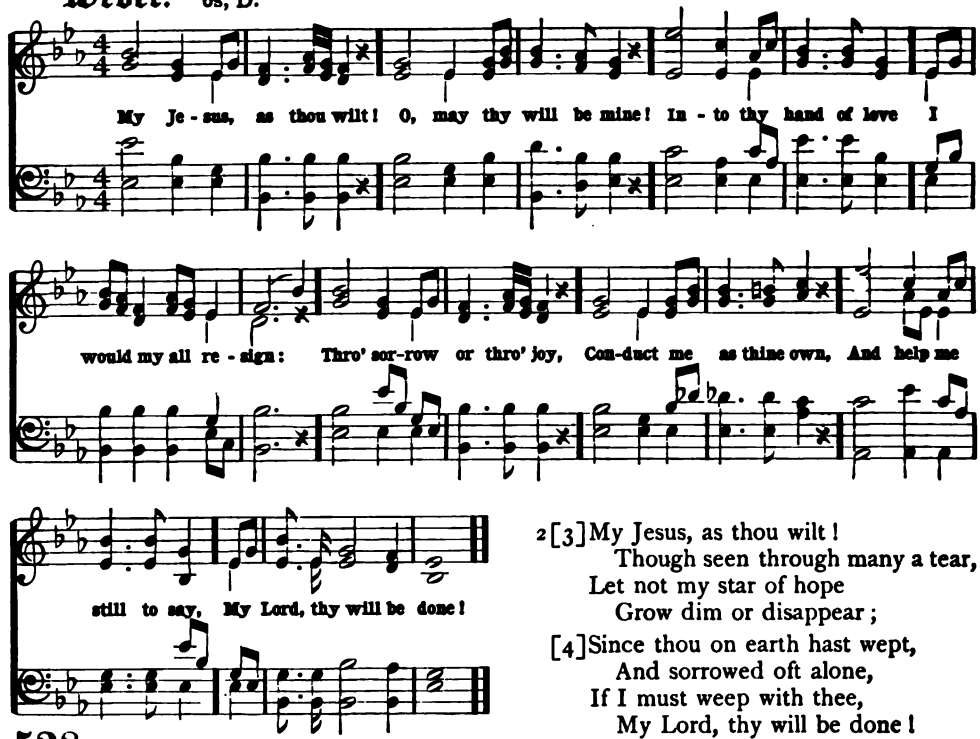
527.

1 Begin the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

2 Cast every weight aside;
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

3 Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

Weber. 6s, D.


My Je - sus, as thou wilt! O, may thy will be mine! In - to thy hand of love I
would my all re - sign: Thro' sor-row or thro' joy, Con-duct me as thine own, And help me
still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

528.

1[1]My Jesus, as thou wilt!
O, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign:

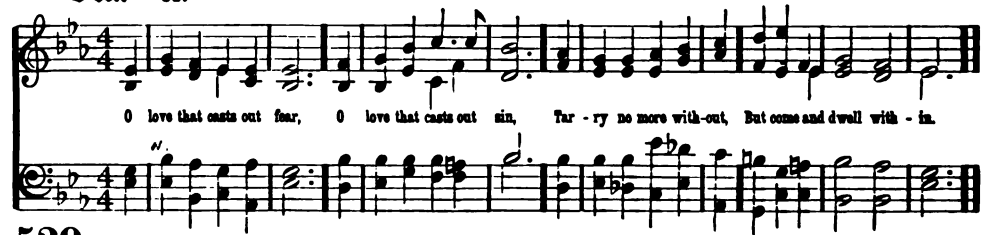
[2]Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2[3]My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;

[4]Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3[5]My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee;

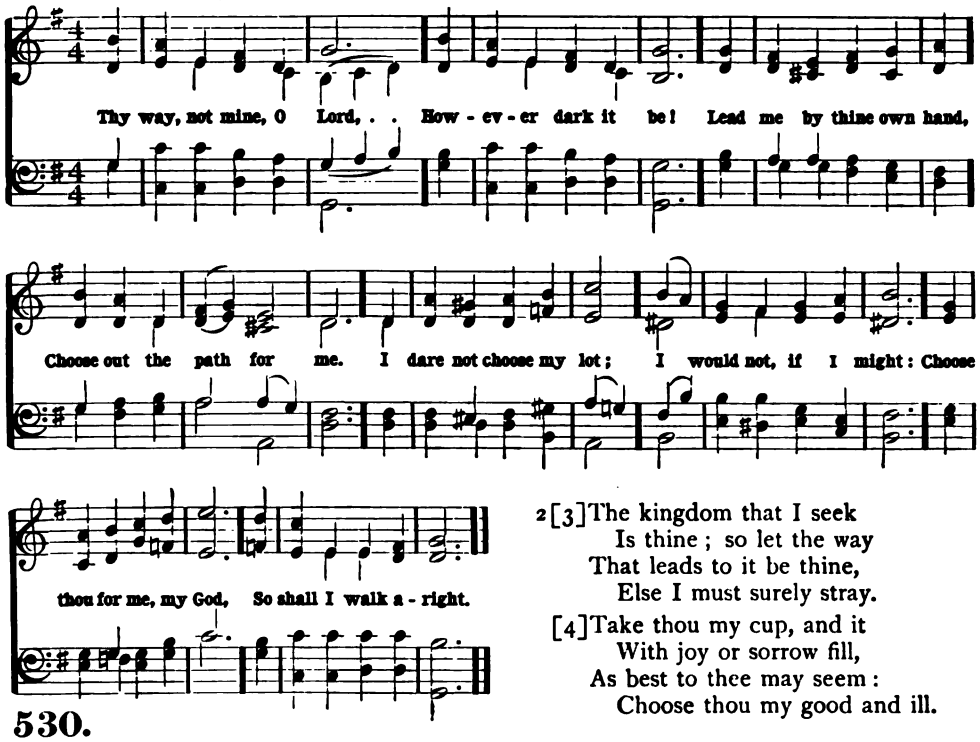
[6]Then to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

Via. 6s.

529.

1 O LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great Love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up and never cease!

Blessed Home. 6s, D.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, . . How - ev - er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me. I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might: Choose
thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.

530.

1[1]Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

[2]I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

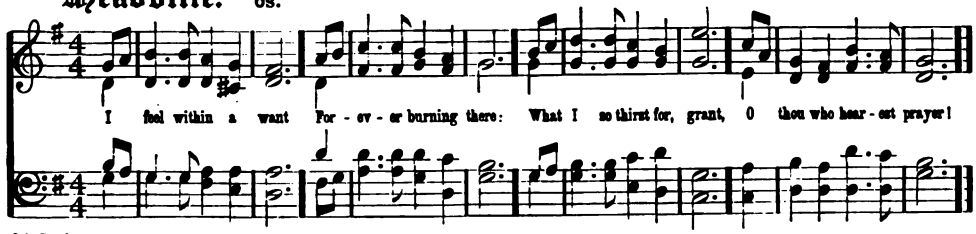
2[3]The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

[4]Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem:
Choose thou my good and ill.

3[5]Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

[6]Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All!

Meadville. 6s.

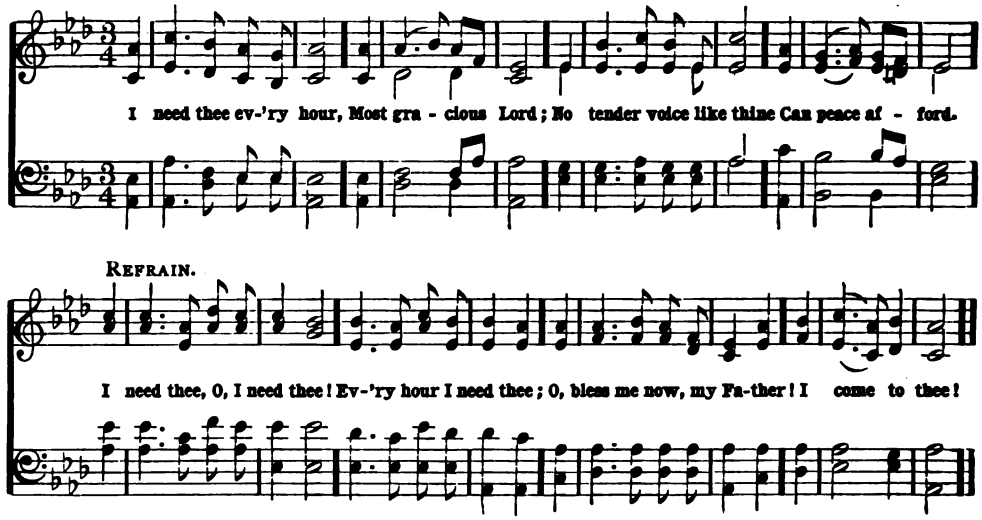


531.

1 I feel within a want
Forever burning there:
What I so thirst for, grant,
O thou who hearest prayer!

2 This is the thing I crave, —
A likeness to thy Son;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.

3 'T is my most fervent prayer:
Be it more fervent still;
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will.

I need Thee every Hour. P. M. [With Hymn 532 only.]

I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No tender voice like thine Can peace af - ford.
Refrain.
I need thee, O, I need thee! Ev-'ry hour I need thee; O, bless me now, my Fa-ther! I come to thee!

532.

1 I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

I need thee, O, I need thee!
Every hour I need thee;
O, bless me now, my Father!
I come to thee!

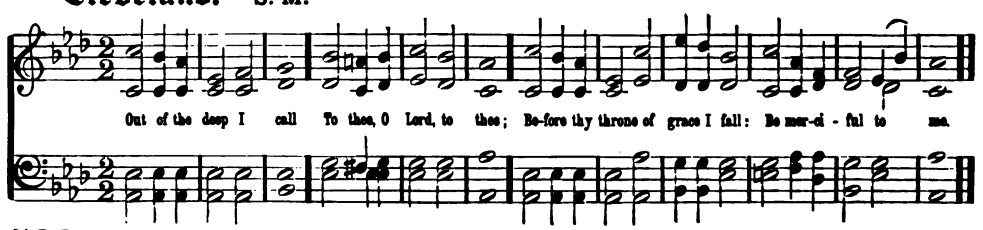
2 I need thee every hour,
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh. — Refrain.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. — Refrain.

4 I need thee every hour:
Teach me thy will,
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil. — Refrain.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most holy One;
O, make me thine indeed,
Like thy dear Son. — Refrain.

Cleveland. S. M.



533.

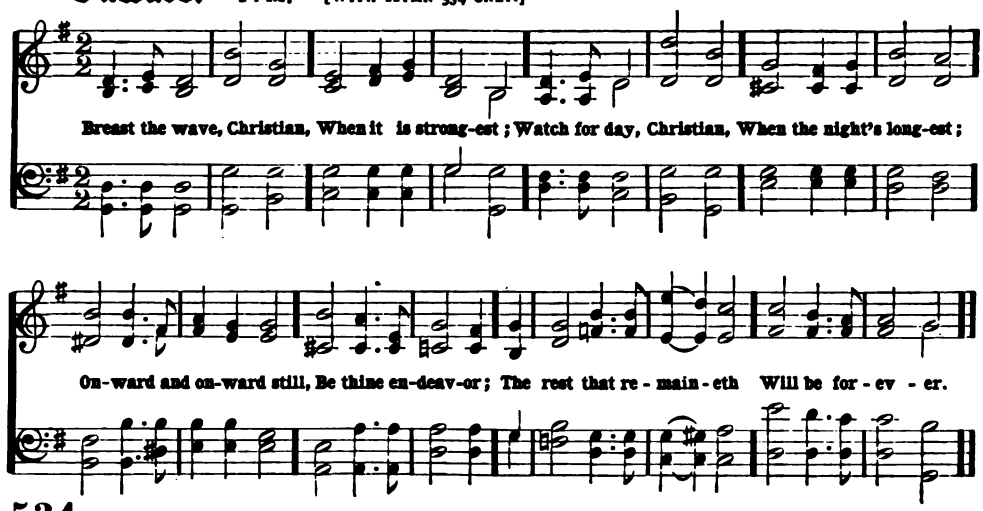
1 Out of the deep I call
To thee, O Lord, to thee;
Before thy throne of grace I fall:
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near,
I plead the precious name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with thee;
Before thy throne of grace I bow:
Be merciful to me.

Onward. P. M. [With Hymn 534 only.]

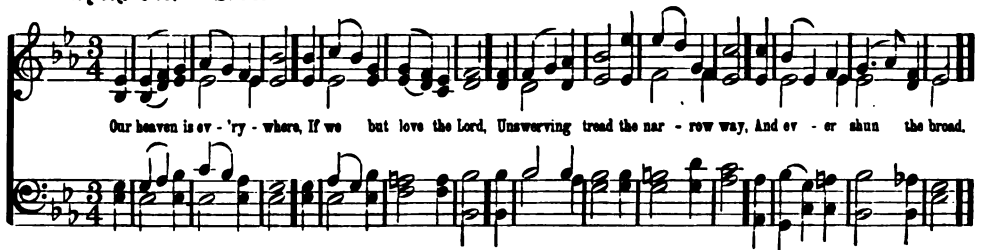

Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strong-est; Watch for day, Christian, When the night's long-est;
On-ward and on-ward still, Be thine en-deav-or; The rest that re-main-eth Will be for-ev-er.

534.

1 Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night 's longest;
Onward and onward still,
Be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth
Will be forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee:
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when here thy work is done,
Praise him forever.

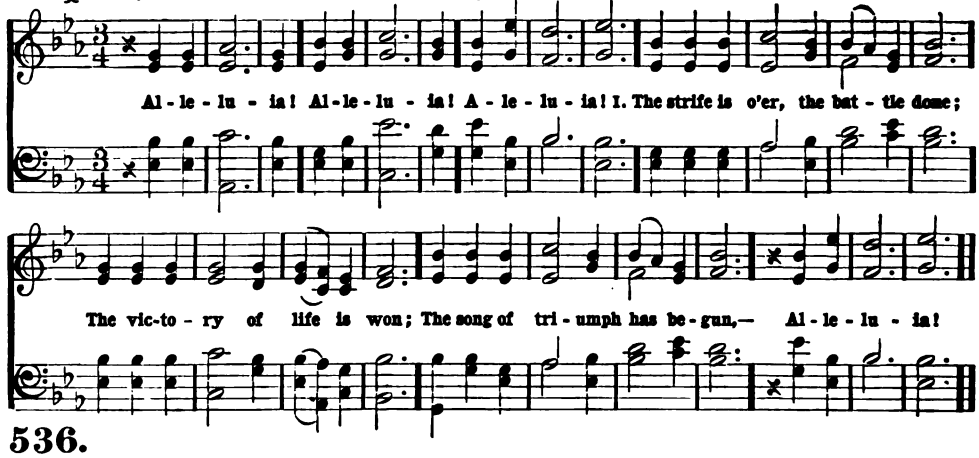
Mason. S. M.

535.

1 Our heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.

2 'T is where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
For comfort and relief;

3 Where guileless infancy
In happiness doth dwell,
And where the aged one can say,
"He hath done all things well."

4 Wherever truth abides,
Sweet peace is ever there;
If we but love and serve the Lord,
Our heaven is everywhere.

Palestrina. P. M. [With Hymn 536 only.]

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - le - lu - ia! 1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
The vic-to - ry of life is won; The song of tri - umph has be - gun,— Al - le - lu - ia!

536.

1 * The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun, —
Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst, —
Alleluia!

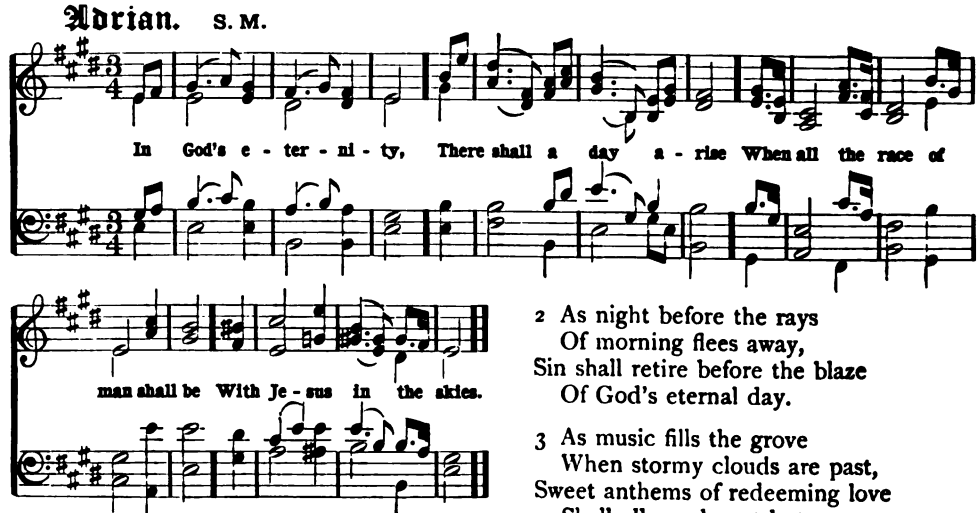
3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee,
Alleluia!

* Note that the stanza begins at the eighth measure of the music.

Adrian. S. M.



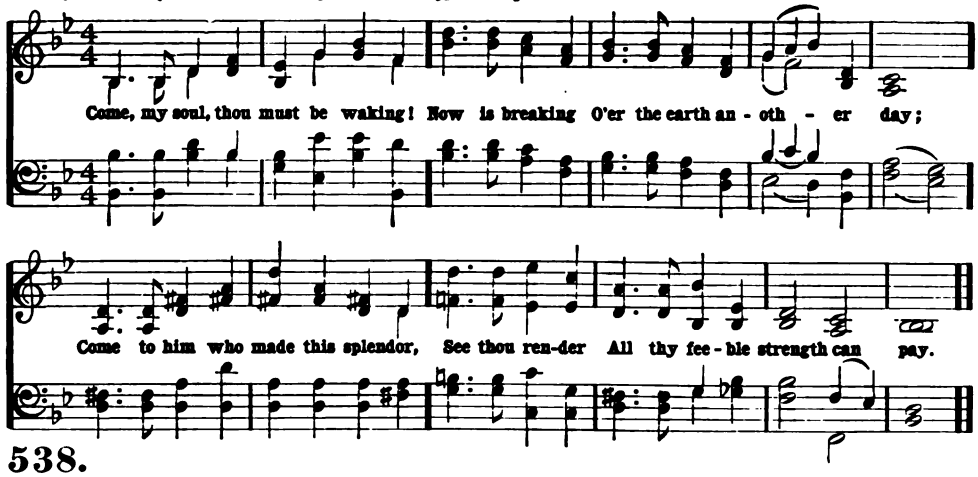
537.

1 In God's eternity,
There shall a day arise
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

2 As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

3 As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.

4 Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

Sunrise. P. M. [With Hymn 538 only.]

Come, my soul, thou must be waking! Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - er day;
Come to him who made this splendor, See thou ren-der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.

538.

1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking!
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

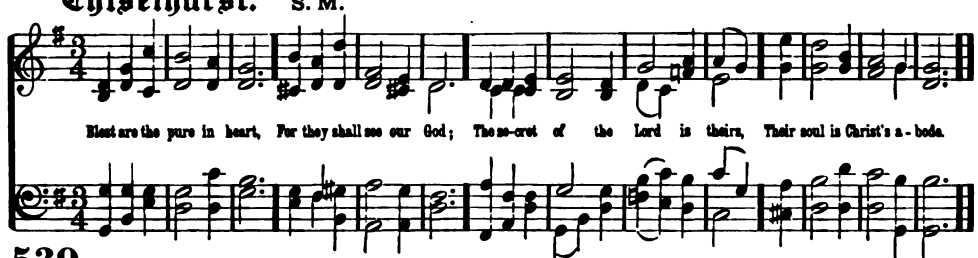
2 Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

5 Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the Eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run.

Chiselhurst. S. M.



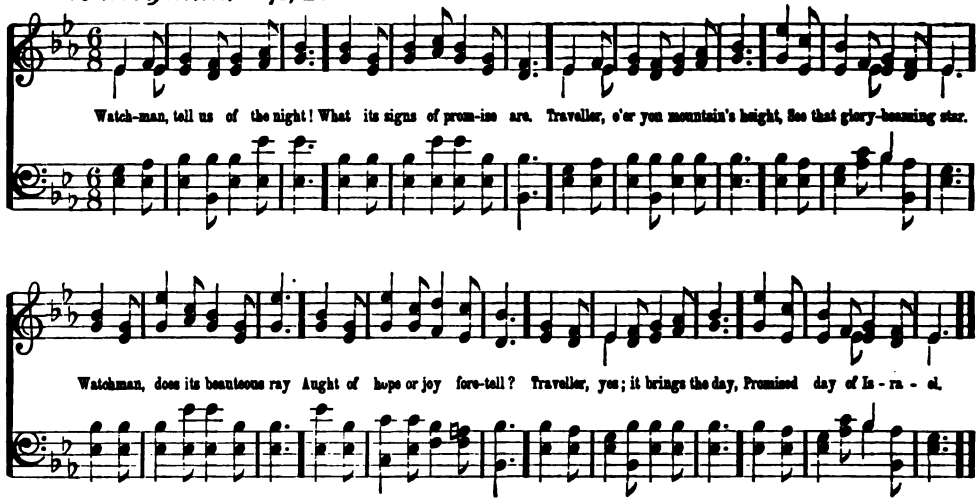
539.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King, —

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart;
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

Watchman. 7s, D.

Watch-man, tell us of the night! What its signs of prom-ise are. Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

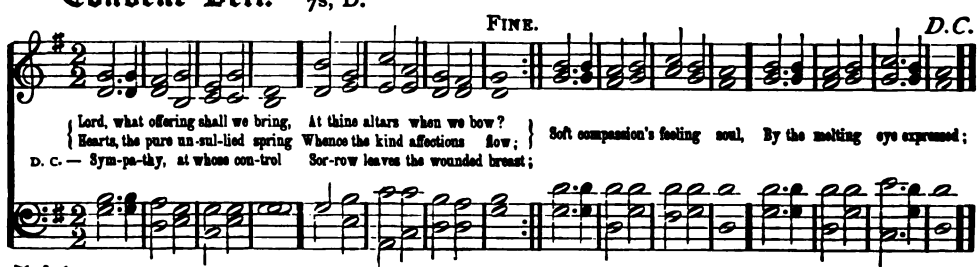
540.

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night!
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night!
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

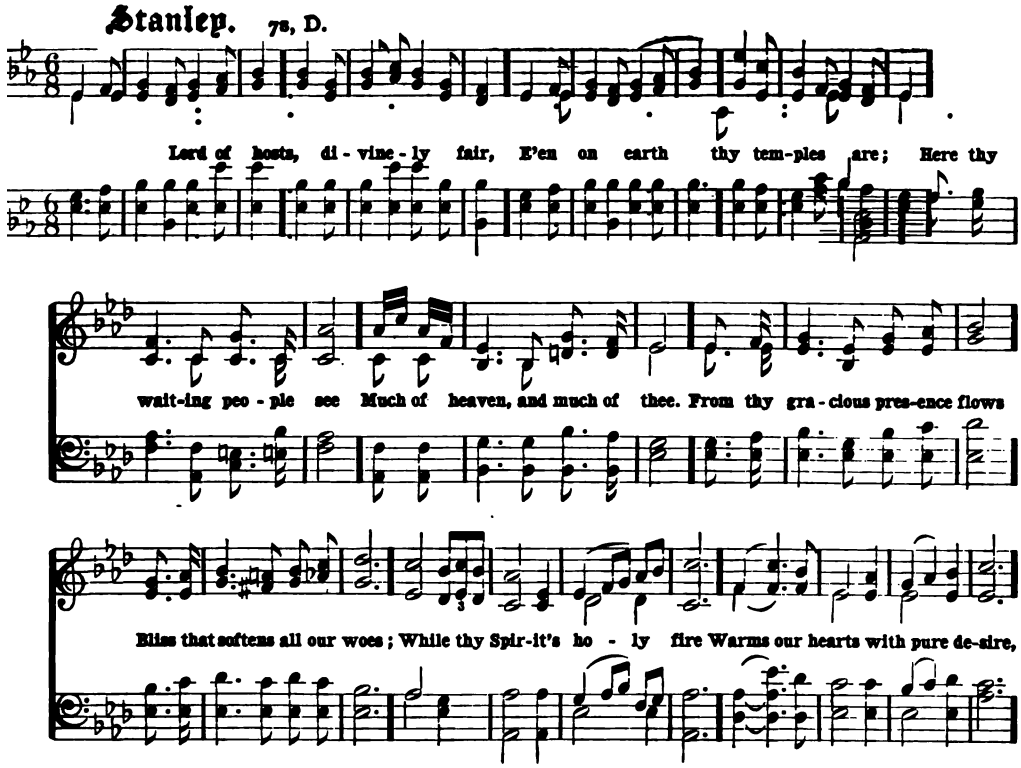
3 Watchman, tell us of the night!
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Convent Bell. 7s, D.


FINE.
D.C.
Lord, what offering shall we bring, At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure un-sul-lied spring Whence the kind affections flow;
D. C. — Sym-pa-thy, at whose con-trol Sor-row leaves the wounded breast;
Soft compassion's feeling soul, By the melting eye expressed;

541.

1 LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

Stanley. 7s, D.
Lord of hosts, di - vine - ly fair, E'en on earth thy tem-ples are; Here thy
wait-ing peo - ple see Much of heaven, and much of thee. From thy gra - cious pres-ence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes; While thy Spir-it's ho - ly fire Warms our hearts with pure de-sire,
Warms our hearts with pure de - sire.

542.

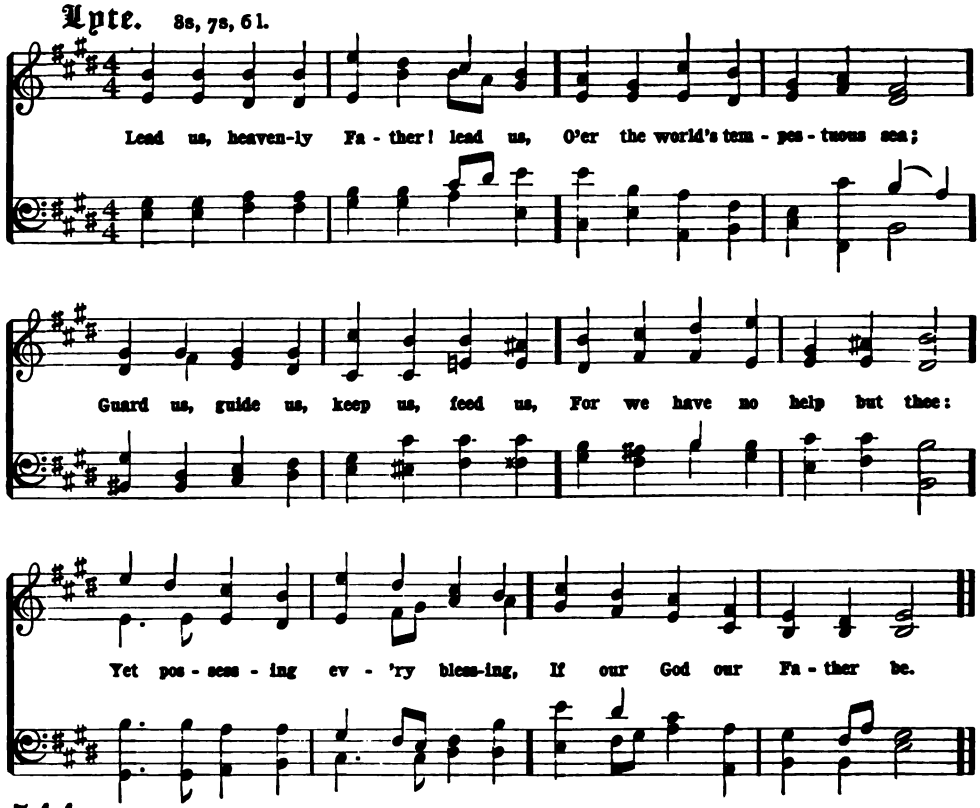
1 LORD of hosts, divinely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.
From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

2 Here we bow before thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
Thus with sacred songs of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
So from earth to heaven we soar.

543.

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In our Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lyte. 8s, 7s, 6l.
Lead us, heaven-ly Fa - ther! lead us, O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee:
Yet pos - sess - ing ev - 'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.

544.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father! lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee:
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe.
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending!
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

545.

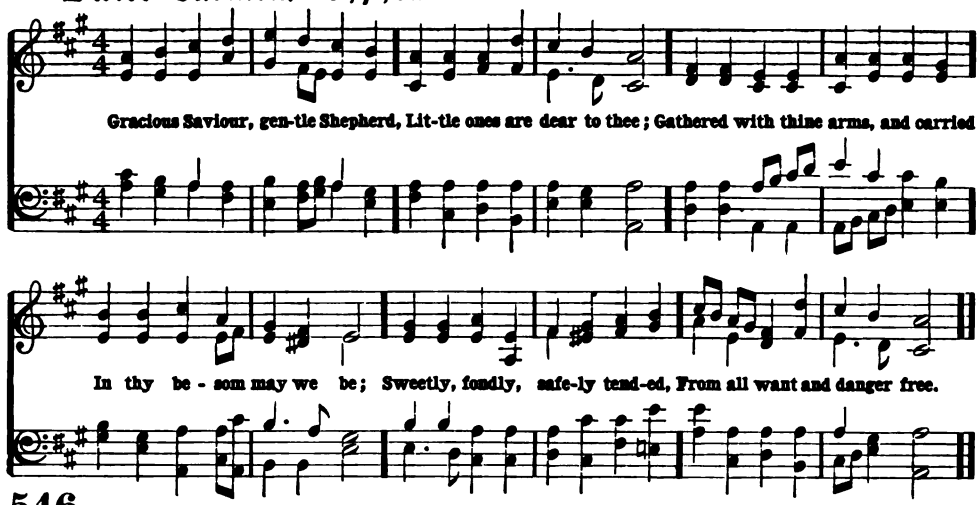
1 ALLELUIA, song of gladness,
Voice of joy that cannot die!
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters,
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray thee,
Grant us, blessèd Deity,
At the last to keep thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

Dulce Carmen. 8s, 7s, 6l.

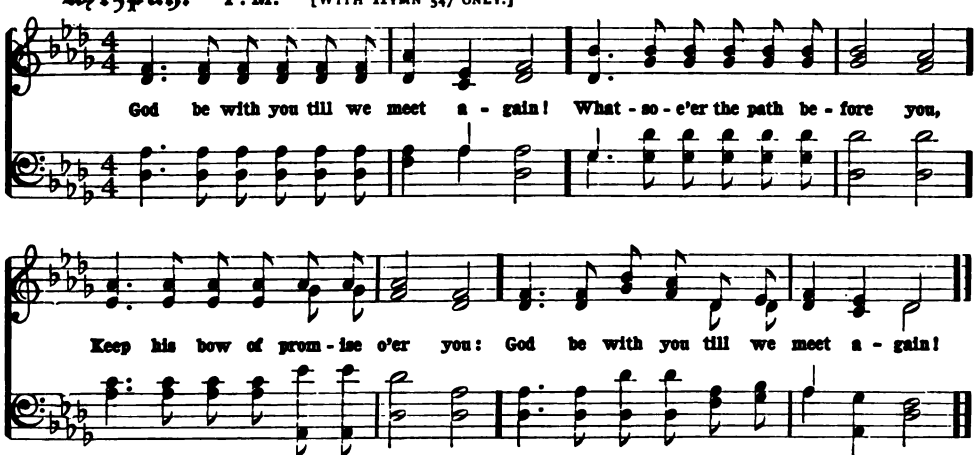

Gracious Saviour, gen-tle Shepherd, Lit-tle ones are dear to thee; Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy be - som may we be; Sweetly, fondly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and danger free.

546.

1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then with all thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

Mizpah. P. M. [With Hymn 547 only.]


God be with you till we meet a - gain! What - so - e'er the path be - fore you,
Keep his bow of prom - ise o'er you: God be with you till we meet a - gain!

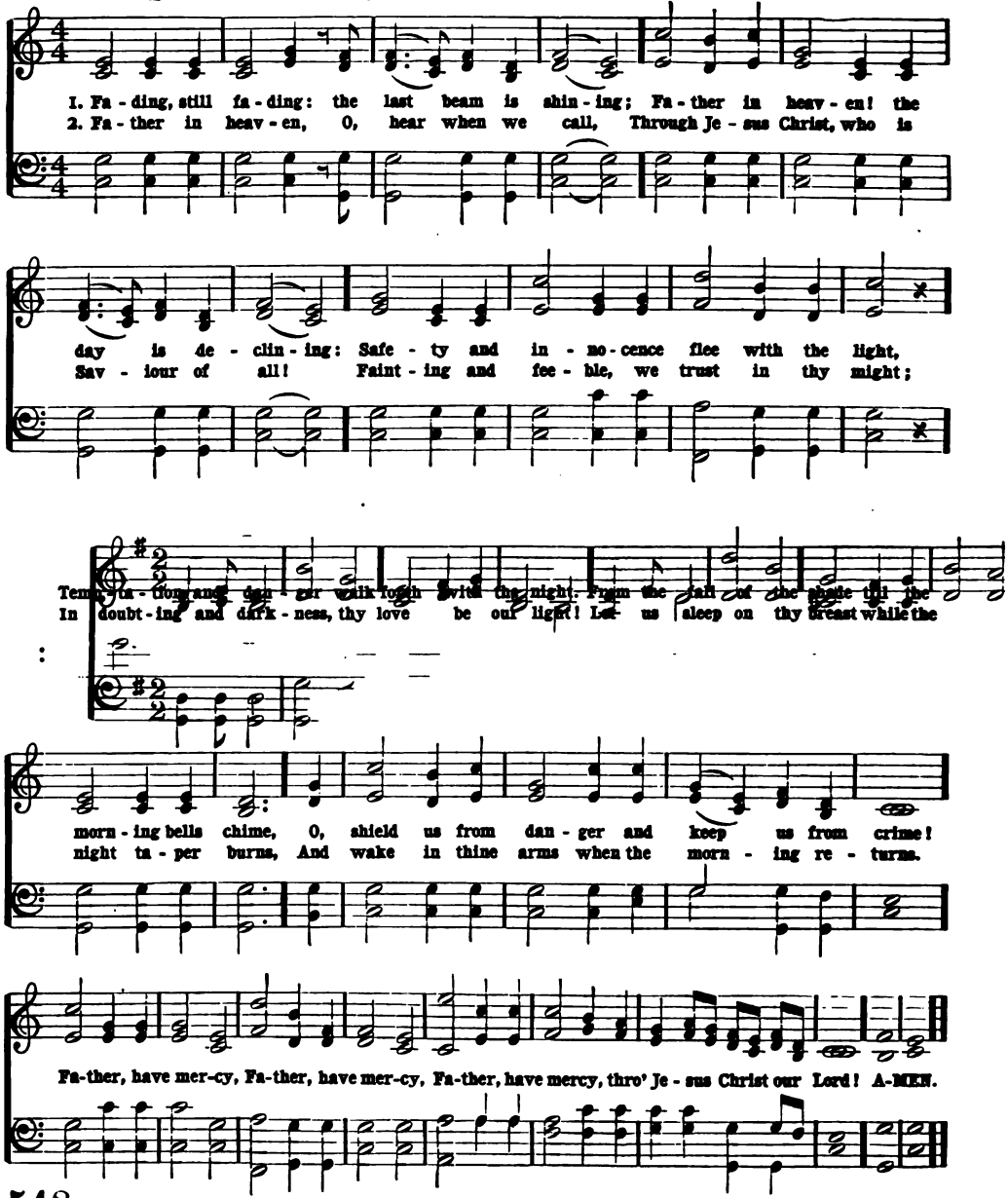
547.

1 God be with you till we meet again!
Whatsoe'er the path before you,
Keep his bow of promise o'er you:
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again!
Daily manna still provide you,
Unto living waters guide you:
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again!
Though the world assail, deceive you,
May his mercy never leave you:
God be with you till we meet again!

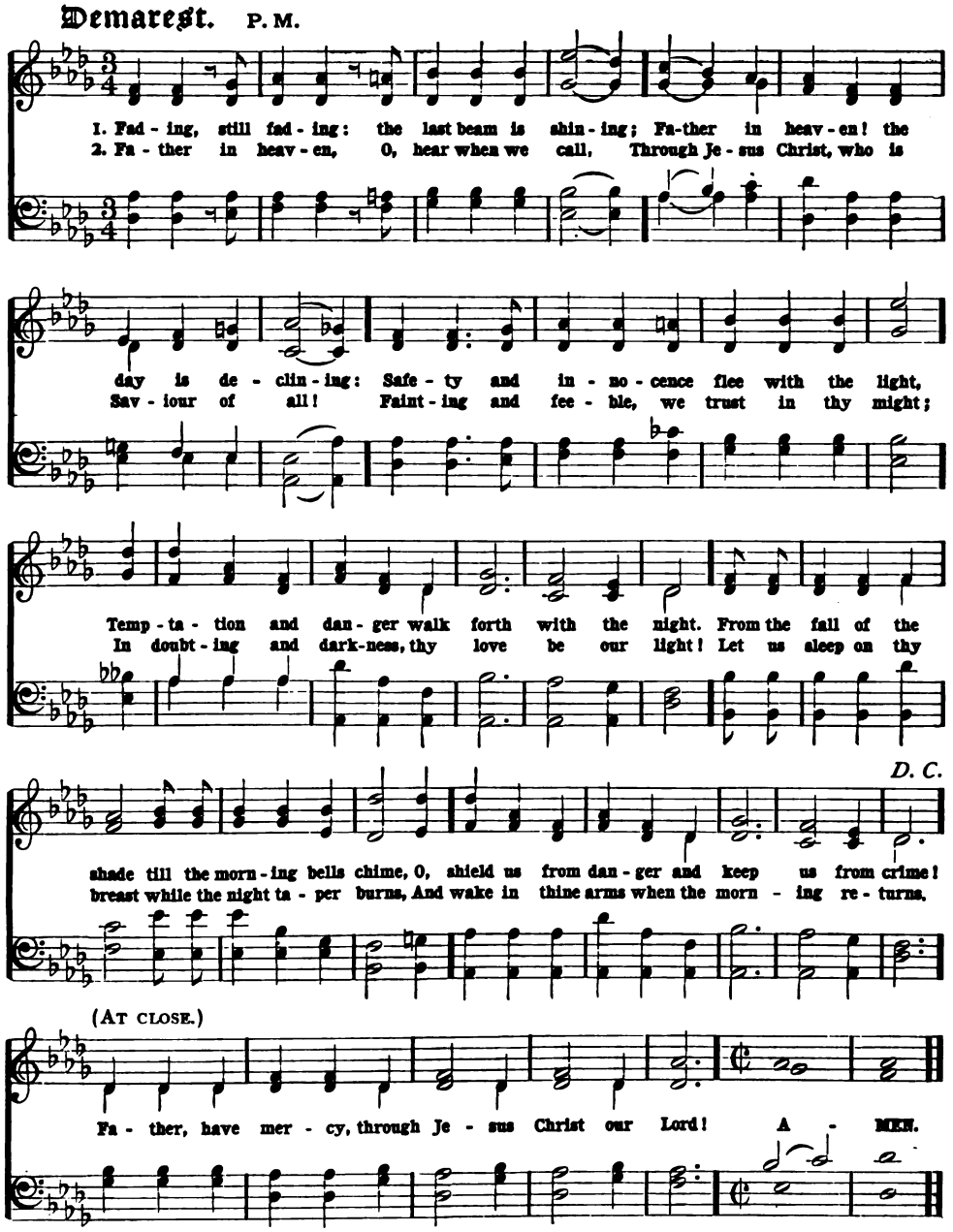
4 God be with you till we meet again!
Through life's toil and danger bear you,
For our heavenly home prepare you:
God be with you till we meet again!

Fading, still Fading. P. M.

1. Fa - ding, still fa - ding: the last beam is shin - ing; Fa - ther in heav - en! the
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, O, hear when we call, Through Je - sus Christ, who is
day is de - clin - ing: Safe - ty and in - no - cence flee with the light,
Sav - iour of all! Faint - ing and fee - ble, we trust in thy might;
Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the
In doubt - ing and dark - ness, thy love be our light! Let us sleep on thy breast while the
morn - ing bells chime, O, shield us from dan - ger and keep us from crime!
night ta - per burns, And wake in thine arms when the morn - ing re - turns.
Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther, have mercy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord! A-MEN.

548.

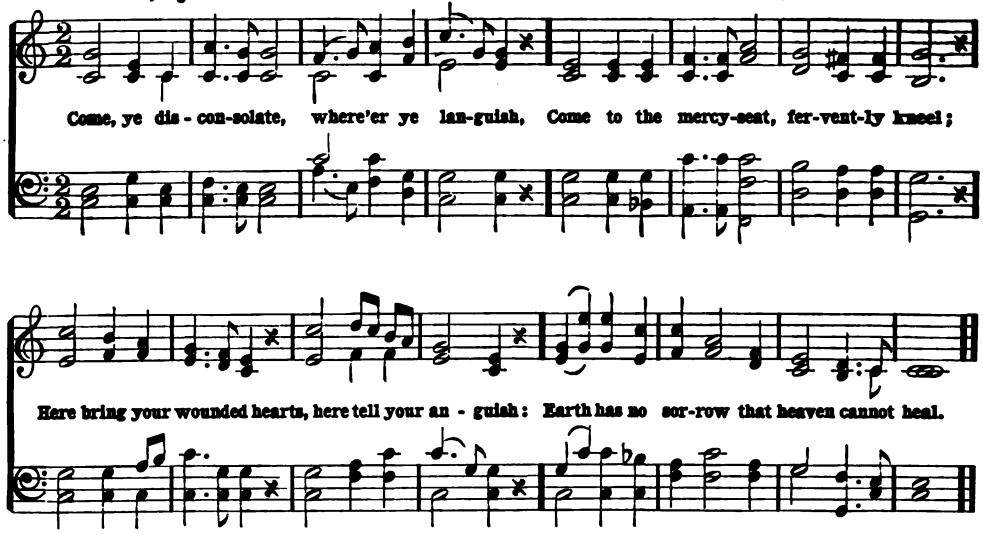
1 FADING, still fading: the last beam is shining;
Father in heaven! the day is declining:
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
O, shield us from danger and keep us from crime!
* Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord!

* *Omit this last line of* the first stanza if the tune "Demarest" is used.

Demarest. P. M.
1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing: the last beam is shin - ing; Fa-ther in heav - en! the
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, O, hear when we call, Through Je - sus Christ, who is
day is de - clin - ing: Safe - ty and in - no - cence flee with the light,
Sav - iour of all! Faint - ing and fee - ble, we trust in thy might;
Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the
In doubt - ing and dark-ness, thy love be our light! Let us sleep on thy
D. C.
shade till the morn - ing bells chime, O, shield us from dan - ger and keep us from crime!
breast while the night ta - per burns, And wake in thine arms when the morn - ing re - turns.
(At close.)
Fa - ther, have mer - cy, through Je - sus Christ our Lord! A - MEN.

2 Father in heaven, O, hear when we call,
Through Jesus Christ, who is Saviour of all!
Fainting and feeble, we trust in thy might;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light!
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord! AMEN.

Come, ye Disconsolate. 11s, 10s. [With Hymn 549 only.]


Come, ye dis - con-solate, where'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mercy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish: Earth has no sor-row that heaven cannot heal.

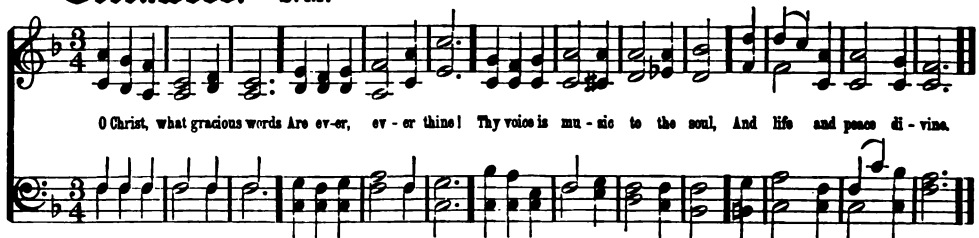
549.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Greenwood. S.M.



550.

1 O Christ, what gracious words
Are ever, ever thine!
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.

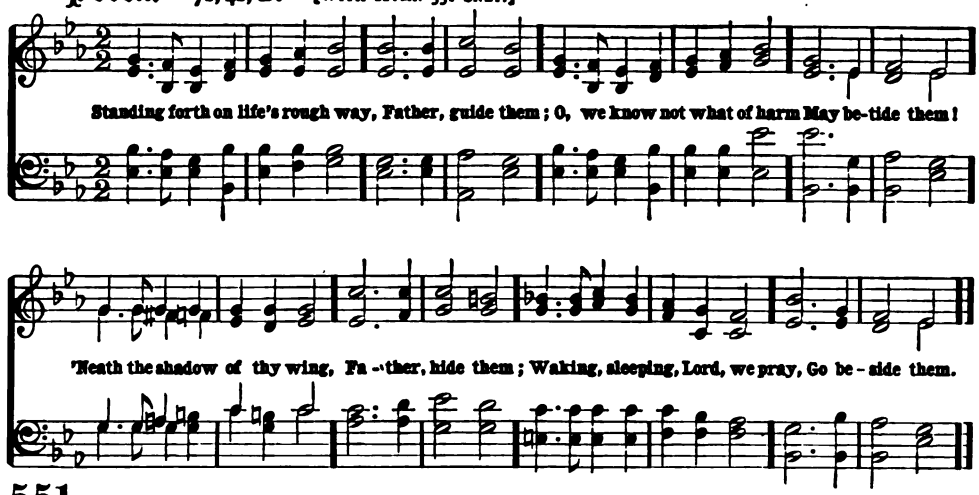
2 Good, everlasting good,
Glad tidings full of joy
Flow from thy lips, — the lips of truth, —
And flow without alloy.

3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.

4 Our Father, speed the day, —
The promised day of grace, —
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead of Adam's race.

5 One song shall then employ
The blest, the blessing whole;
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of every soul.

Perin. 7s, 4s, D. [With Hymn 551 only.]


Standing forth on life's rough way, Father, guide them; O, we know not what of harm May be-tide them!
'Neath the shadow of thy wing, Fa-ther, hide them; Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray, Go be-side them.

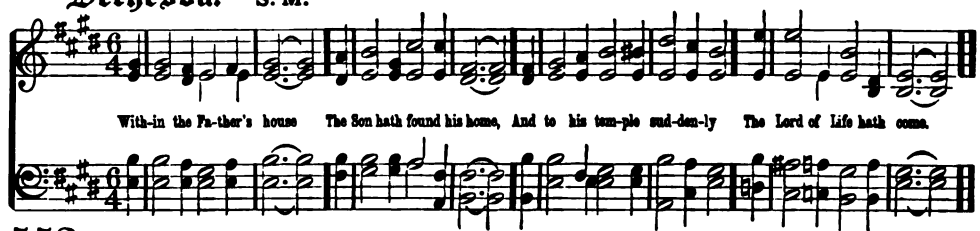
551.

1 Standing forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
O, we know not what of harm
May betide them!
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

2 When in prayer they cry to thee,
Thou wilt hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be thou near them.

3 Unto thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them, —
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them:
Trustful, in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

Bethesda. S. M.



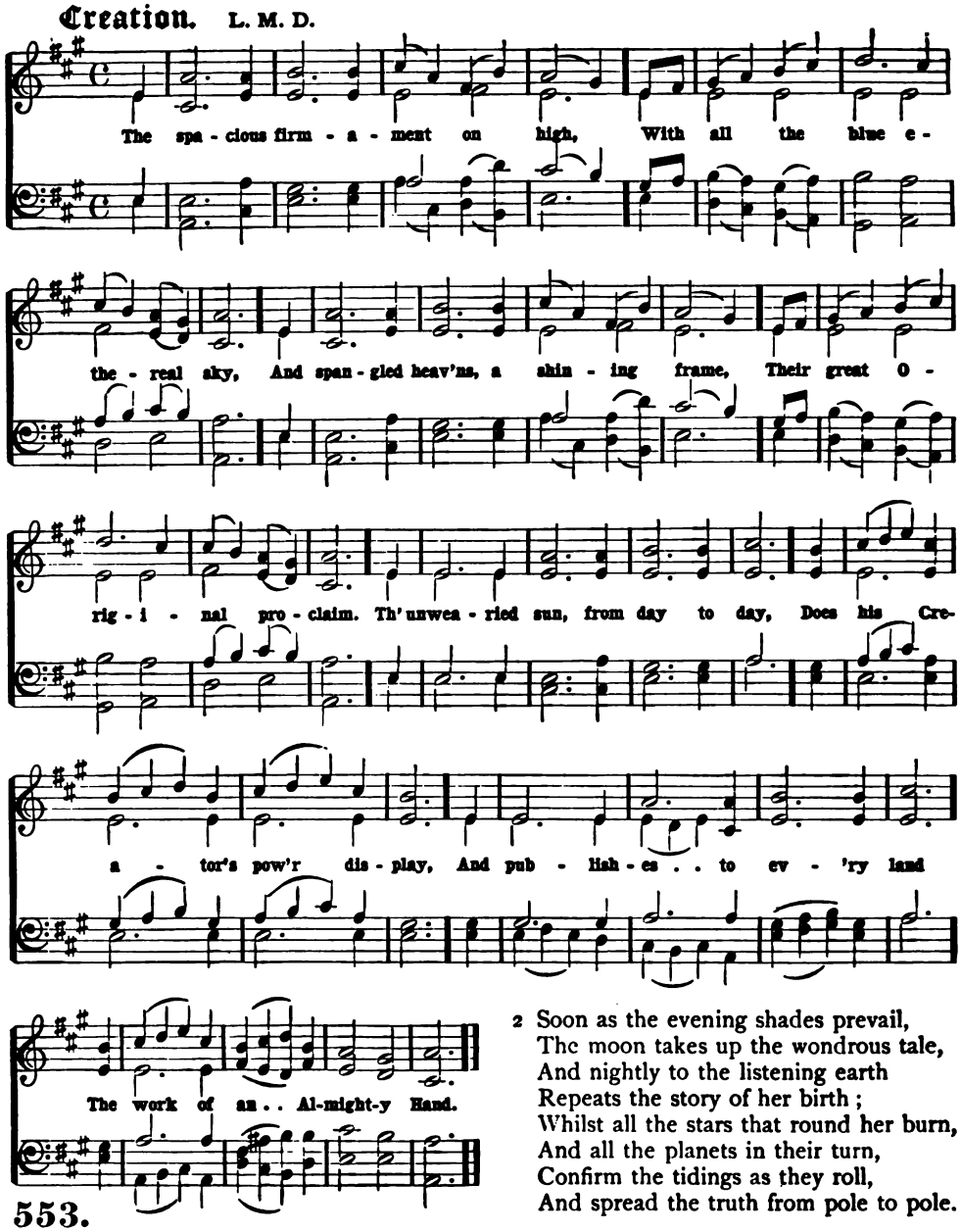
552.

1 Within the Father's house
The Son hath found his home,
And to his temple suddenly
The Lord of Life hath come.

2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous child,
And marvel at his gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full epiphany.

4 Lord, visit thou our souls,
And teach us by thy grace,
Each dim revealing of thyself
With loving awe to trace,

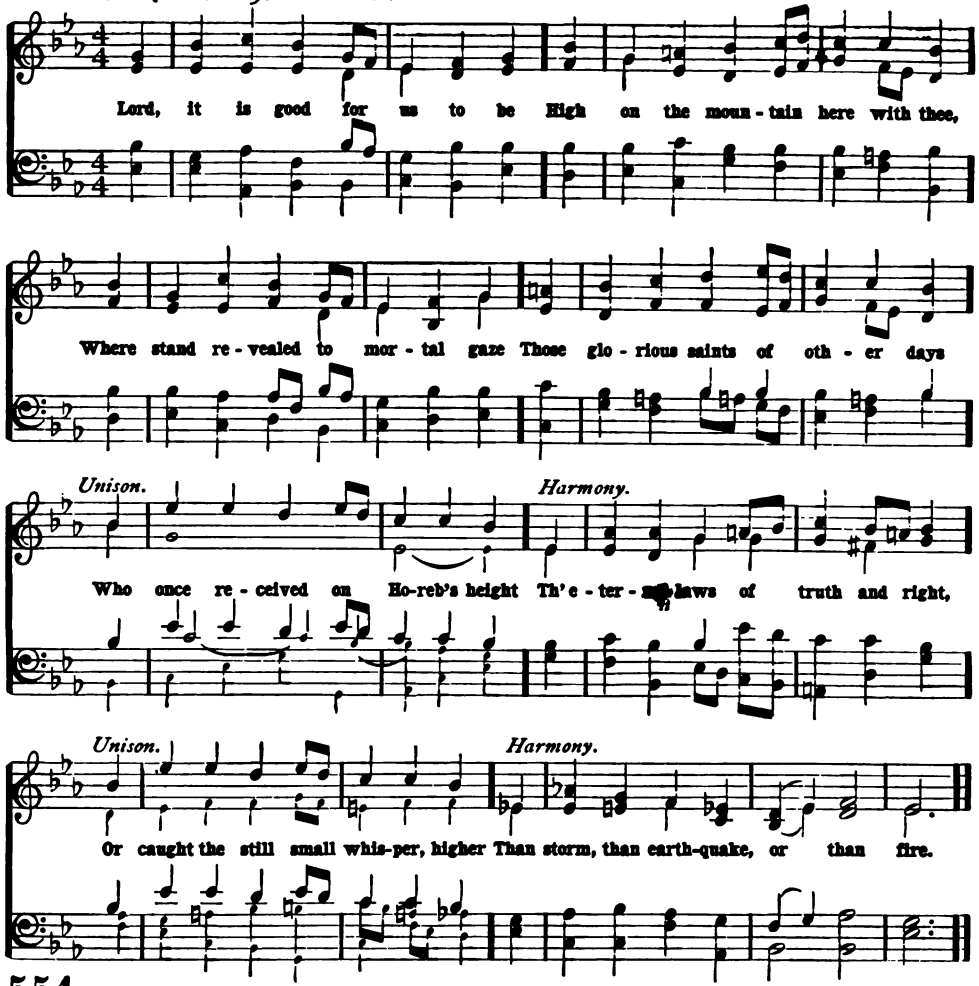
5 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansèd soul shall burst
The everlasting day.

Creation. L. M. D.
The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -
the - real sky, And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O -
rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th' unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-
a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish - es . . to ev - 'ry land
The work of an . . Al-might-y Hand.

553.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found, —
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Wordsworth. L. M. D.

Lord, it is good for us to be High on the moun-tain here with thee,
Where stand re-vealed to mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days
Unison.
Harmony.
Who once re-ceived on Ho-reb's height Th'e-ter-nal laws of truth and right,
Unison.
Harmony.
Or caught the still small whis-per, higher Than storm, than earth-quake, or than fire.

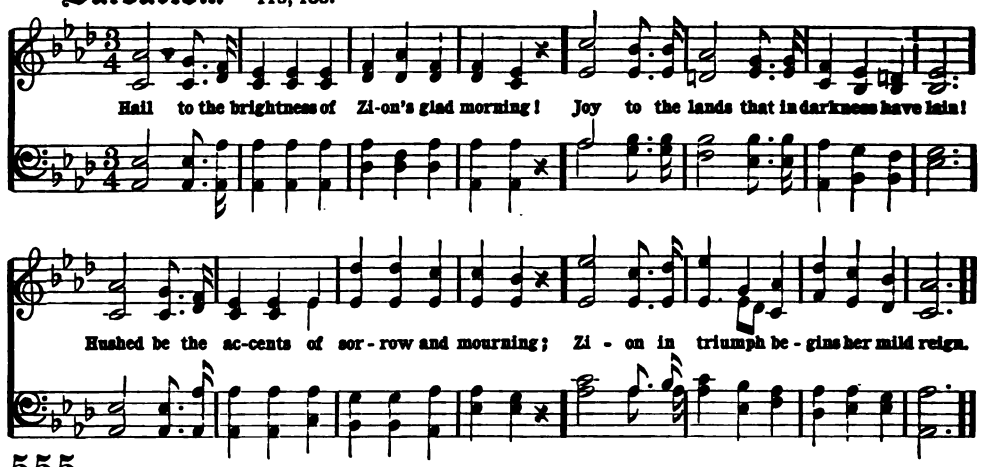
554.

1 LORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 Lord, it is good for us to be
With thee and with thy faithful three
Here, where th' apostle's heart of Rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The tho't that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee,
And watch thy glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

4 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with thee:
When, darkling in the depths of night,
When, dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son; O, hear ye him!"

Salvation. 11s, 10s.

Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning; Zi-on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.

555.

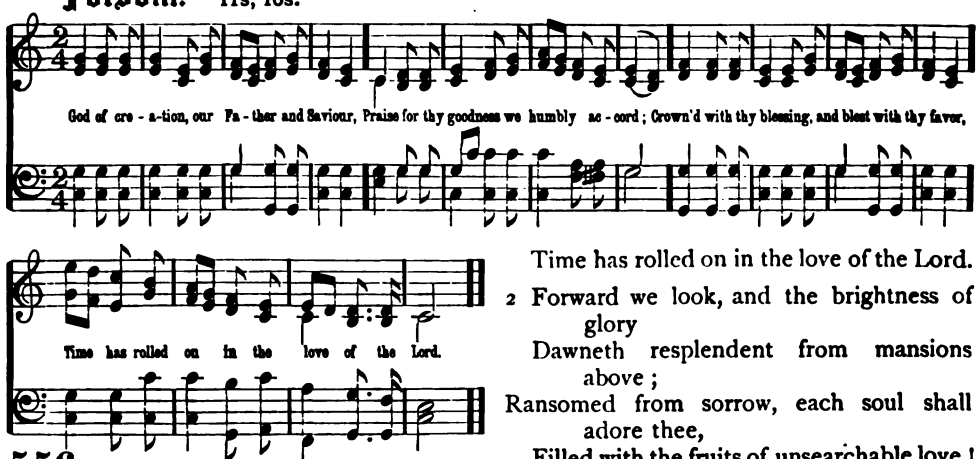
1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold!

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Folsom. 11s, 10s.

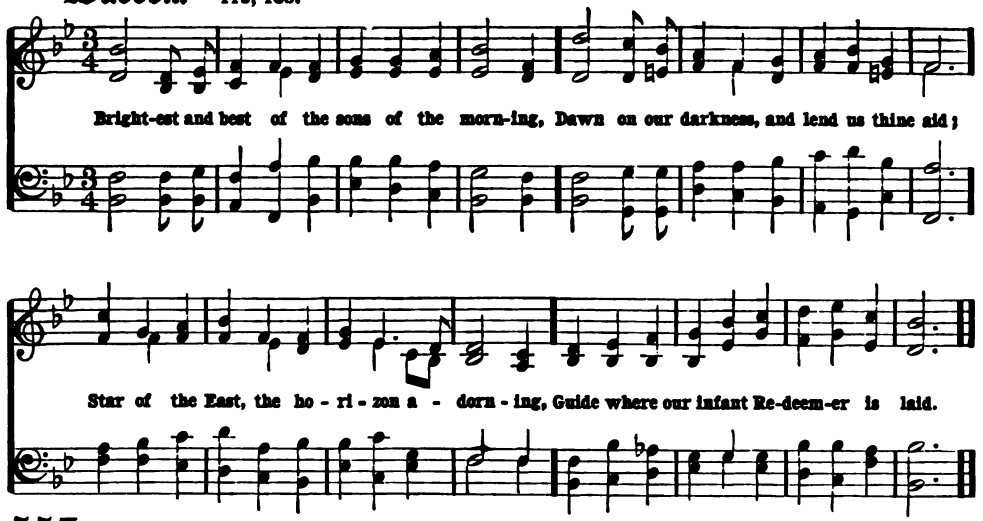

God of cre-a-tion, our Fa-ther and Saviour, Praise for thy goodness we humbly ac-cord; Crown'd with thy blessing, and blest with thy favor,
Time has rolled on in the love of the Lord.

556.

1 God of creation, our Father and Saviour,
Praise for thy goodness we humbly accord;
Crowned with thy blessing, and blest with thy favor,
Time has rolled on in the love of the Lord.

2 Forward we look, and the brightness of glory
Dawneth resplendent from mansions above;
Ransomed from sorrow, each soul shall adore thee,
Filled with the fruits of unsearchable love!

3 Darkness and doubting forever departed,
Sighing and sorrow forever shall cease;
And in the grace, by Jehovah imparted,
Joy shall roll on in the river of peace.

Warren. 11s, 10s.

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Re-deem-er is laid.

557.

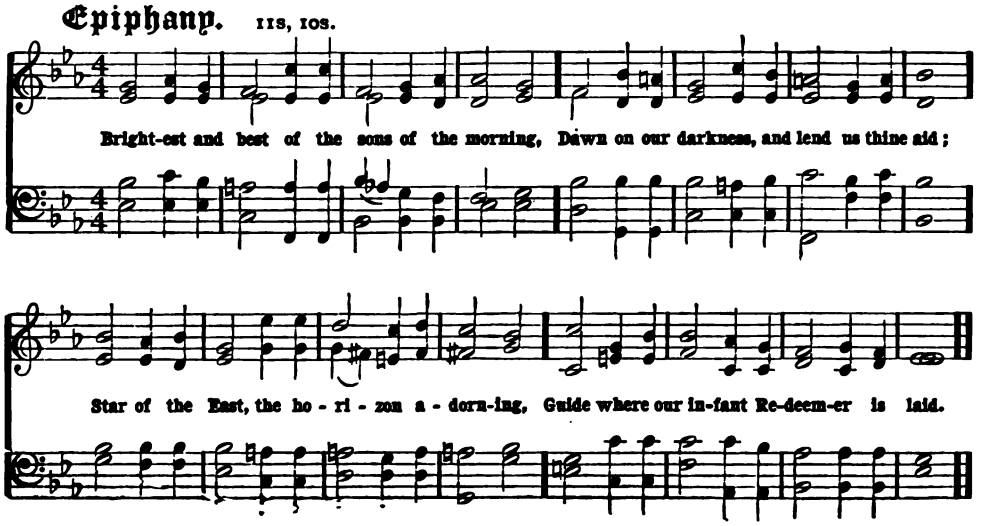
1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Master and Monarch and Saviour of all!

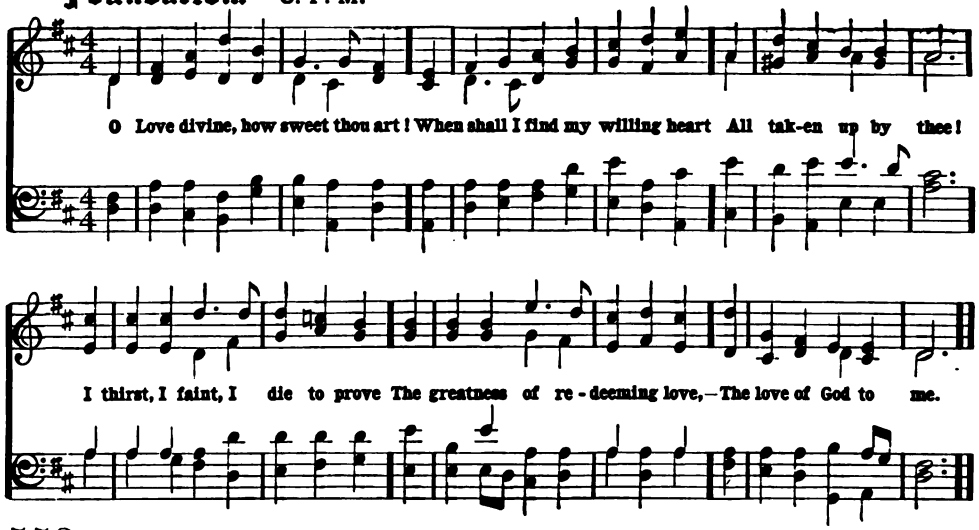
3 Shall we not yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Epiphany. 11s, 10s.


Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

Foundation. C. P. M.


O Love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All tak-en up by thee!
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of re-deeming love,—The love of God to me.

558.

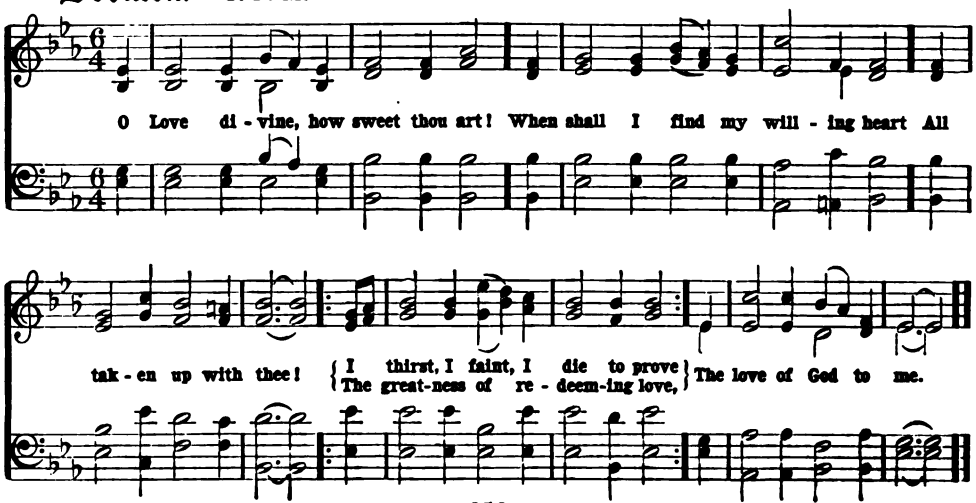
1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee!
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of God to me.

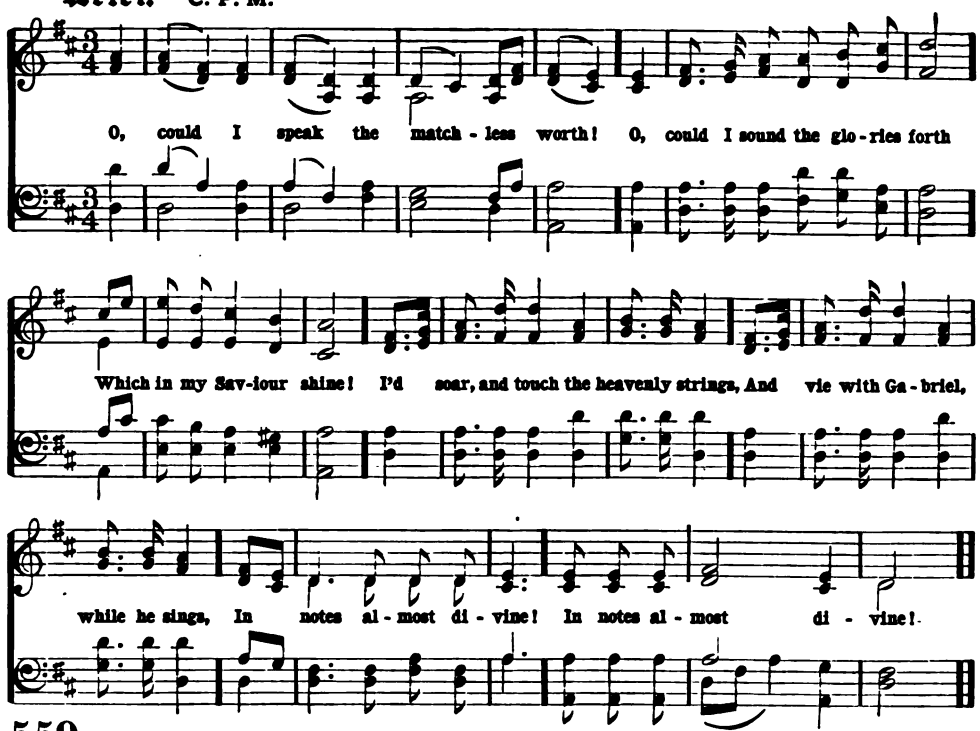
2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
No mortal can its riches tell,
Nor first-born sons of light:
In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,—
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,—
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could forever sit
In transport at my Father's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,—
To hear my Father's voice!

Bremen. C. P. M.


O Love di-vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart All
tak-en up with thee! {I thirst, I faint, I die to prove / The great-ness of re-deem-ing love,} The love of God to me.

Ariel. C. P. M.

O, could I speak the match - less worth! O, could I sound the glo - ries forth
Which in my Sav-iour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel,
while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine! In notes al - most di - vine!

559.

1 O, COULD I speak the matchless worth!
O, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine!

2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

3 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

560.

1 NOT, Lord, thine ancient works alone,
Thy wonders to past ages shown,
Make our glad spirits glow;
Our eyes behold thy works of might,
On us full beam thy wonders bright,
The living God we know.

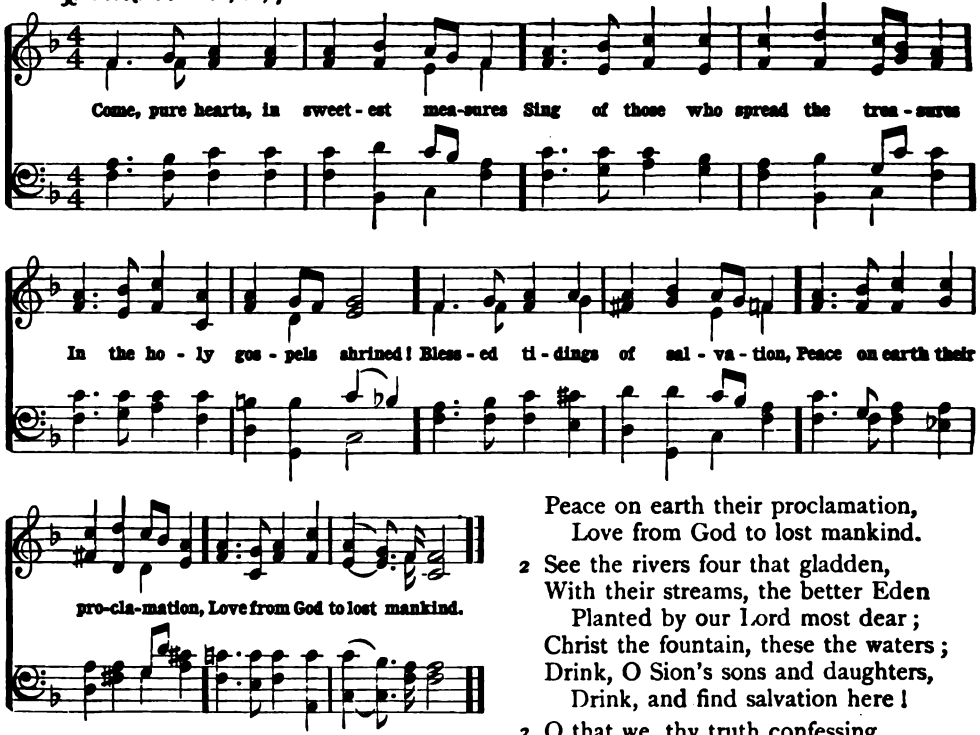
2 We joy not only to be told
How with thy saints and seers of old
Thou madest sweet abode;
We of thy presence bright can tell,
Thou in thy living saints dost dwell,—
We feel the living God.

3 Thou settest us each task divine;
We bless that helping hand of thine,
This strength by thee bestowed.
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
Thine own the cause, thine own the might,
We serve the living God.

4 Ah, soon we droop! ah, soon we tire!
Our fainting hearts new strength require,
Again would quickened be.
We ask no priest; we seek no shrine;
To thee we come for life divine,
Thou living God, to thee.

5 O, more than satisfy our need;
Our most divine desire exceed;
Our constant quickener be:
Thou living God, possess us still,
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,—
Our blessèd life in thee.

Praise. 8s, 8s, 7s.


Come, pure hearts, in sweet - est mea-sures Sing of those who spread the trea - sures
In the ho - ly gos - pels shrined! Bless - ed ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their
pro-cla-mation, Love from God to lost mankind.

561.

1 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy gospels shrined!
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find salvation here!

3 O that we, thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore!
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

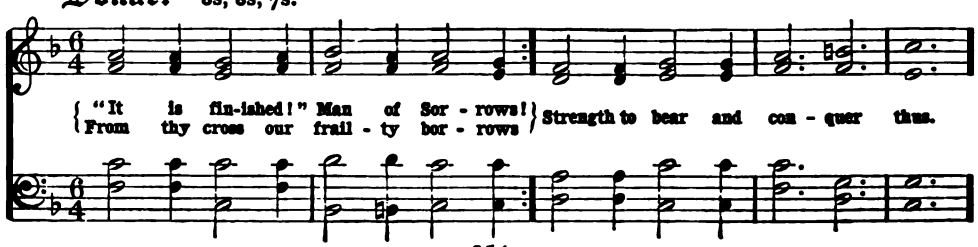
562.

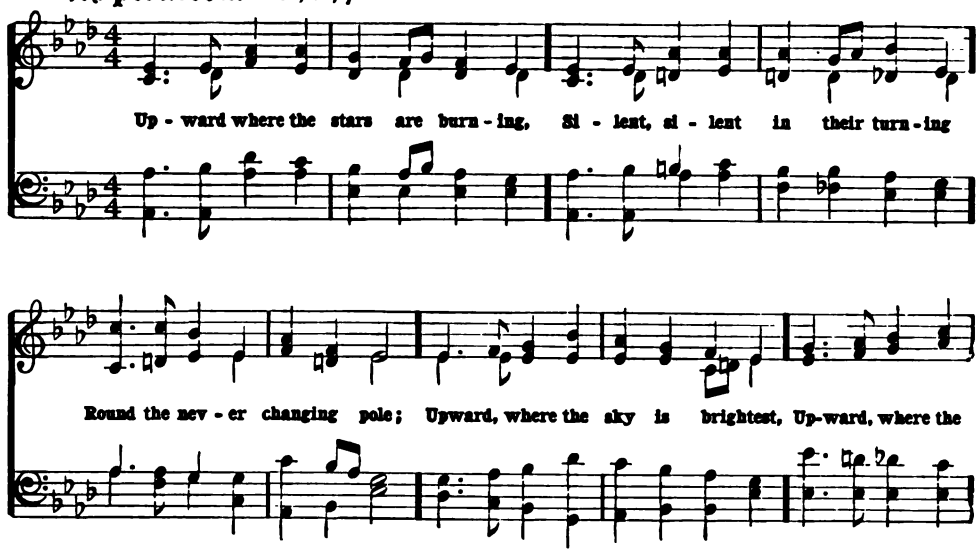
1 "It is finished!" Man of Sorrows!
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While extended there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee,—
Sufferer victorious!

2 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be!
Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee!

3 Still to thee! whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.
Honored be thy cross forever,
Star, that points our high endeavor,
Whither thou hast gone before.

Bonar. 8s, 8s, 7s.



Aspiration. 8s, 8s, 7s.

Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn - ing
Round the nev - er changing pole; Upward, where the sky is brightest, Up-ward, where the
blue is lightest, Lift I now my long-ing soul.

563.

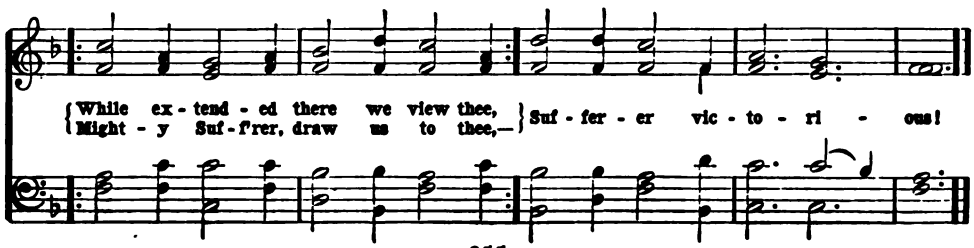
1 UPWARD where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

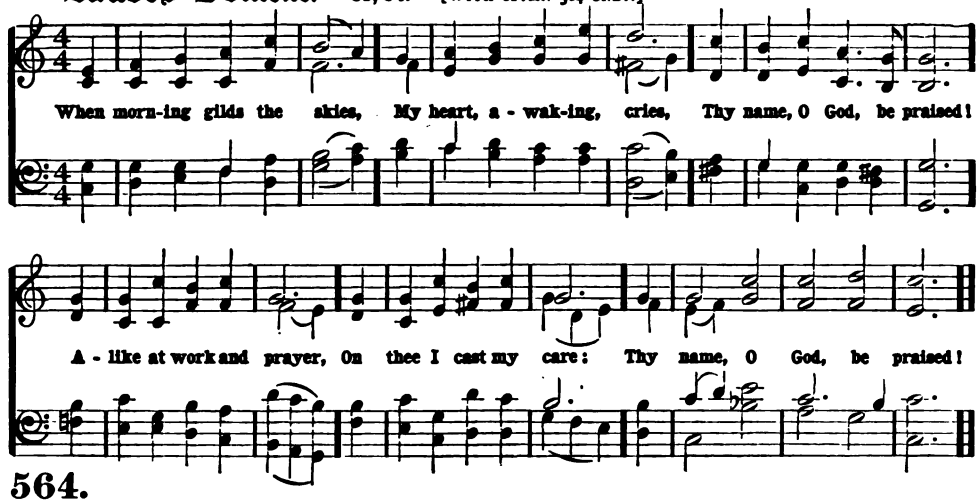
3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him,
With his name the palace rings!

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessèd feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.



Laudes Domini. 6s, 6l. [With Hymn 564 only.]


When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak-ing, cries, Thy name, O God, be praised!
A - like at work and prayer, On thee I cast my care: Thy name, O God, be praised!

564.

1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart, awaking, cries,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
On thee I cast my care:
Thy name, O God, be praised!

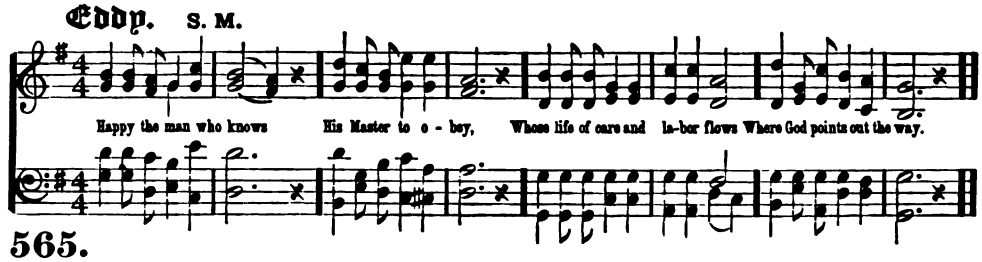
2 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find:
Thy name, O God, be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this:
Thy name, O God, be praised!

3 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast:
Thy name, O God, be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear:
Thy name, O God, be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
Thy name, O God, be praised!

5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
Thy name, O God, be praised!

Eddy. S. M.



565.

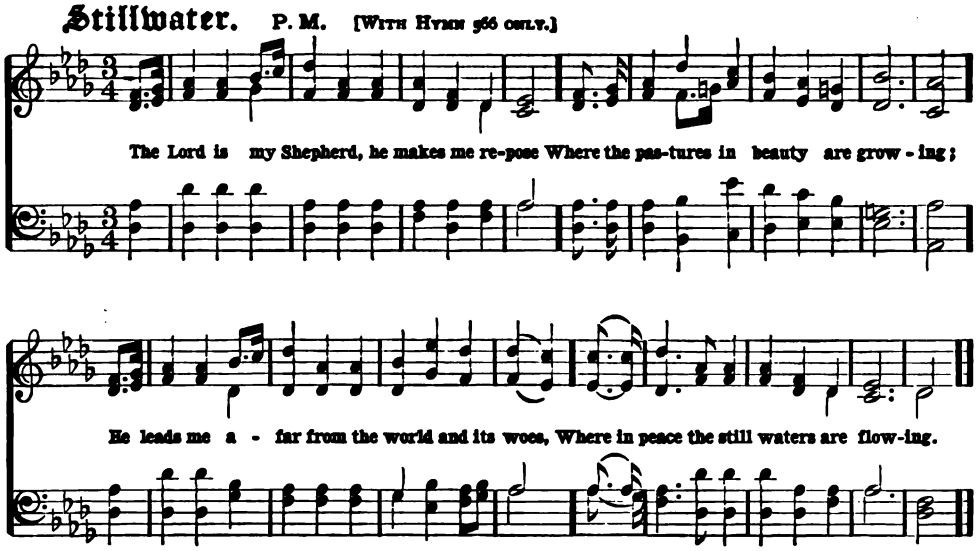
1 Happy the man who knows
His Master to obey,
Whose life of care and labor flows
Where God points out the way.

2 He riseth to his task
Soon as the word is given,
Nor waits, nor doth a question ask,
When orders come from heaven.

3 Nothing he calls his own;
Nothing he hath to say;
His feet are shod for God alone,
And God alone obey.

4 Give us, O God, this mind,
Which waits for thy command,
And doth its highest pleasure find
In thy great work to stand.

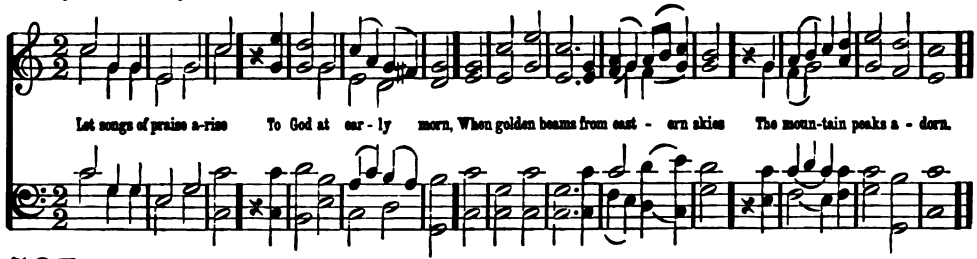
Stillwater. P. M. [With Hymn 566 only.]


The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me re-pose Where the pas-tures in beauty are grow - ing;
He leads me a - far from the world and its woes, Where in peace the still waters are flow-ing.

566.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

Silver Street. S. M.

567.

1 Let songs of praise arise
To God at early morn,
When golden beams from eastern skies
The mountain peaks adorn.

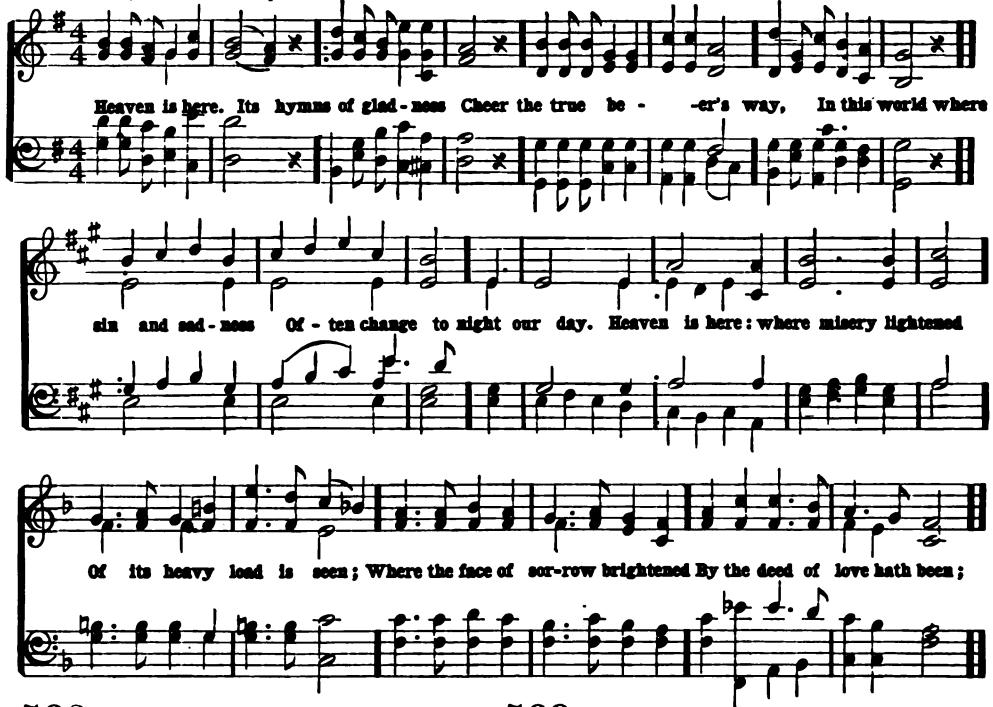
2 When plumaged songsters raise
Their varied notes of joy,
And flowers breathe their fragrant praise,
Let praise our tongues employ.

3 At noontide, too, O Lord,
Thy praise shall be our theme,
When floods of burning light are poured
O'er mountain, vale, and stream.

4 O'er our dark minds, meanwhile,
Lord, let thy glory roll;
Thou art a cloudless sun, thy smile
The noonday of the soul.

5 At evening's starlit hour,
Still be his praise expressed,
When countless stars of light, his power
And watchful love attest.

6 Praise God, our favored souls;
Let all our months, our days,
Yea, every moment as it rolls,
Convey our grateful praise.

Weston. 8s, 7s, D.

Heaven is here. Its hymns of glad - ness Cheer the true be - -er's way, In this world where
sin and sad - ness Of - ten change to night our day. Heaven is here: where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen; Where the face of sor-row brightened By the deed of love hath been;

568.

1 Heaven is here. Its hymns of gladness
Cheer the true believer's way,
In this world where sin and sadness
Often change to night our day.
Heaven is here: where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen;
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love hath been;

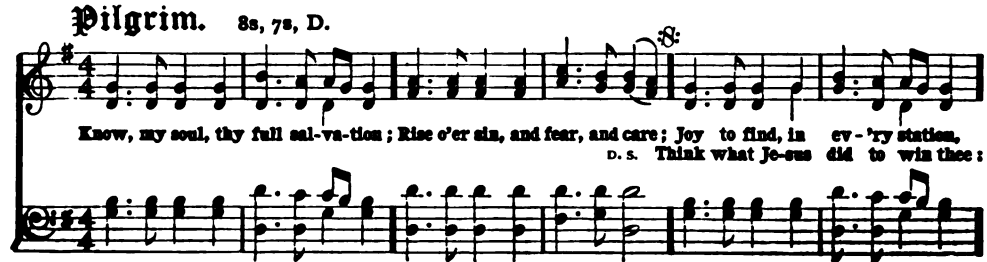
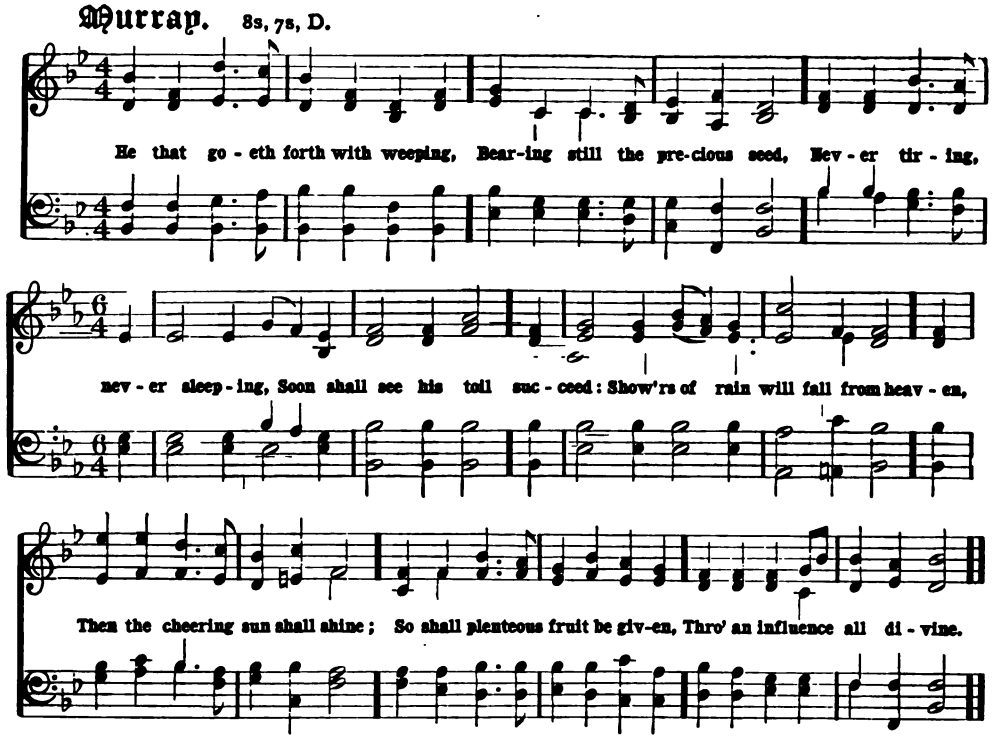
2 Where the bound, the poor, despairing,
Are set free, supplied, and blest;
Where, in others' anguish sharing,
We can find our surest rest;
Where we heed the voice of duty
Rather than man's praise or rod:
This is heaven, — its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the smile of God.

569.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Pilgrim. 8s, 7s, D.


Know, my soul, thy full sal-va-tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find, in ev-'ry station,
D. S. Think what Je-sus did to win thee:

Murray. 8s, 7s, D.
He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear-ing still the pre-cious seed, Nev - er tir - ing,
nev - er sleep - ing, Soon shall see his toil suc - ceed: Show'rs of rain will fall from heav - en,
Then the cheering sun shall shine; So shall plenteous fruit be giv-en, Thro' an influence all di - vine.

570.

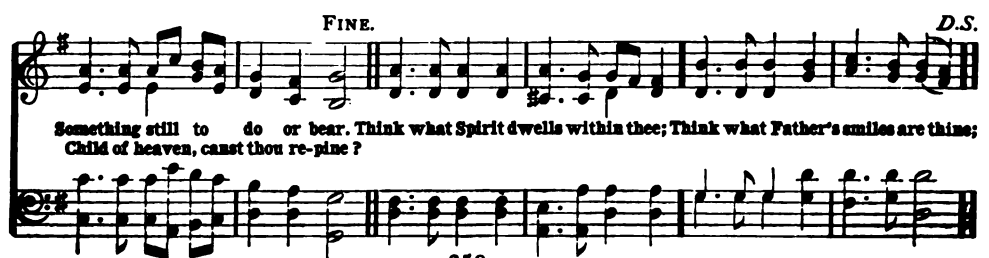
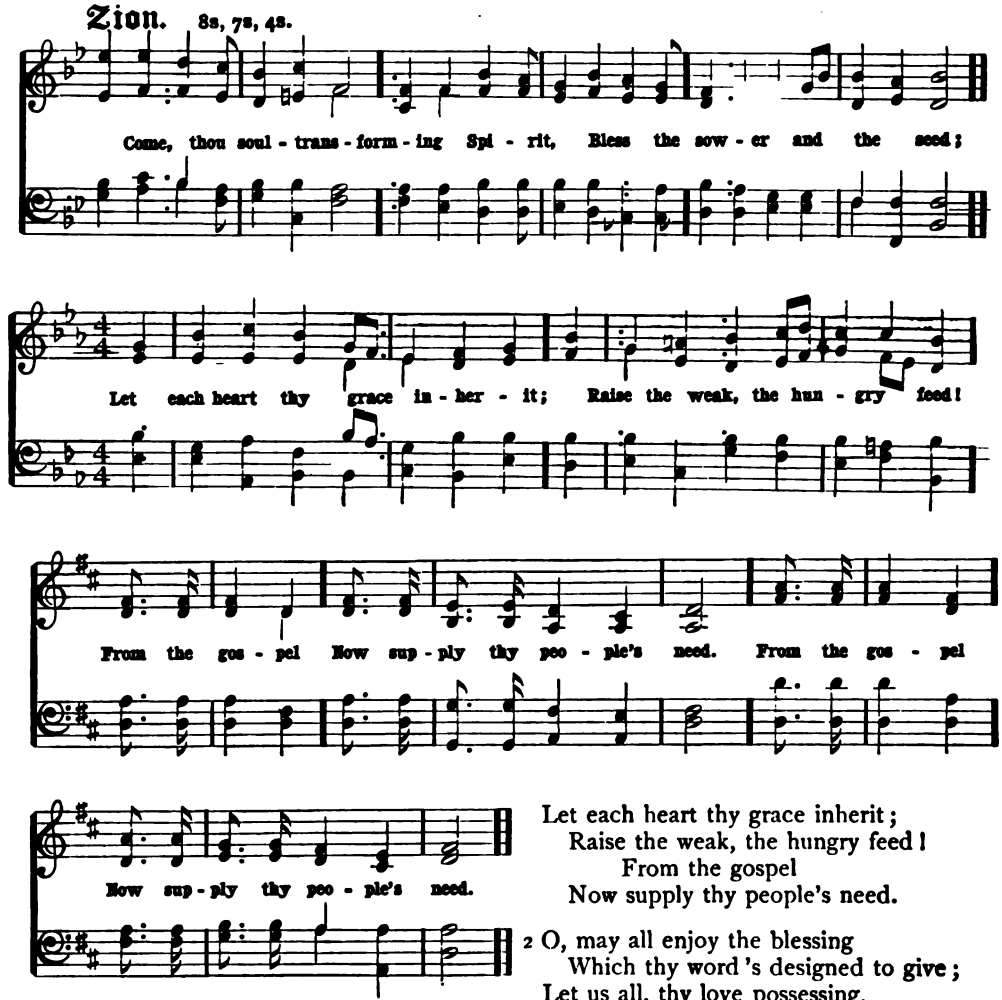
1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Soon shall see his toil succeed:
Showers of rain will fall from heaven,
Then the cheering sun shall shine;
So shall plenteous fruit be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let not fear thy mind employ;
Though the prospect be most dreary,
Thou mayest reap the fruits of joy.
Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear!
Look again! the fields are whitening;
Harvest-time is surely near!

571.

1 Years are coming — speed them onward! —
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance, and falchion
Sleep at last in silent dust!
Earth has heard too long of battle,
Heard the trumpet's voice too long;
But another age advances,
Seers foretold in ancient song.

2 Years are coming when, forever,
War's dread banner shall be furled,
And the angel Peace be welcomed,
Regent of the happy world.
Hail with song that glorious era,
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance, and falchion
Sleep at last in silent dust.


Fine.
D.S.
Something still to do or bear. Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Child of heaven, canst thou re-pine?

Zion. 8s, 7s, 4s.
Come, thou soul - trans - form - ing Spi - rit, Bless the sow - er and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace in - her - it; Raise the weak, the hun - gry feed!
From the gos - pel Now sup - ply thy peo - ple's need. From the gos - pel
Now sup - ply thy peo - ple's need.

572.

1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

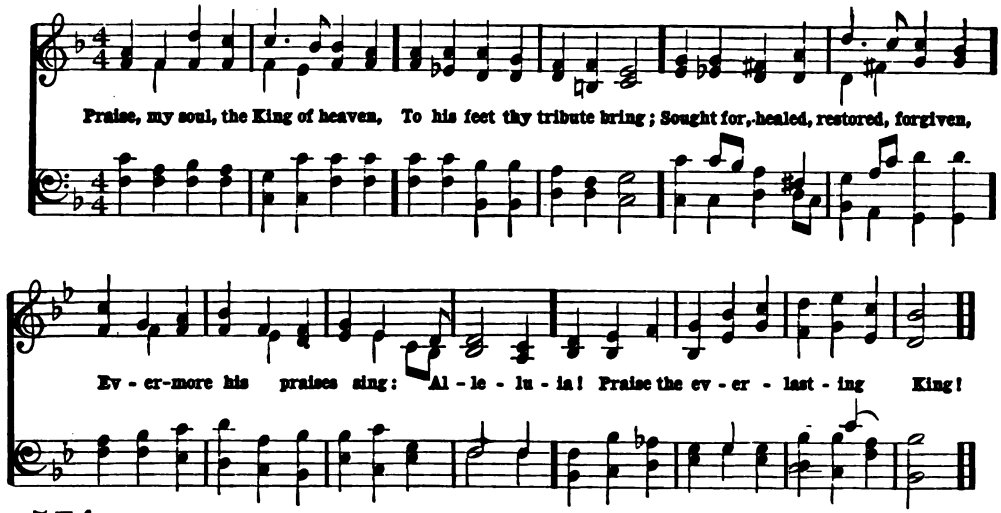
573.

1 Saints of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word:
Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord!

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land, —
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit
Bring thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping-time will come,
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home;
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

St. Osmund. 8s, 7s, 4s.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, To his feet thy tribute bring; Sought for, healed, restored, forgiven,
Ev - er-more his praises sing: Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!

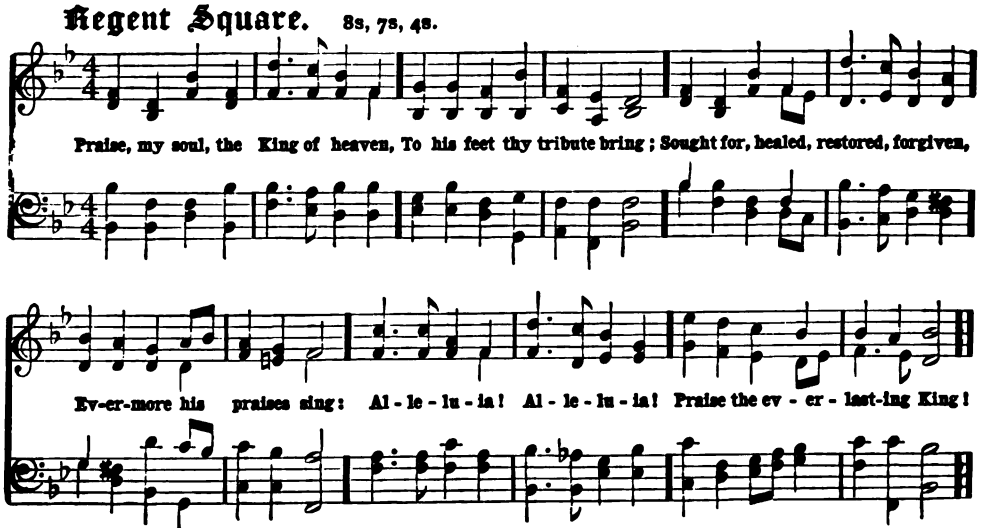
574.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Sought for, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing:
Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!

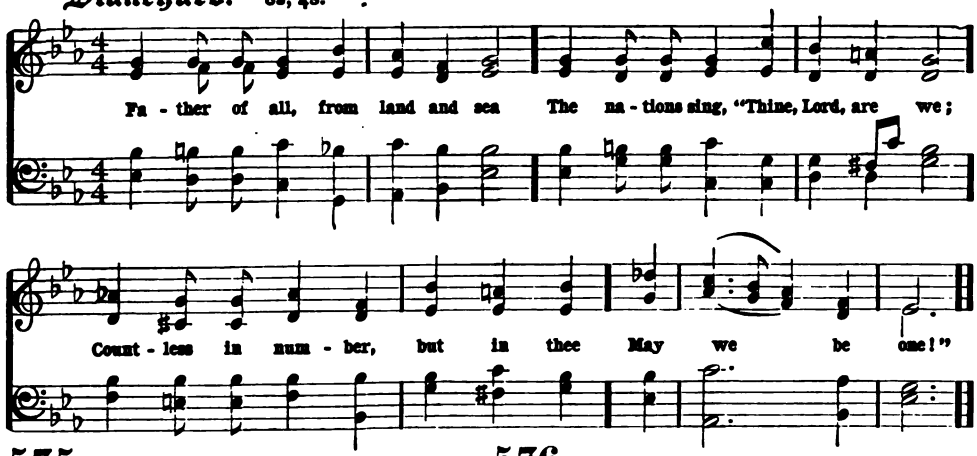
2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore him!
Ye behold him face to face:
Saints triumphant bow before him,
Gathered in from every race:
Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Regent Square. 8s, 7s, 4s.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, To his feet thy tribute bring; Sought for, healed, restored, forgiven,
Ev-er-more his praises sing: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last-ing King!

Blanchard. 8s, 4s.



575.

1 FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we;
Countless in number, but in thee
May we be one!"

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make thee man to be,
United to our God in thee,
May we be one!

3 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one!

4 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one!"

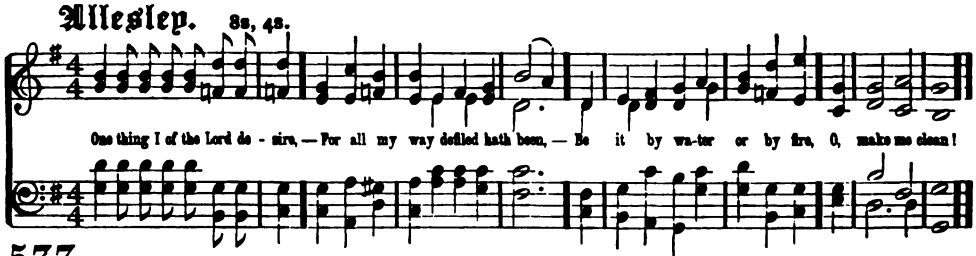
576.

1 FROM north and south and east and west,
When shall the peoples, long unblest,
All find their everlasting rest,
O Christ, in thee?

2 When shall the climes of ageless snow
Be with the Gospel light aglow,
And all men their Redeemer know,
O Christ, in thee?

3 When on each southern balmy coast
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,
O Christ, in thee?

4 Bring, Lord, the long-predicted hour,
The ages' diadem and flower,
When all shall find their refuge, tower,
And home in thee!

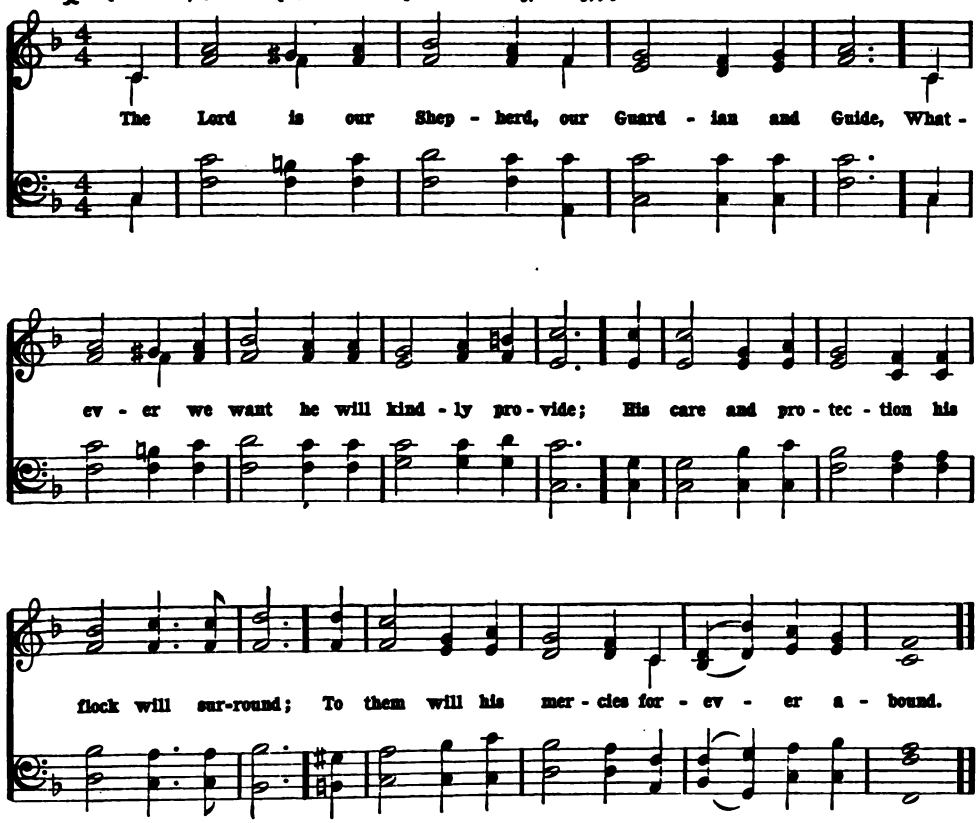
Allesley. 8s, 4s.

577.

1 ONE thing I of the Lord desire, —
For all my way defiled hath been, —
Be it by water or by fire,
O, make me clean!

2 If clearer vision thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine;
For, mirrored in its depths, are seen
The things divine.

4 So, wash thou me without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be, —
No matter how, if only sin
Die out of me!

Pastor Bonus. 113. [With Hymn 578 or 579.]

The Lord is our Shep - herd, our Guard - ian and Guide, What -
ev - er we want he will kind - ly pro - vide; His care and pro - tec - tion his
flock will sur-round; To them will his mer - cies for - ev - er a - bound.

578.

1 The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide,
Whatever we want he will kindly provide;
His care and protection his flock will surround;
To them will his mercies forever abound.

2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what, then, shall we fear?
Shall dangers affrighten us while he is near?
O, no; when he calls us we 'll walk through the vale,
The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.

3 Afraid, of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
We know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To life and to glory it brings us at last.

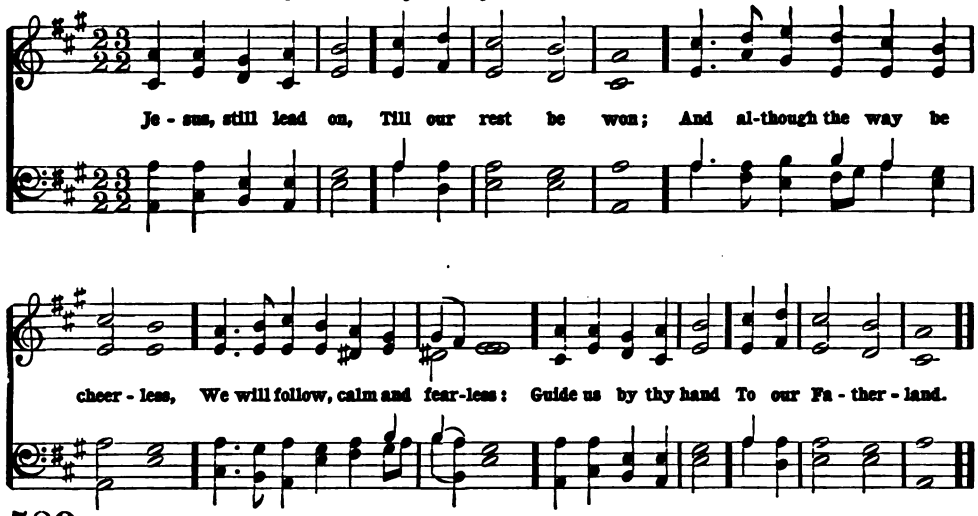
4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long;
His name will we praise, while he lends to us breath,
Be joyful through life, and resigned in our death.

579.

1 Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name:
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same:
O, give to us daily our portion of bread:
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from evil and sin,
And thine be the glory, forever. Amen.

Guide. P. M. [With Hymn 580 only.]


Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-though the way be
cheer - less, We will follow, calm and fear-less: Guide us by thy hand To our Fa - ther - land.

580.

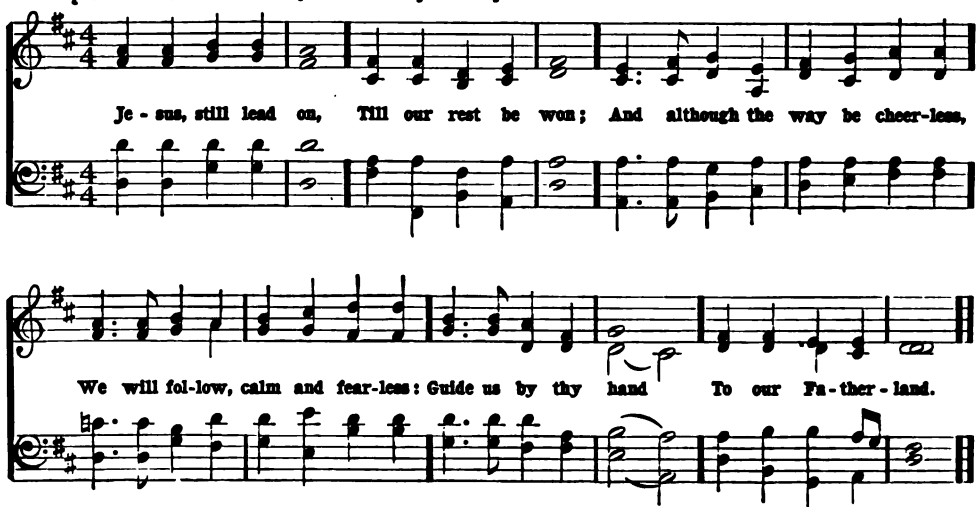
1 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

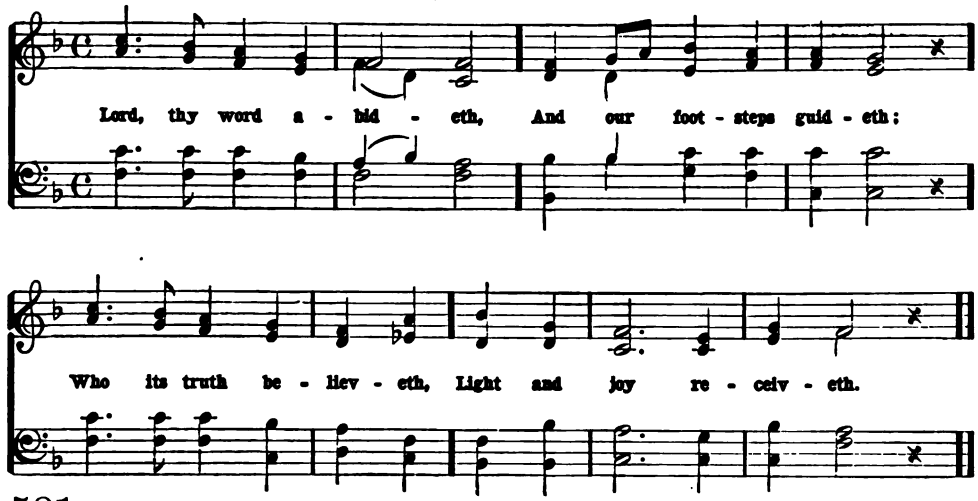
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring, —
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Hubert. P. M. [With Hymn 580 only.]


Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheer-less,
We will fol-low, calm and fear-less: Guide us by thy hand To our Fa - ther - land.

Hereford. P. M. [With Hymn 581 only.]

581.

1 Lord, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth,
Light and joy receiveth.

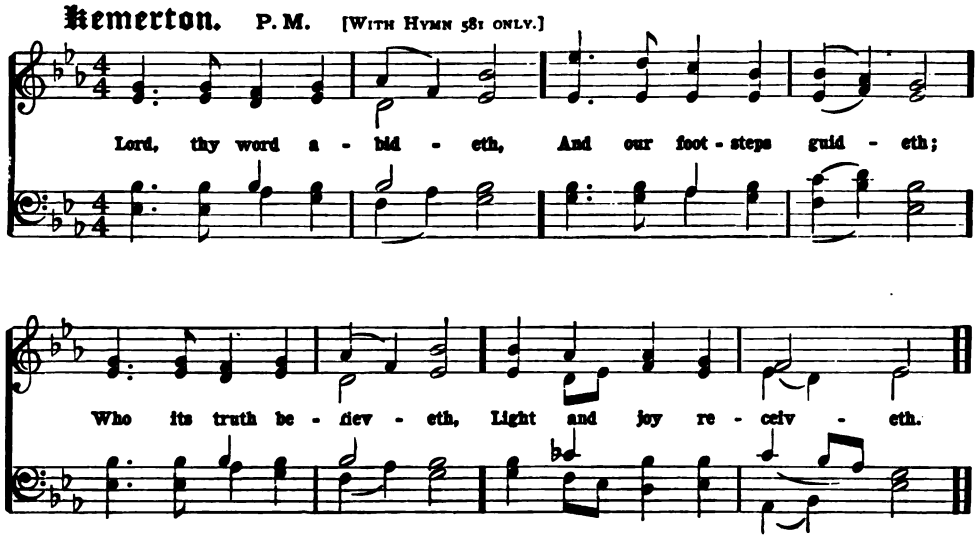
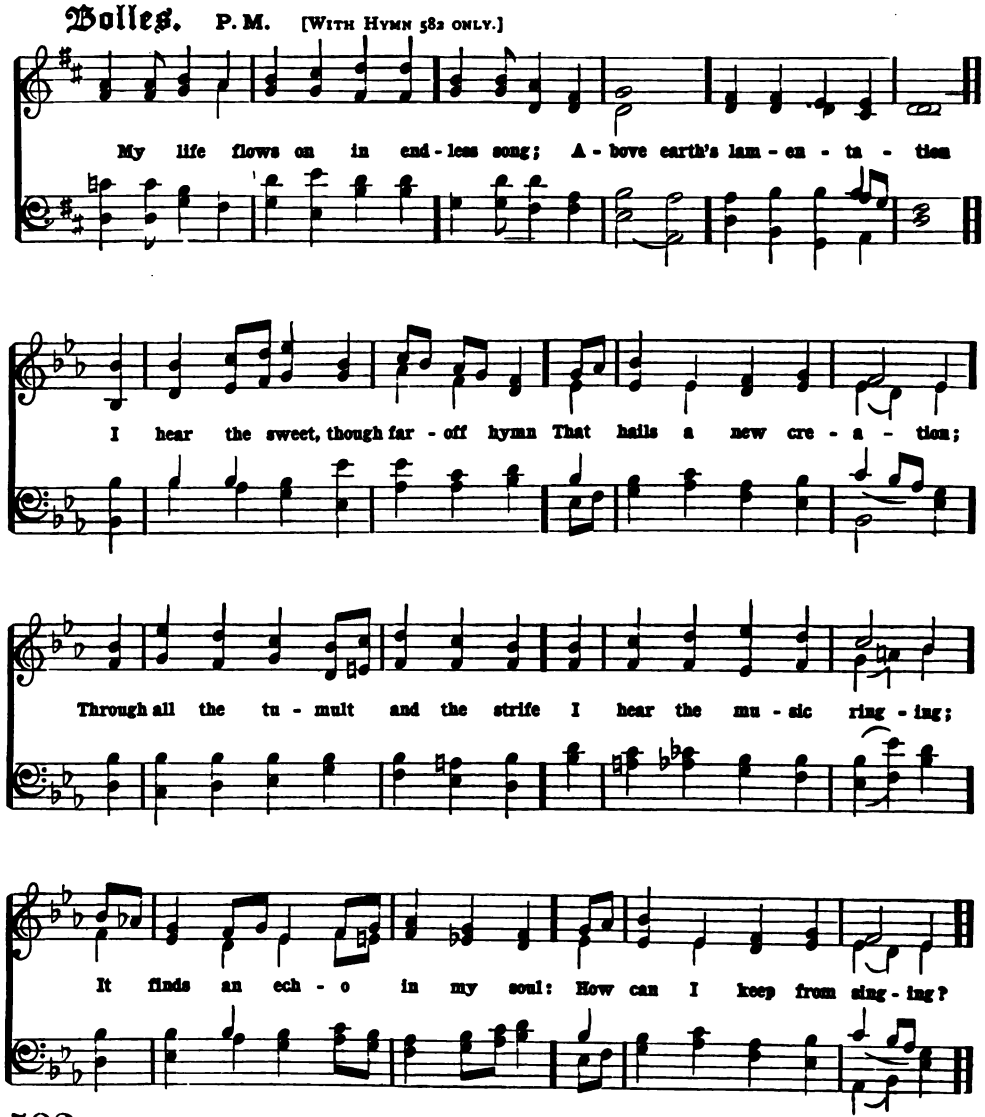
2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us:
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee!

Kemerton. P. M. [With Hymn 581 only.]

Bolles. P. M. [With Hymn 582 only.]
My life flows on in end - less song; A - bove earth's lam - en - ta - tion
I hear the sweet, though far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
Through all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
It finds an ech - o in my soul: How can I keep from sing - ing?

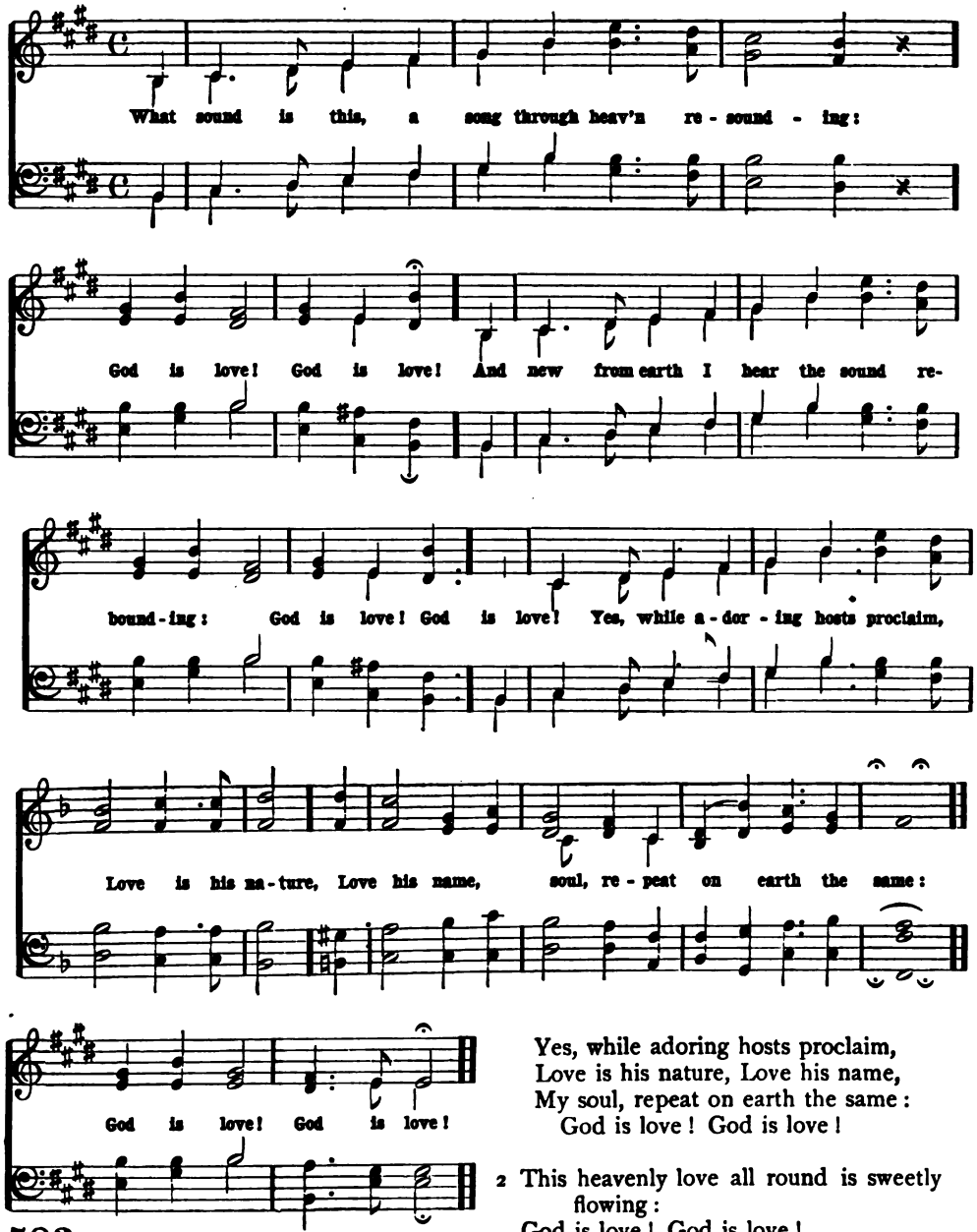
582.

1 My life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation
I hear the sweet, though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation;
Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul:
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die,
The Lord my Helper liveth!
What though the darkness gather round,
Songs in the night he giveth!
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging;
Since God is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin,
I see the blue above it,
And day by day this pathway smoothes
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of God makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine, since I am his:
How can I keep from singing?

Flanders. P. M. [With Hymn 583 only.]

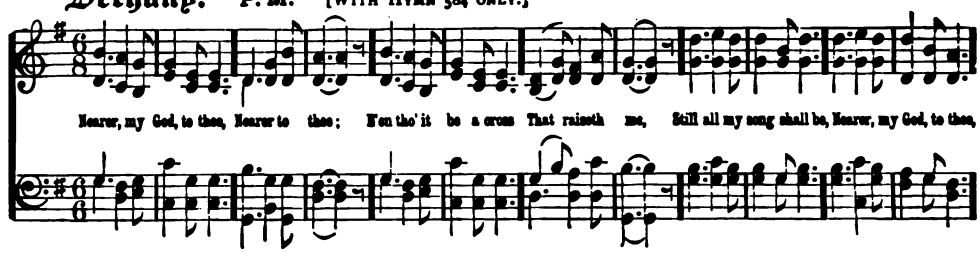

What sound is this, a song through heav'n re - sound - ing:
God is love! God is love! And now from earth I hear the sound re-
bound-ing: God is love! God is love! Yes, while a-dor - ing hosts proclaim,
Love is his na-ture, Love his name, soul, re - peat on earth the same:
God is love! God is love!

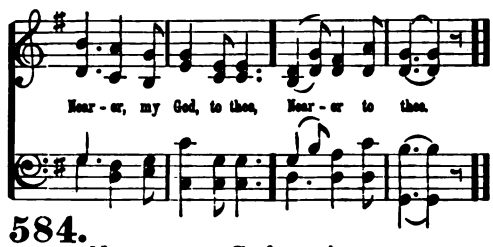
583.

1 What sound is this, a song through heaven resounding:
God is love! God is love!
And now from earth I hear the sound rebounding:
God is love! God is love!
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
Love is his nature, Love his name,
My soul, repeat on earth the same:
God is love! God is love!

2 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing:
God is love! God is love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing:
God is love! God is love!
This, then, shall be my song below;
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow:
God is love! God is love!

Bethany. P. M. [With Hymn 584 only.]





584.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

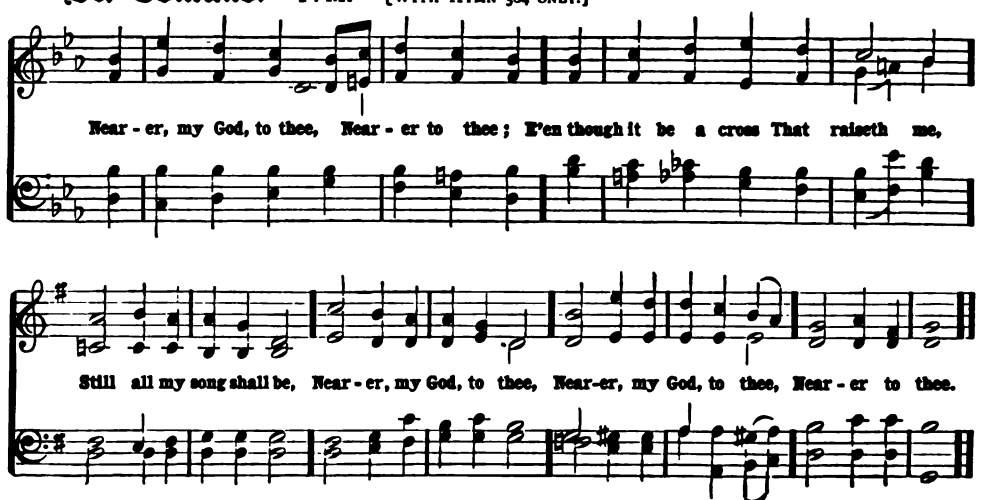
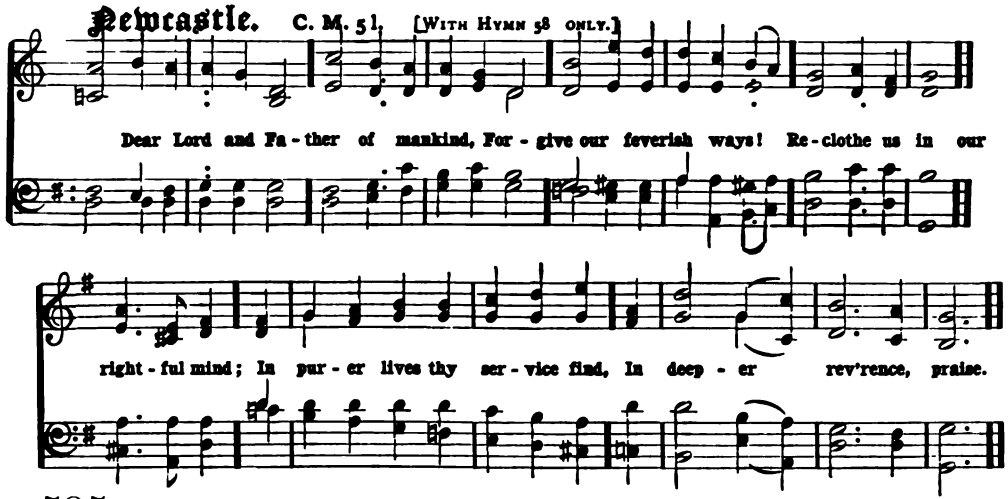
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone, —
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

St. Edmund. P. M. [With Hymn 584 only.]


Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Newcastle. C. M. 51. [With Hymn 58 only.]
Dear Lord and Fa-ther of mankind, For-give our feverish ways! Re-clothe us in our
right-ful mind; In pur-er lives thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise.

585.

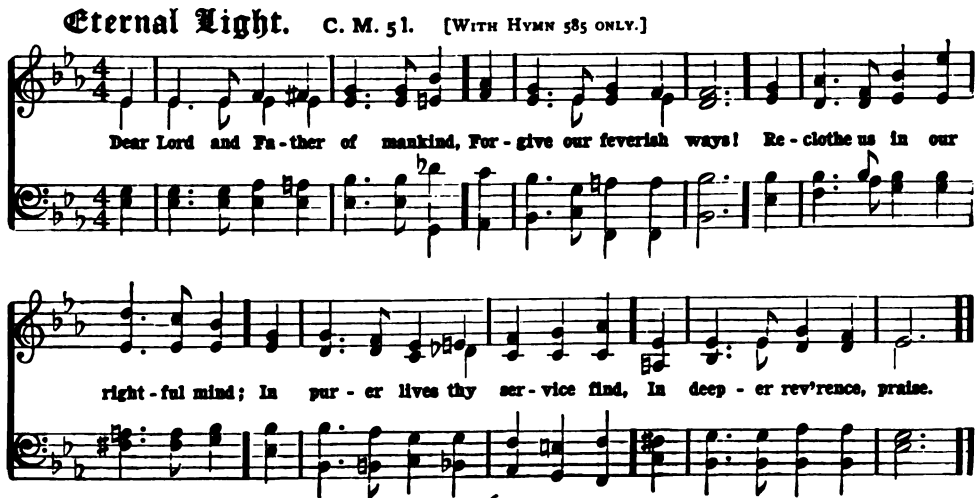
1 Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

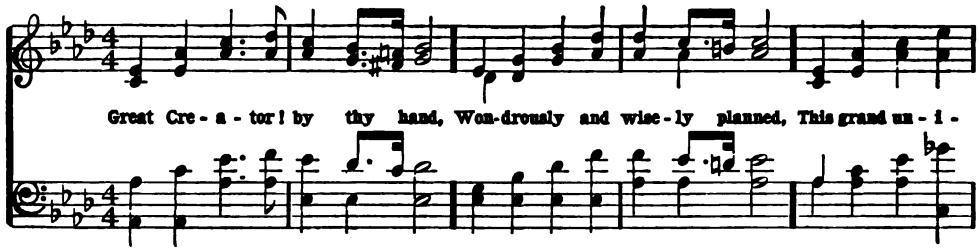
2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee!

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

5 Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

Eternal Light. C. M. 51. [With Hymn 585 only.]
Dear Lord and Fa-ther of mankind, For-give our feverish ways! Re-clothe us in our
right-ful mind; In pur-er lives thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise.

Paraclete. 7s, 5s.

586.

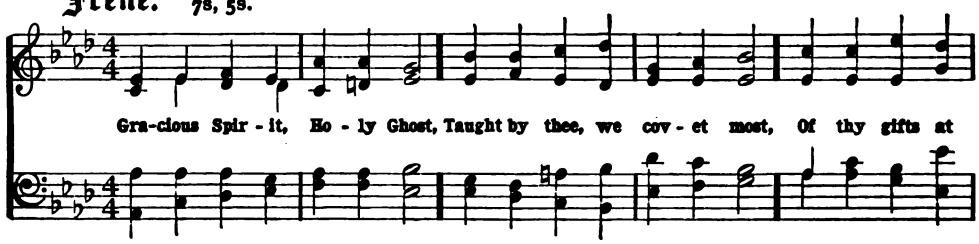
1 Great Creator! by thy hand,
Wondrously and wisely planned,
This grand universe doth stand,
Maker all Divine.

2 Great Controller! by thy might
Every resource helps the right;
Every path leads toward the light,
Ruler all Divine.

3 Great Redeemer, Christ! in thee
Dwells the sacred Unity, —
Father, Son, Humanity,
Saviour all Divine.

4 Great Instructor! nought we need
But thy perfect law to heed
And to do the righteous deed,
Teacher all Divine.

Irene. 7s, 5s.



587.

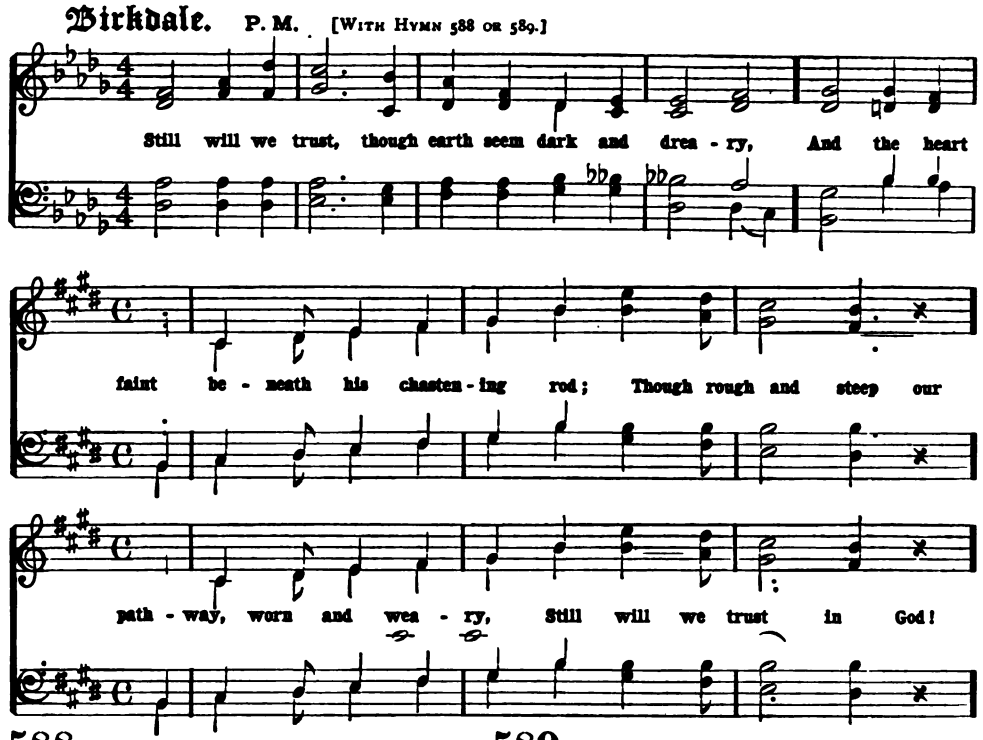
1 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most,
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong:
Give us heavenly Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

Birkdale. P. M. [With Hymn 588 or 589.]
Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and drea - ry, And the heart
faint be - neath his chasten - ing rod; Though rough and steep our
path - way, worn and wea - ry, Still will we trust in God!

588.

1 Still will we trust, though earth seem
dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn
and weary,
Still will we trust in God!

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief
and pain;
Through him alone, who hath our way
appointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak
preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast
designed;
Choose for us, God: thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on; in patient self-denial
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the
loss:
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

589.

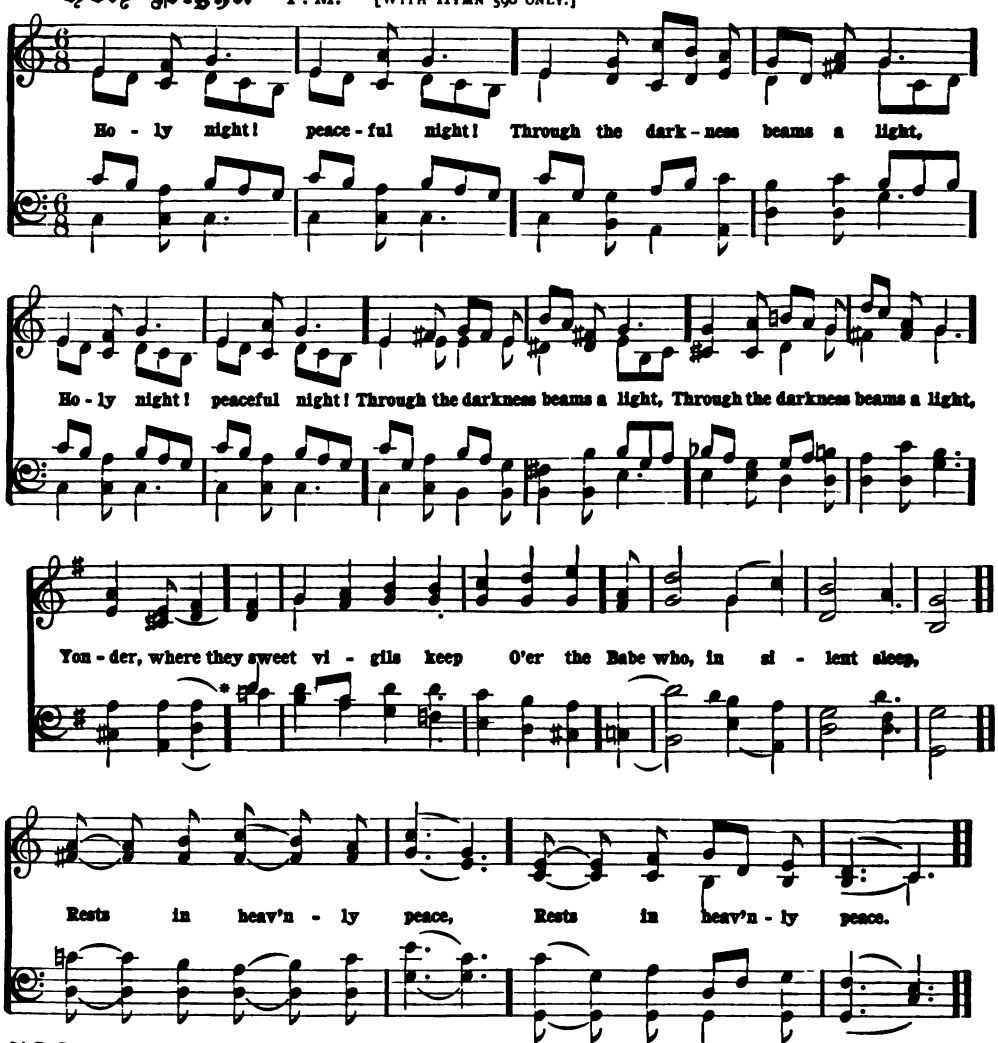
1 When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

3 Be near me when all else is from me
drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love that answers mine.

4 I have but thee, O Father! let thy spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

5 Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiv'n through thy abounding
grace —
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Holy Night. P. M. [With Hymn 590 only.]

Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Through the dark - ness beams a light,
Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light, Through the darkness beams a light,
Yon - der, where they sweet vi - gils keep O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep,
Rests in heav'n - ly peace, Rests in heav'n - ly peace.

590.

1 Holy night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light,
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.

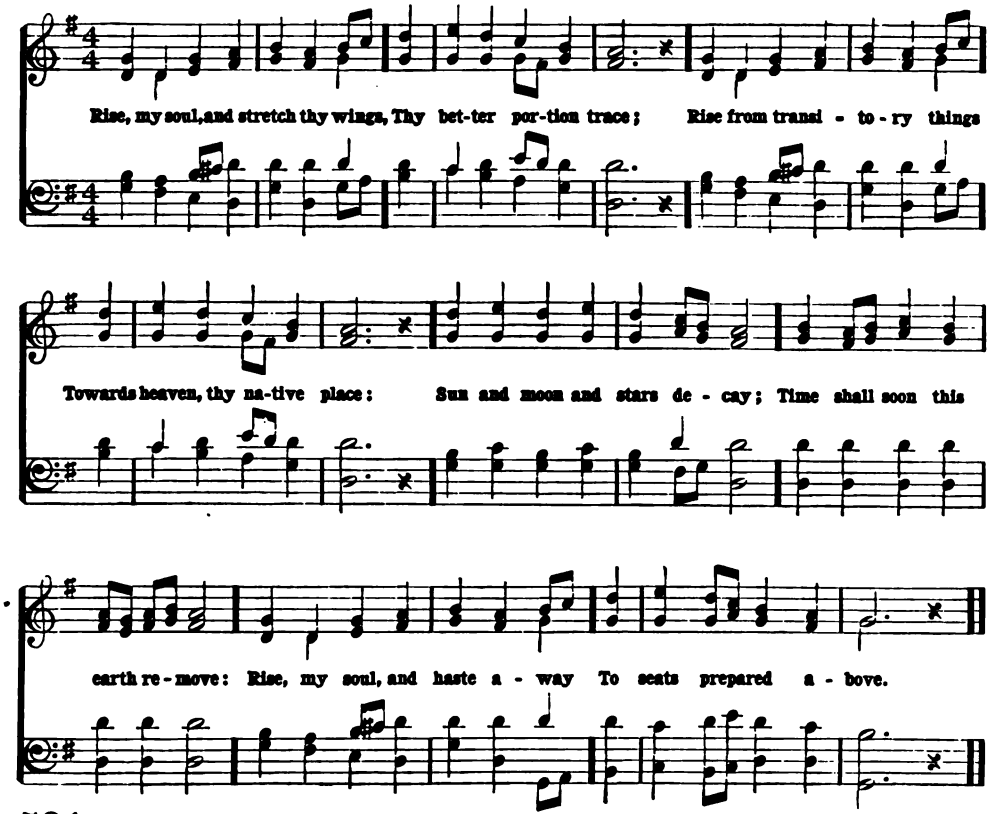
2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing,
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of Heaven, O how bright
Thou didst smile when thou wast born;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O, lend thy light!
See the Eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

* *The slurs in the third* and fourth braces should be used, or not, as the words require.

Amsterdam. P. M. [With Hymn 591 or 592.]

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from transi - to - ry things
Towards heaven, thy na-tive place: Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this
earth re-move: Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

591.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

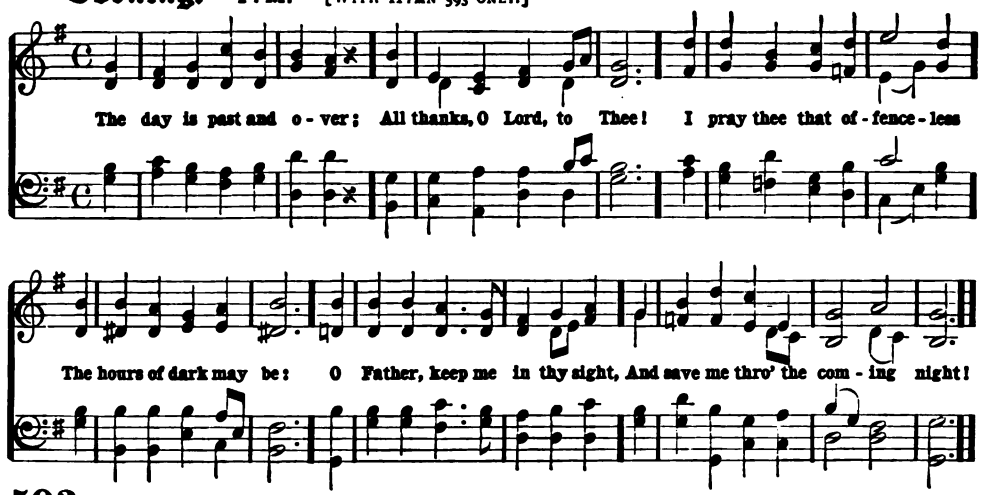
3 Fly me, riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

592.

1 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin and noise
And tumult I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now, and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

Evening. P. M. [With Hymn 593 only.]


The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray thee that of - fence - less
The hours of dark may be: O Father, keep me in thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night!

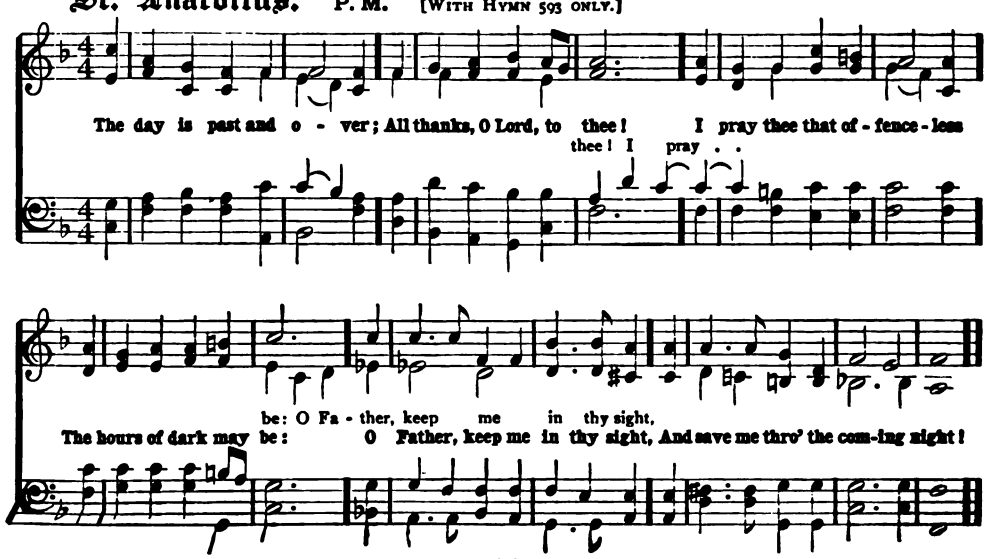
593.

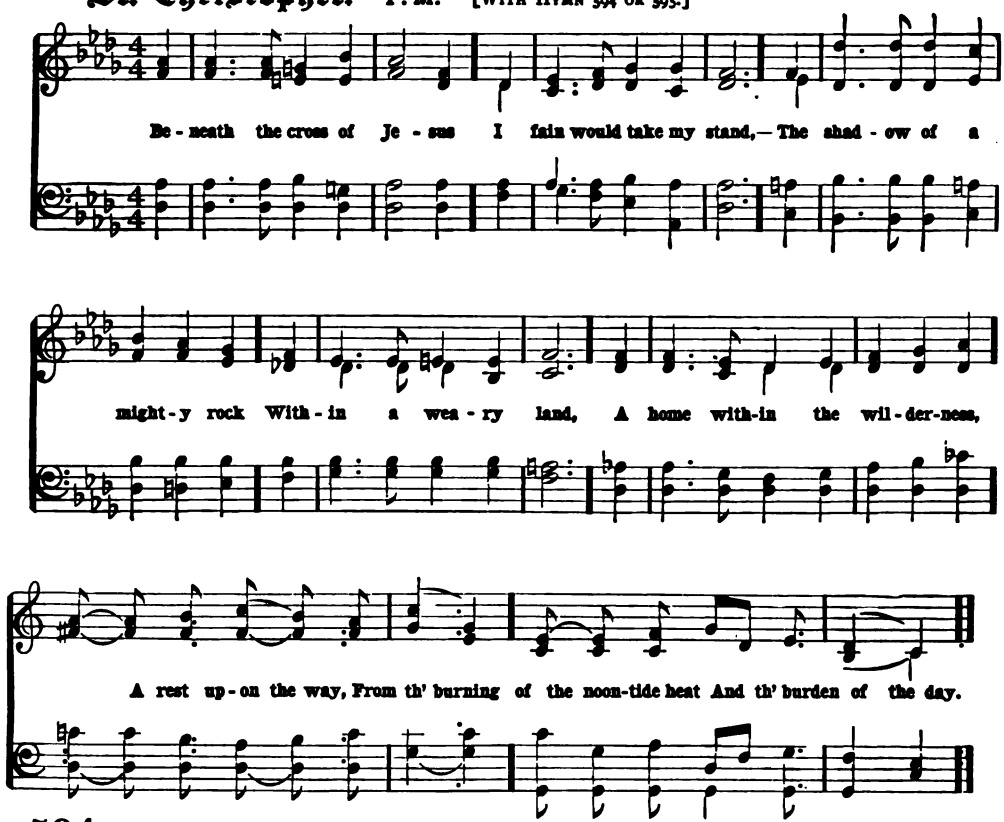
1 The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
I pray thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to thee,
And call on thee, that sinless
The hours of night may be:
O Father, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Be thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go;
O loving Father, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

St. Anatolius. P. M. [With Hymn 593 only.]

The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to thee! I pray thee that of - fence - less
thee! I pray . .
be: O Fa - ther, keep me in thy sight,
The hours of dark may be: O Father, keep me in thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night!

St. Christopher. P. M. [With Hymn 594 or 595.]

Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,— The shad - ow of a
might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land, A home with-in the wil - der-ness,
A rest up - on the way, From th' burning of the noon-tide heat And th' burden of the day.

594.

1 Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,—
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land,
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat
And the burden of the day.

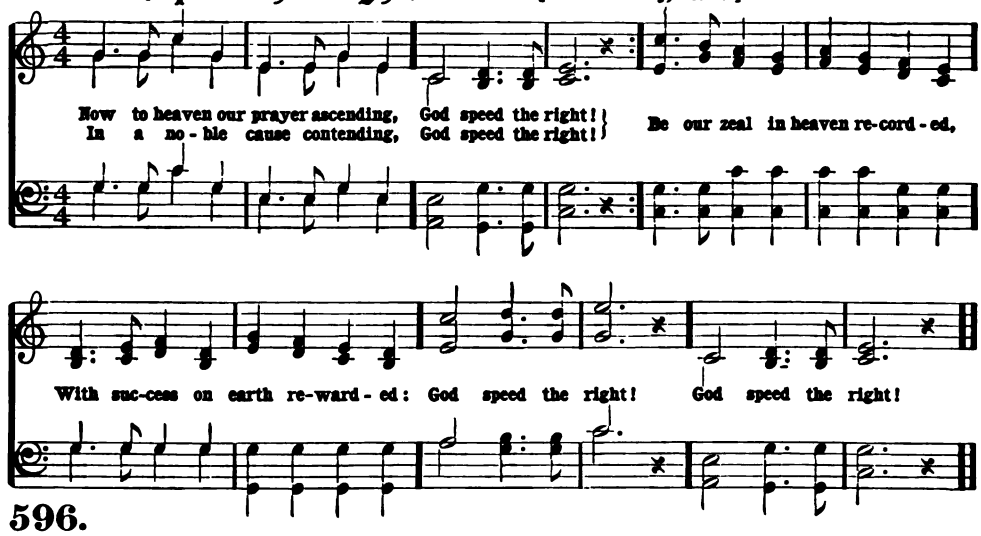
2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
These wonders I confess,—
The wonder of his glorious love
And my unworthiness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of his face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

595.

1 Think gently of the erring!
Lord, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet,—
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God!
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to him, brother;
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

God Speed the Right. P. M. [With Hymn 596 only.]

Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right!
In a no-ble cause contending, God speed the right!
Be our zeal in heaven re-cord-ed,
With suc-cess on earth re-ward-ed: God speed the right! God speed the right!

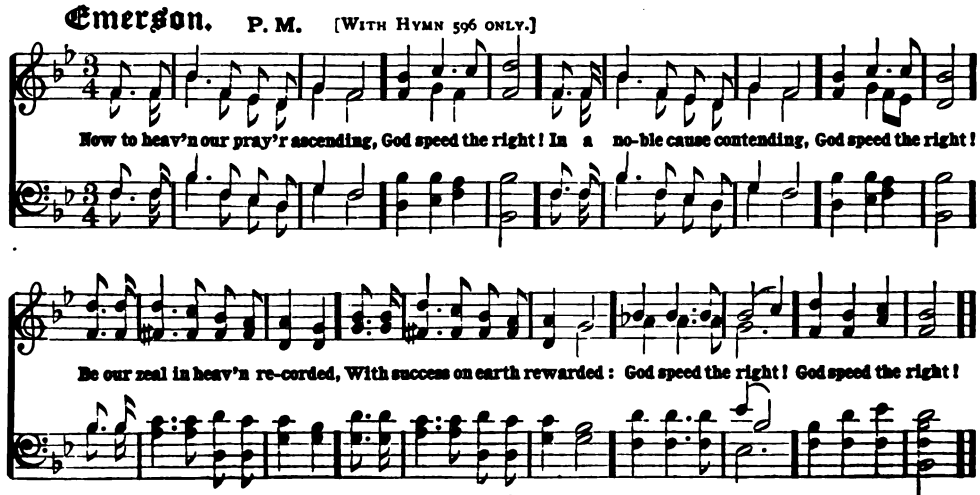
596.

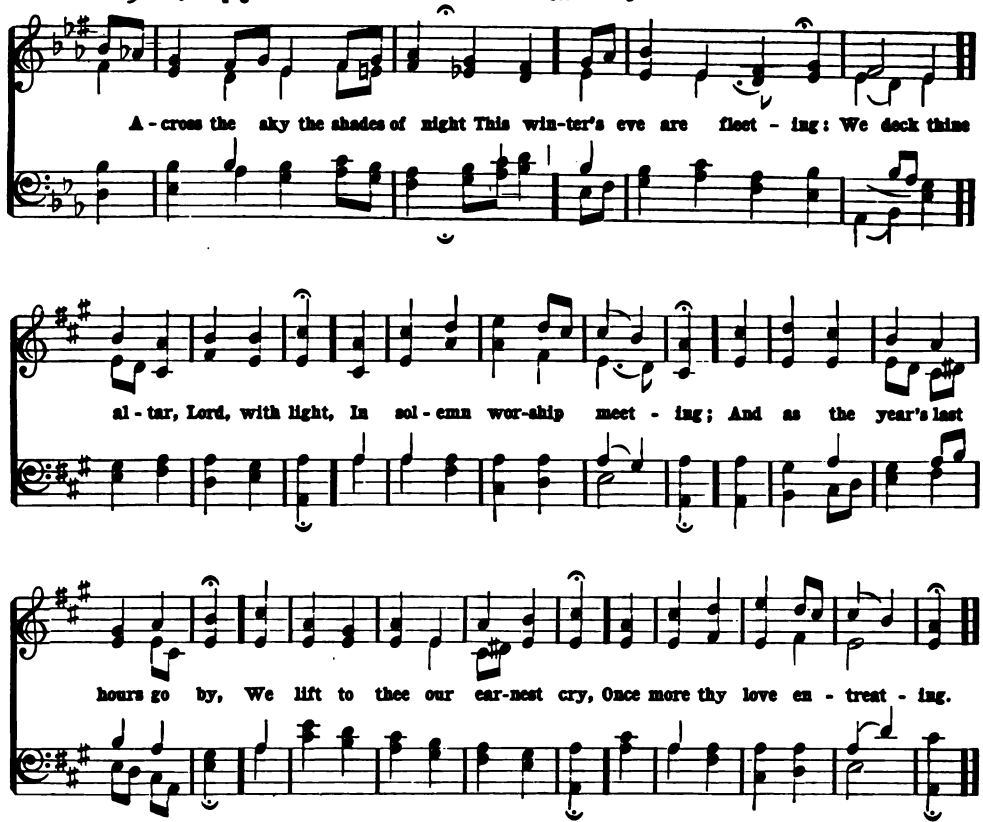
1 Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded:
God speed the right!

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory:
God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding,
God speed the right!

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There 's no power on earth can stay it;
God speed the right!

Emerson. P. M. [With Hymn 596 only.]

Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right! In a no-ble cause contending, God speed the right!
Be our zeal in heav'n re-corded, With success on earth rewarded: God speed the right! God speed the right!

Luther's Hymn. P. M. [With Hymn 597 only.]

A - cross the sky the shades of night This win-ter's eve are fleet - ing: We deck thine
al - tar, Lord, with light, In sol - emn wor-ship meet - ing; And as the year's last
hours go by, We lift to thee our ear-nest cry, Once more thy love en - treat - ing.

597.

1 Across the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting:
We deck thine altar, Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by,
We lift to thee our earnest cry,
Once more thy love entreating.

2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching thee, this coming year,
To hold us in thy faith and fear,
And crown us with thy blessing.

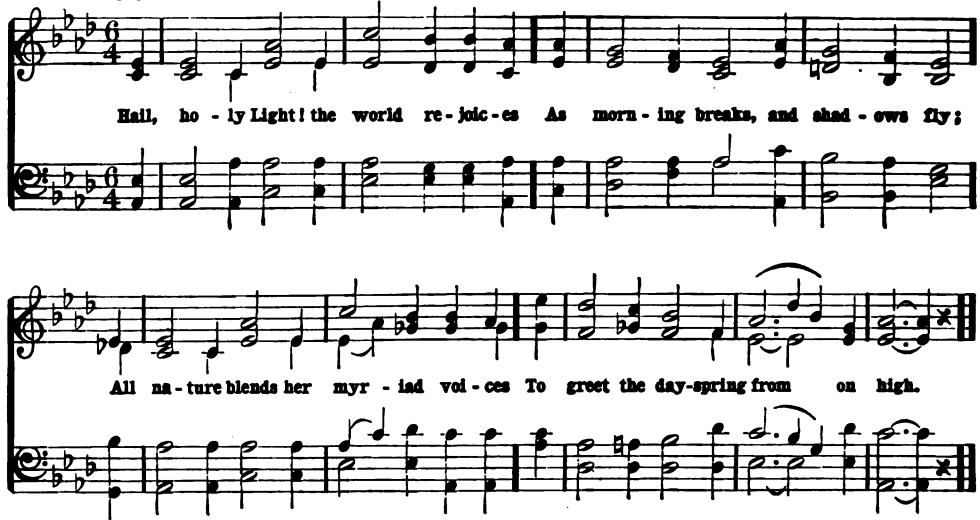
3 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us,
Safe housed with thee in Paradise,
Whose peace descendeth o'er us,
And beg of thee, when life is past,
To reunite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of thy mercies:
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:
For thou hast been our strength and stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and dread
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us;
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

6 Thou, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall enfold and hide us.

Rugg. 98, 8s. [With Hymn 598 only.]


Hail, ho - ly Light! the world re - joic - es As morn - ing breaks, and shad - ows fly;
All na - ture blends her myr - iad voi - ces To greet the day-spring from on high.

598.

1 Hail, holy Light! the world rejoices
As morning breaks, and shadows fly;
All nature blends her myriad voices
To greet the dayspring from on high.

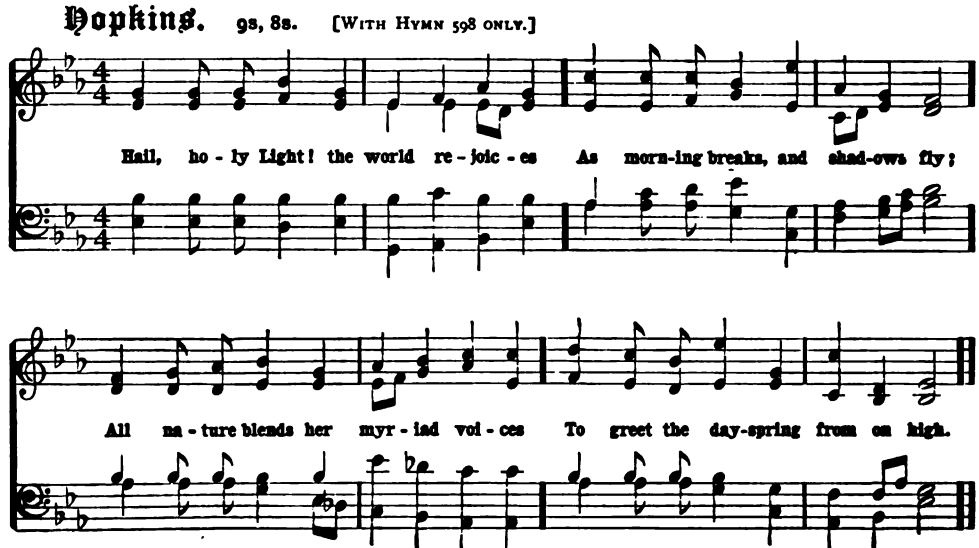
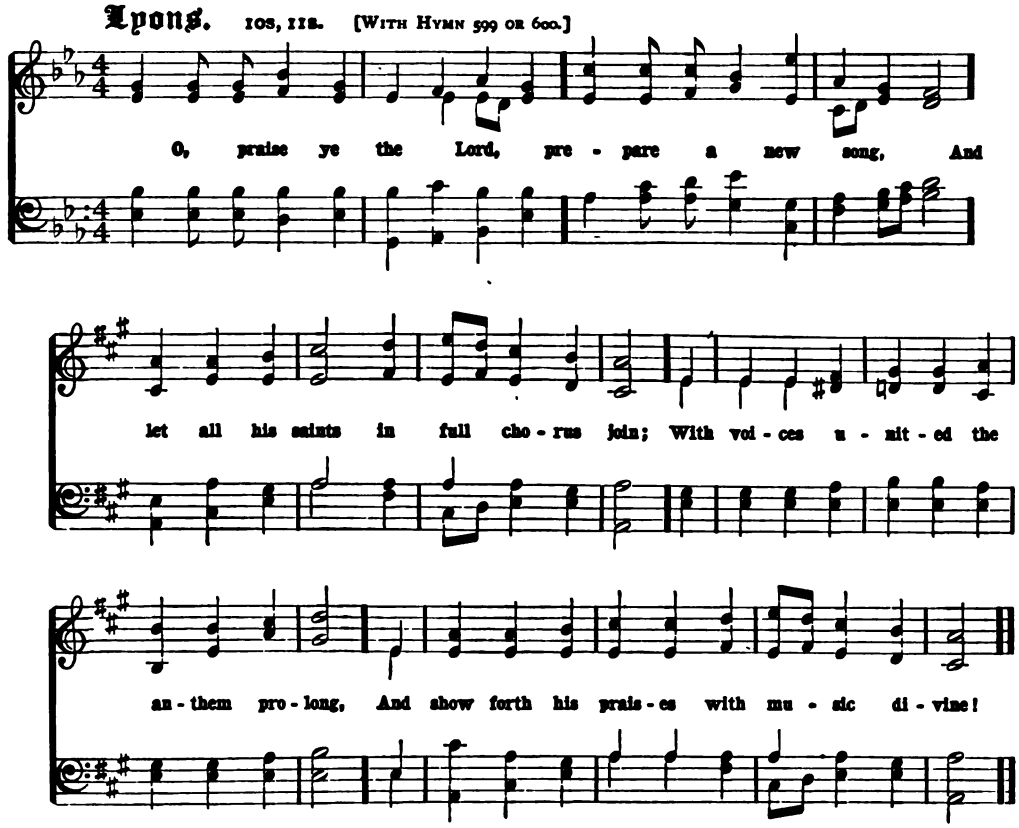
2 Break forth, in glory far excelling,
O Light eternal, Love divine!
Let thy bright beams, all shades dispelling,
Around us and within us shine.

3 The heavenly hosts fall down before thee,
And "Holy" cry, nor ever rest;
Thy saints on earth, with them, adore thee,
Creator, Saviour, Spirit blest!

4 O God, if we could duly praise thee,
Could we but voice the love we see,
As sweet a song as angels raise thee,
Our Sabbath morning hymn should be.

5 Accept, O Father, we entreat thee,
The worship which thy children bring;
O, grant us grace in heaven to greet thee,
And with all saints thy love to sing!

Hopkins. 98, 8s. [With Hymn 598 only.]


Hail, ho - ly Light! the world re - joic - es As morn-ing breaks, and shad-ows fly;
All na - ture blends her myr - iad voi - ces To greet the day-spring from on high.

Lyons. 10s, 11s. [With Hymn 599 or 600.]
O, praise ye the Lord, pre - pare a new song, And
let all his saints in full cho - rus join; With voi - ces u - nit - ed the
an - them pro - long, And show forth his prais - es with mu - sic di - vine!

599.

1 O, PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full chorus join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine!

2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King;
The God whom we worship, our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might,
And let your glad song awake with each morn;
For those who obey him are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

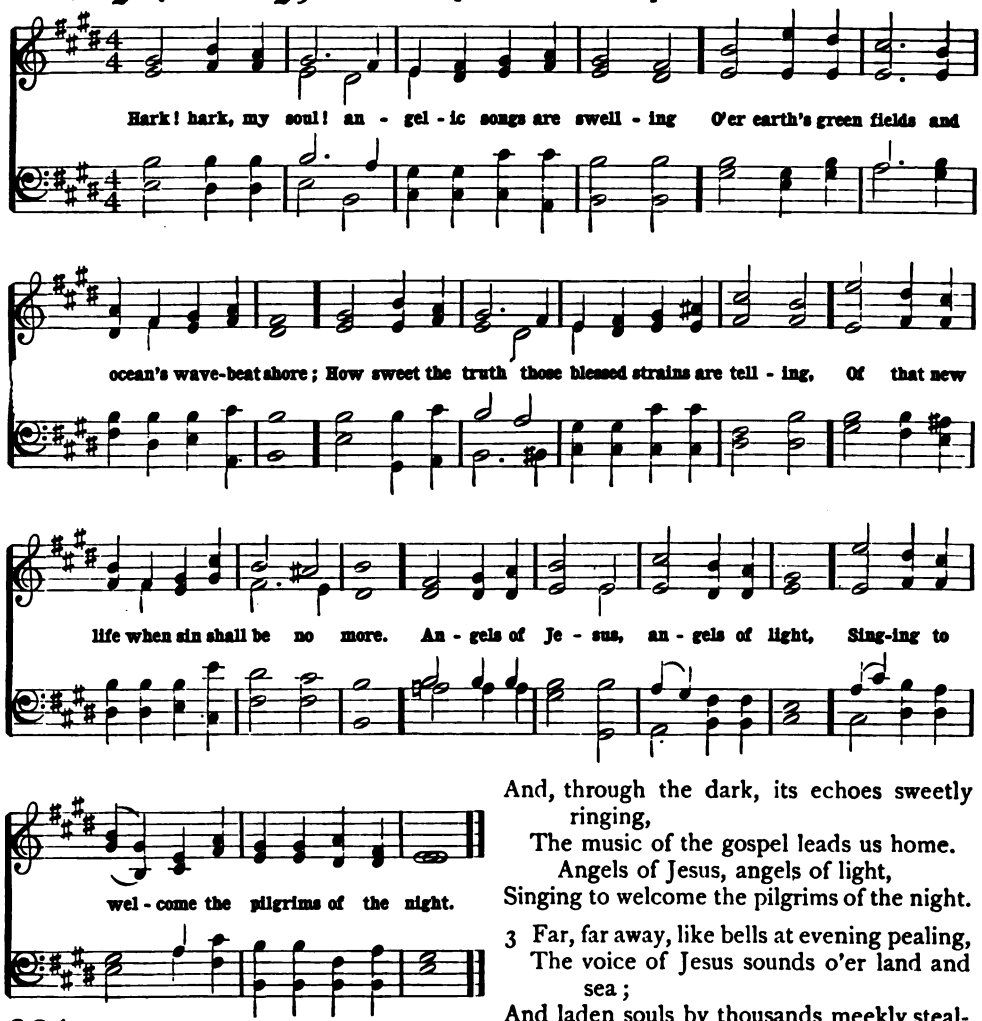
4 Then praise ye the Lord; prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full chorus join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

600.

1 O, WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above!
O, gratefully sing his wonderful love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

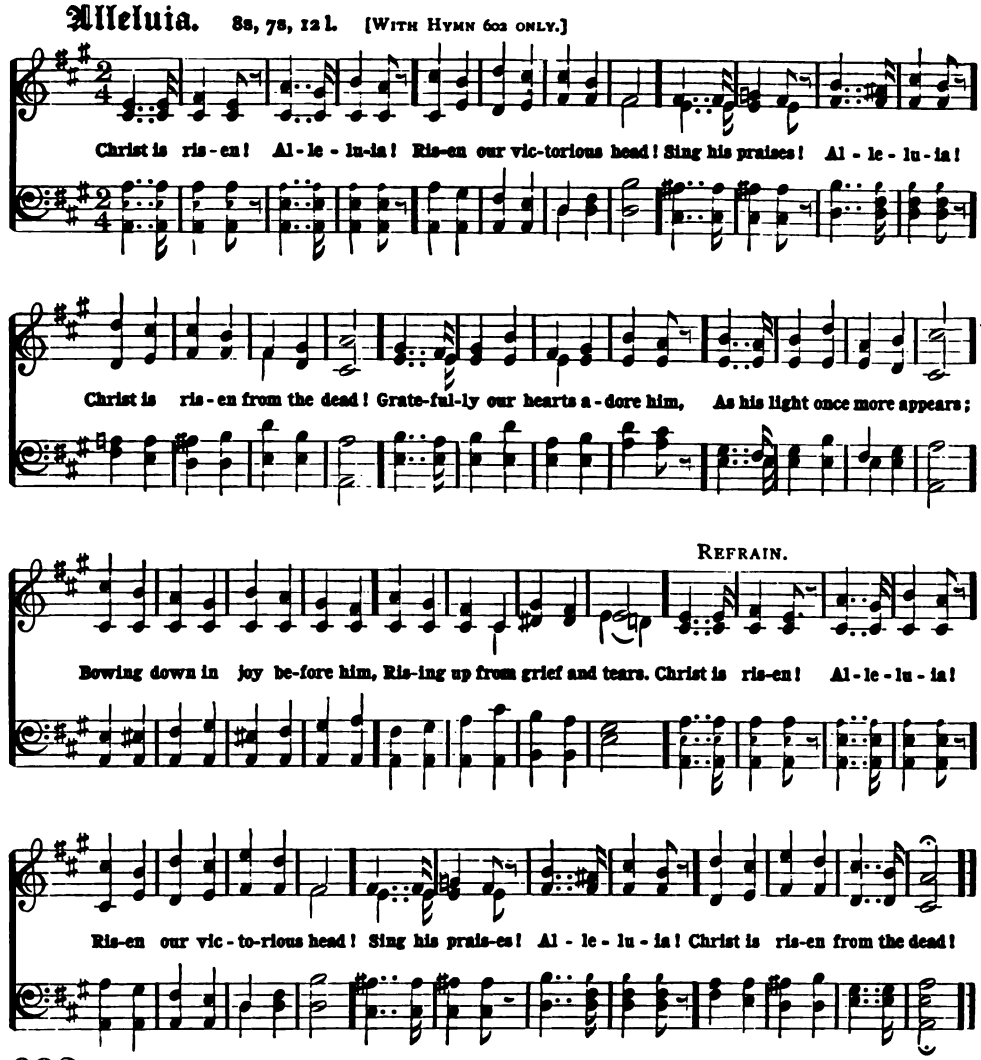
Angels of Light. P. M. [With Hymn 601 only.]

Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of that new
life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing-ing to
wel - come the pilgrims of the night.

601.

1 Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you *come;*"
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

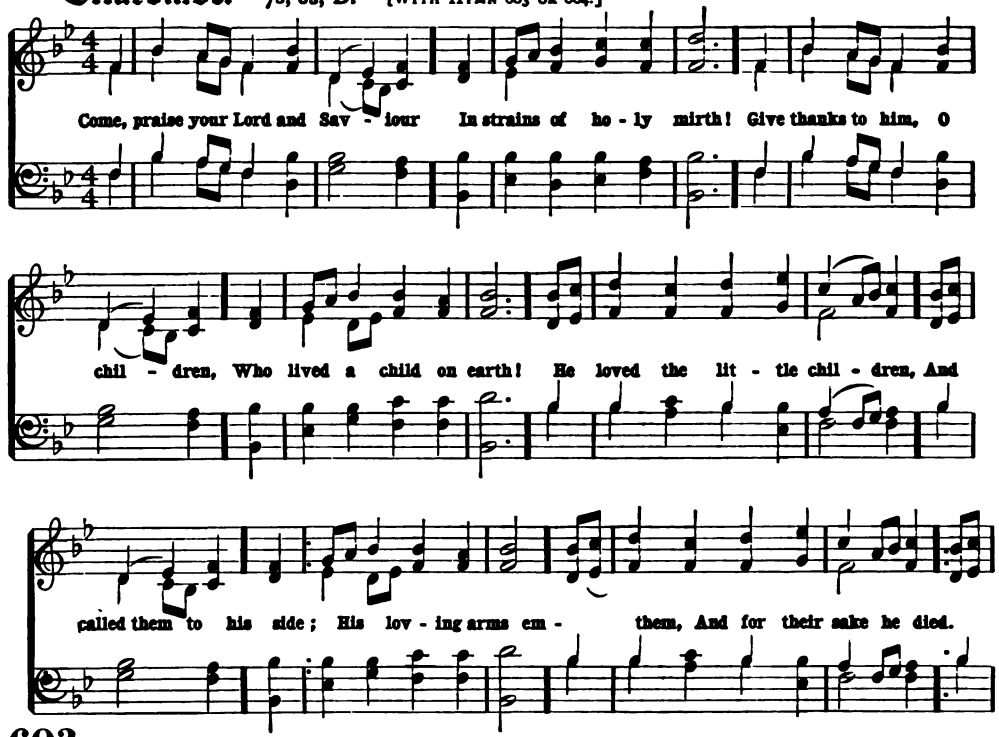
4 Angels, sing on: your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Alleluia. 8s, 7s, 12 l. [With Hymn 602 only.]
Christ is ris-en! Al-le-lu-ia! Ris-en our vic-torious head! Sing his praises! Al-le-lu-ia!
Christ is ris-en from the dead! Grate-ful-ly our hearts a-dore him, As his light once more appears;
Refrain.
Bowing down in joy be-fore him, Ris-ing up from grief and tears. Christ is ris-en! Al-le-lu-ia!
Ris-en our vic-to-rious head! Sing his prais-es! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ is ris-en from the dead!

602.

1 Christ is risen! Alleluia!
Risen our victorious head!
Sing his praises! Alleluia!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Gratefully our hearts adore him,
As his light once more appears;
Bowing down in joy before him,
Rising up from grief and tears.
Christ is risen! Alleluia!
Risen our victorious head!
Sing his praises! Alleluia!
Christ is risen from the dead!

2 Christ is risen! All the sadness
Of his earthly life is o'er;
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more.
Death and hell before him bending,
He doth rise, the victor now,
Angels on his steps attending,
Glory round his wounded brow. — Ref.

3 Christ is risen! Henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall.
We are Christ's; in him forever
We have triumphed over all.
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased;
'T is his day of resurrection:
Let us rise and keep the feast! — Ref.

Ellacombe. 7s, 6s, D. [With Hymn 603 or 604.]

Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour In strains of ho - ly mirth! Give thanks to him, O
chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth! He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And
called them to his side; His lov - ing arms em - them, And for their sake he died.

603.

1 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth!
Give thanks to him, O children,
Who lived a child on earth!
He loved the little children,
And called them to his side;
His loving arms embraced them,
And for their sake he died.

2 O Jesus, we would praise thee
With songs of holy joy;
For thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us, like thee, obedient,
Like thee, from sin-stains free,
Like thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise thee,
The lowly maiden's son;
In thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
O, give that best adornment
That Christian child can wear,—
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in thee so fair!

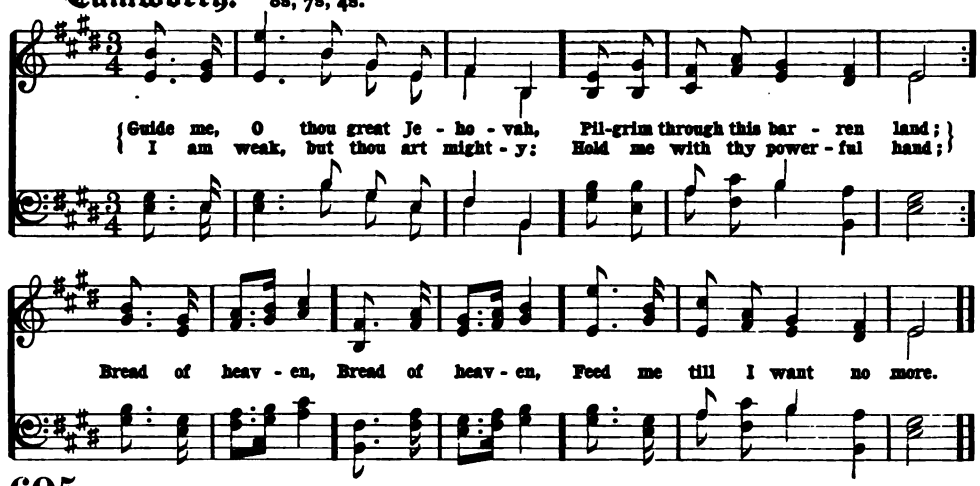
4 O Lord, with voices lifted
We sing our songs of praise;
Be thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days,
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below,
We may, like thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

604.

1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Tamworth. 8s, 7s, 4s.


Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but thou art might - y: Hold me with thy power - ful hand;
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

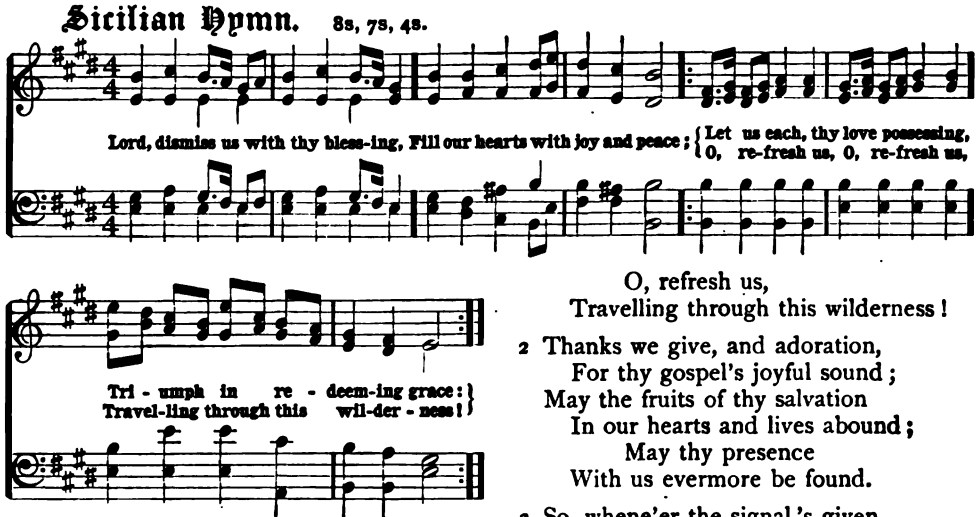
605.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s, 7s, 4s.


Lord, dismiss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love possessing,
O, re-fresh us, O, re-fresh us,
Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace:
Travel-ling through this wil-der - ness!

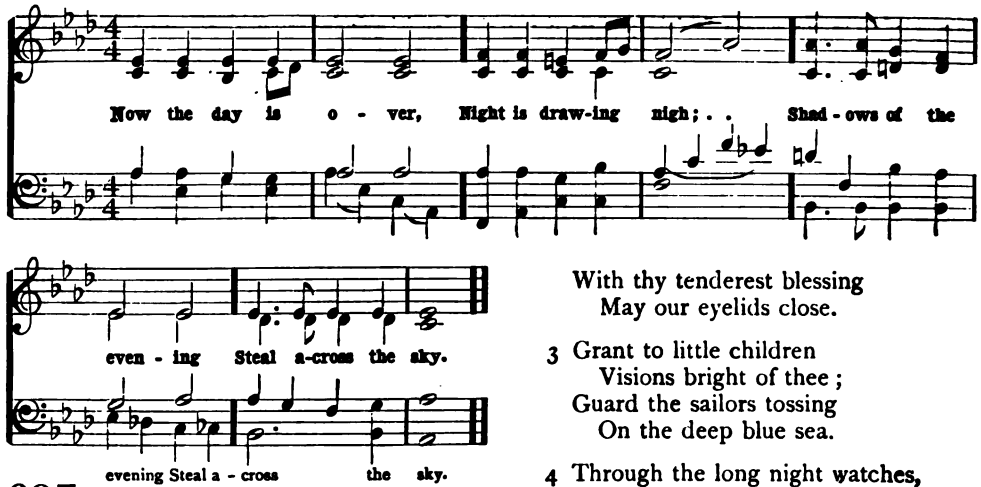
606.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

Merrial. 6s, 5s.



607.

1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

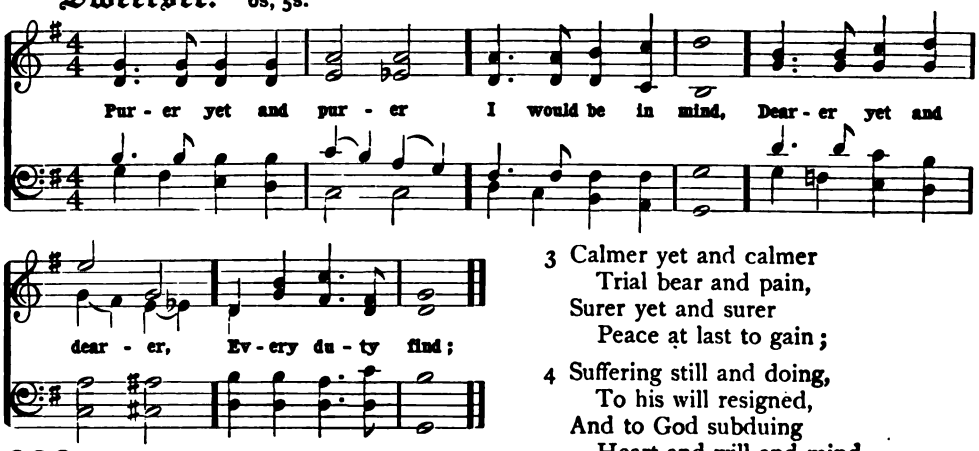
2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Sweetser. 6s, 5s.



608.

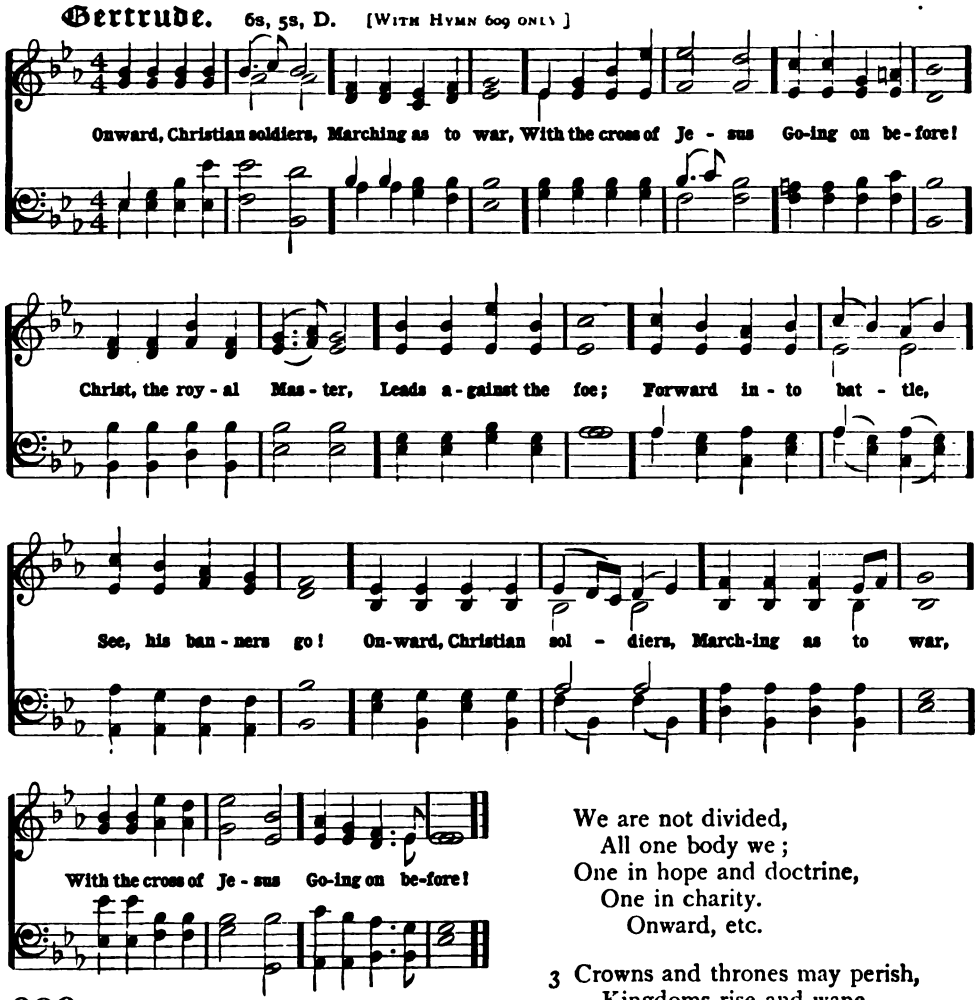
1 Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer,
Every duty find;

2 Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear;

3 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;

4 Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

5 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light, —

6 Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

Gertrude. 6s, 5s, D. [With Hymn 609 only.]
Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore!
Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle,
See, his ban-ners go! On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore!

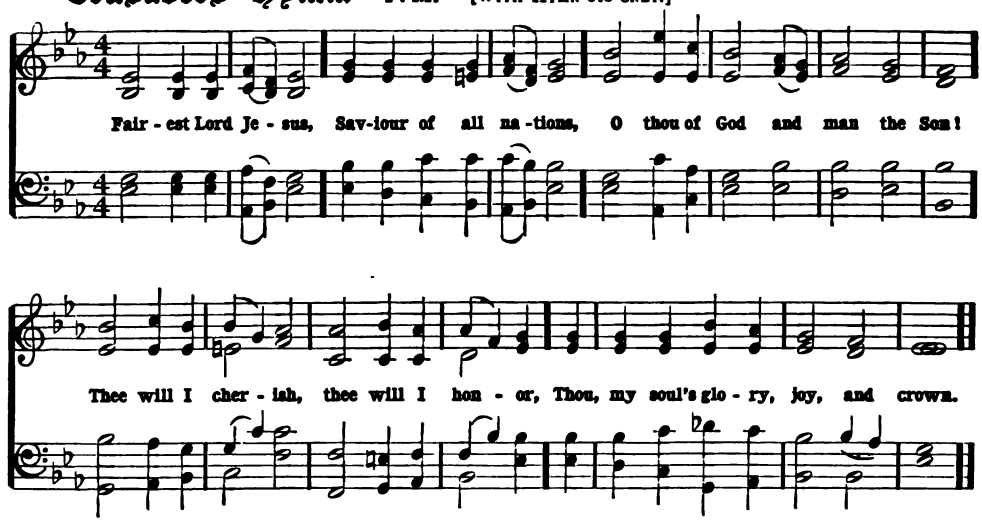
609.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

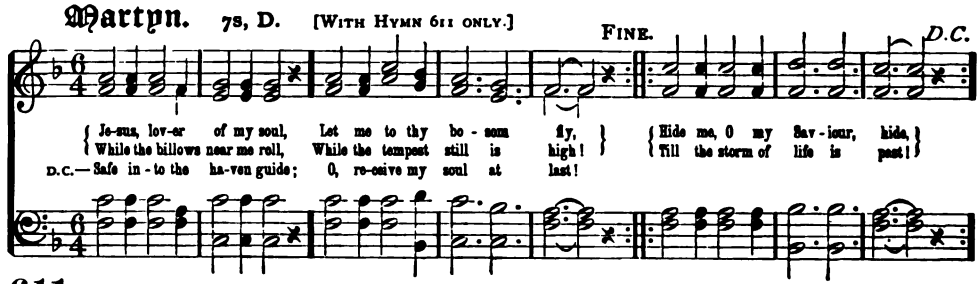
Crusaders' Hymn. P. M. [With Hymn 610 only.]

Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Sav-iour of all na - tions, O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cher - ish, thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.

610.

1 Fairest Lord Jesus,
Saviour of all nations,
O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host:
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Martyn. 7s, D. [With Hymn 611 only.]

Fine.
D.C.
Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high! Till the storm of life is past!
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide; O, re-ceive my soul at last!

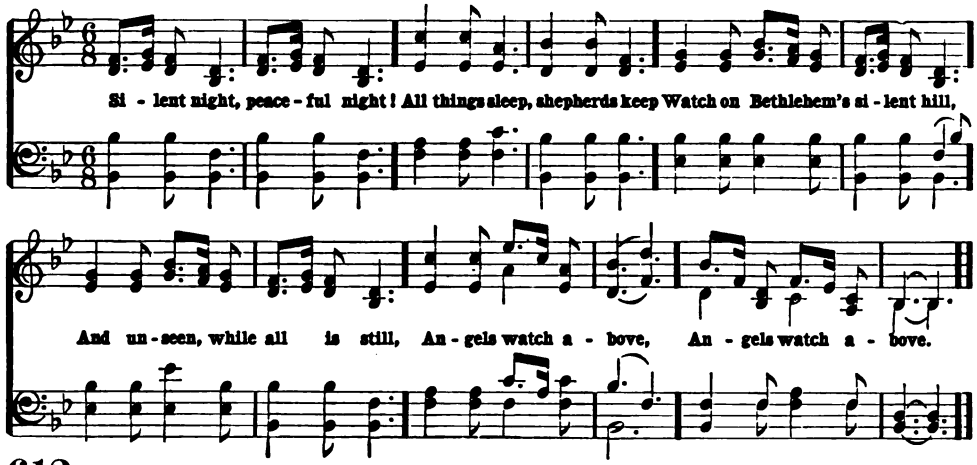
611.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Silent Night. P. M. [With Hymn 612 only.]

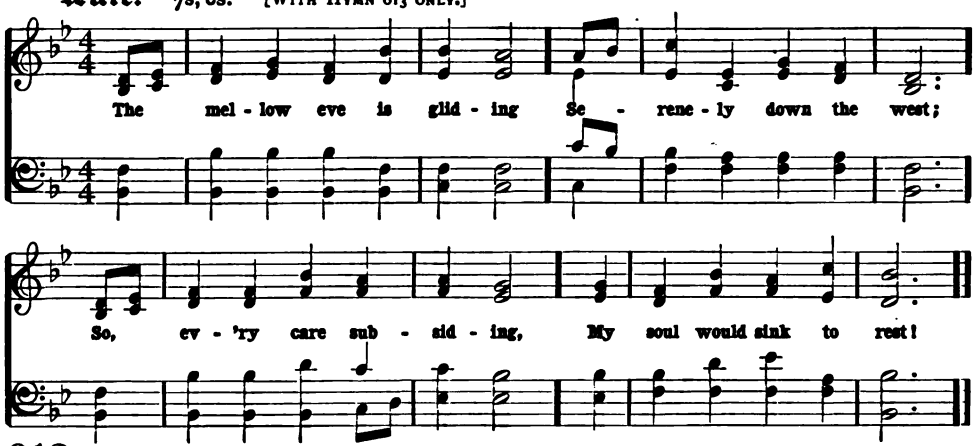

Si - lent night, peace - ful night! All things sleep, shepherds keep Watch on Bethlehem's si - lent hill,
And un - seen, while all is still, An - gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.

612.

1 Silent night, peaceful night!
All things sleep, shepherds keep
Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill,
And unseen, while all is still,
Angels watch above.

2 Bright the star shines afar,
Guiding travellers on their way,
Who their gold and incense bring,
Offerings to the promised King,
Child of David's line.

3 Light around! joyous sound!
Angel voices wake the air;
"Glory be to God in heaven;
Peace on earth to you is given:
Christ the Saviour 's come."

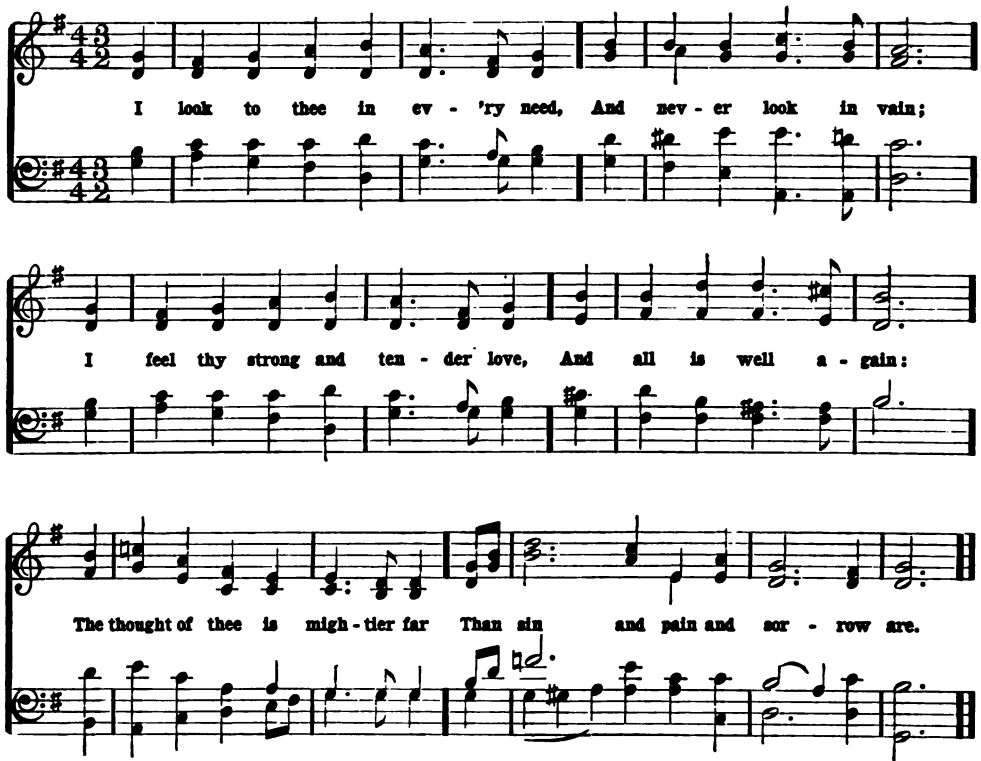
Aulé. 7s, 6s. [With Hymn 613 only.]

613.

1 The mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest!

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose!

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky!

4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake!

Biddle. C. H. M. [With Hymn 614 or 615.]

I look to thee in ev - 'ry need, And nev - er look in vain;
I feel thy strong and ten - der love, And all is well a - gain:
The thought of thee is migh - tier far Than sin and pain and sor - row are.

614.

1 I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will:
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand:
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

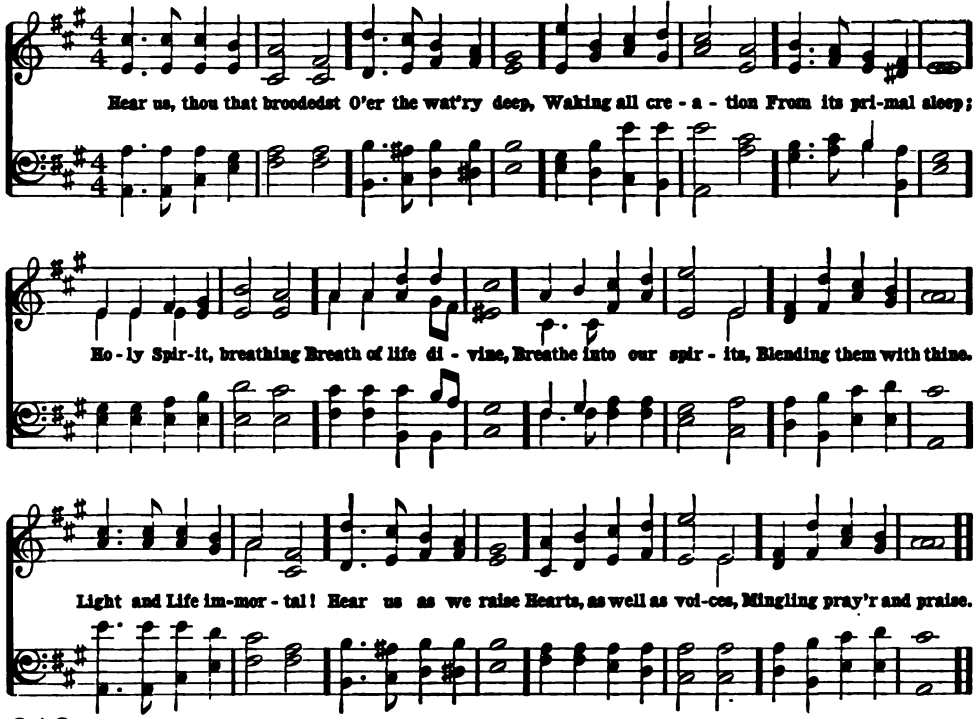
615.

1 Lord of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow;
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 O, may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod, —
Though thorny, yet the path of God.

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart thy love to sing;
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer through eternity!

Hermas. 6s, 5s, 12 l. [With Hymn 616 only.]


Hear us, thou that broodedst O'er the wat'ry deep, Waking all cre - a - tion From its pri-mal sleep;
Ho - ly Spir-it, breathing Breath of life di - vine, Breathe into our spir - its, Blending them with thine.
Light and Life im-mor - tal! Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voi-ces, Mingling pray'r and praise.

616.

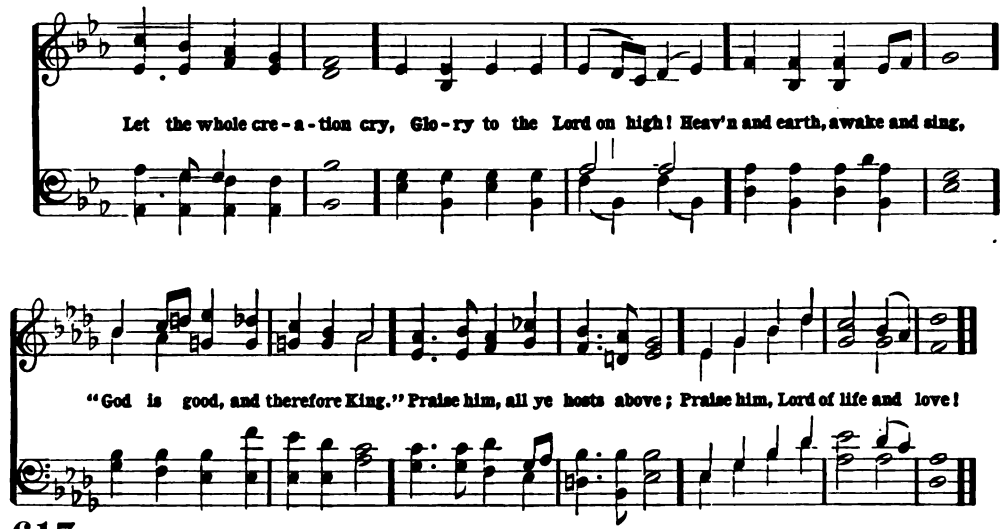
1 Hear us, thou that broodedst
O'er the watery deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep;
Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with thine.
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us
Perfecting thy will.
Light and Life immortal, etc.

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet, —
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done;
There to fight the battle
Till the battle 's won.
Light and Life immortal, etc.

4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May thy love in mercy,
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life immortal, etc.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in thee, —
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
Light and Life immortal, etc.

Gunnigon. 78, 61. [With Hymn 617 only.]

Let the whole cre-a-tion cry, Glo-ry to the Lord on high! Heav'n and earth, awake and sing,
"God is good, and therefore King." Praise him, all ye hosts above; Praise him, Lord of life and love!

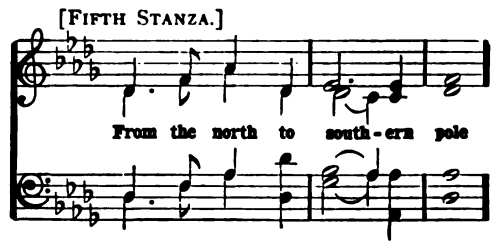
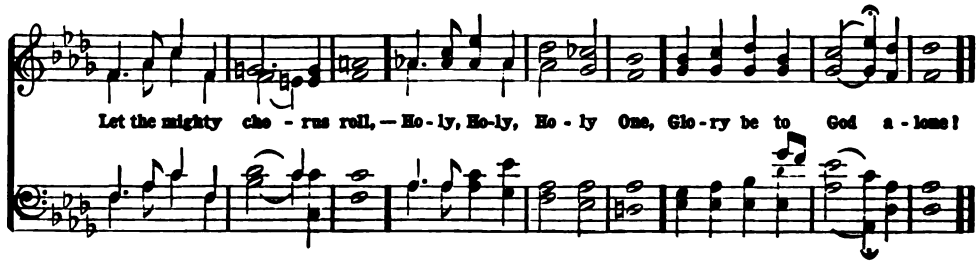
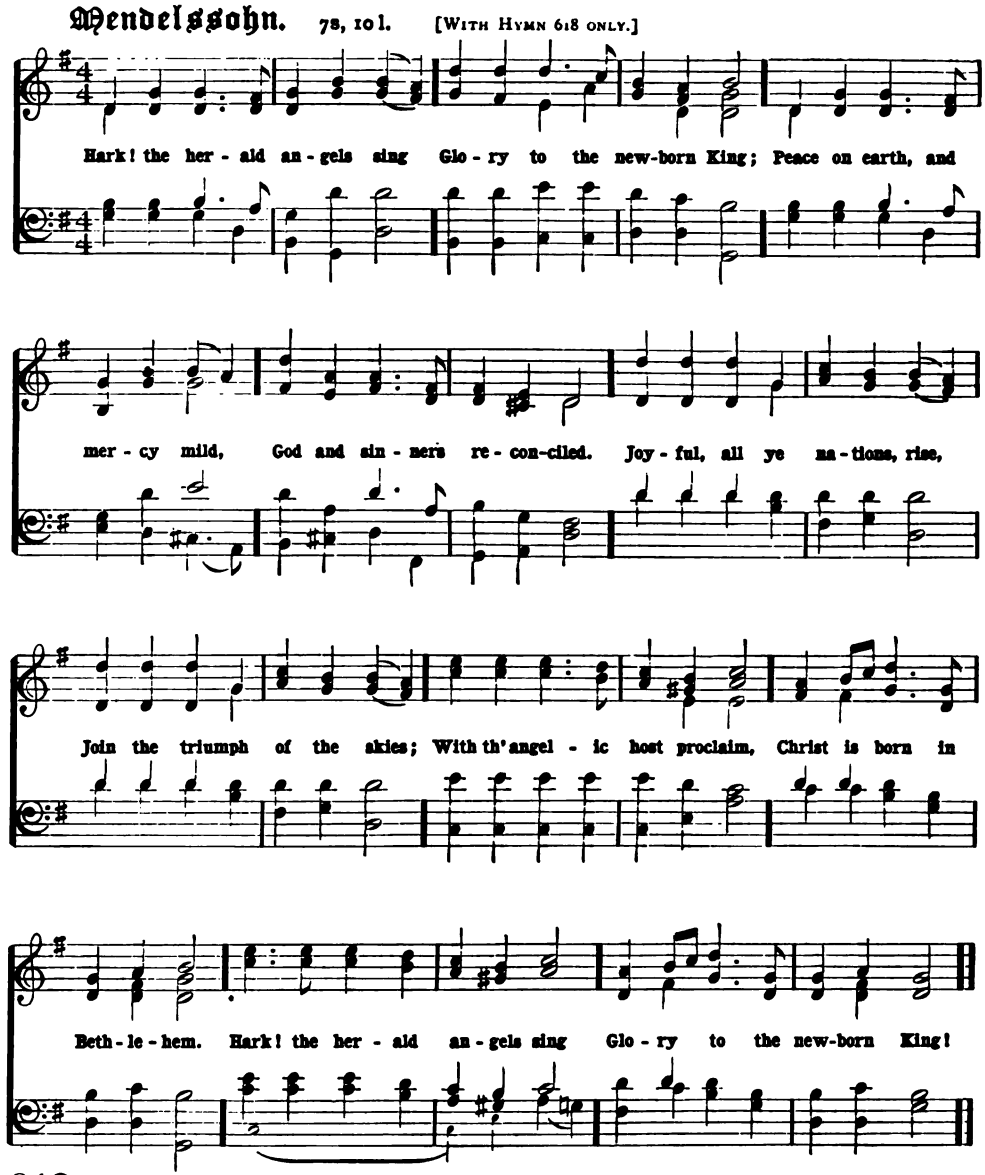
617.

1 Let the whole creation cry,
Glory to the Lord on high!
Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
"God is good, and therefore King."
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Praise him, Lord of life and love!

2 Sun and moon, uplift your voice;
Night and stars, in God rejoice;
Rivers roll his praise along,
Ocean chant his anthem song!
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

3 All the beasts that haunt the woods,
And the fish that cleave the floods,
Insects, and all creeping things,
Loud exalt the King of kings.
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

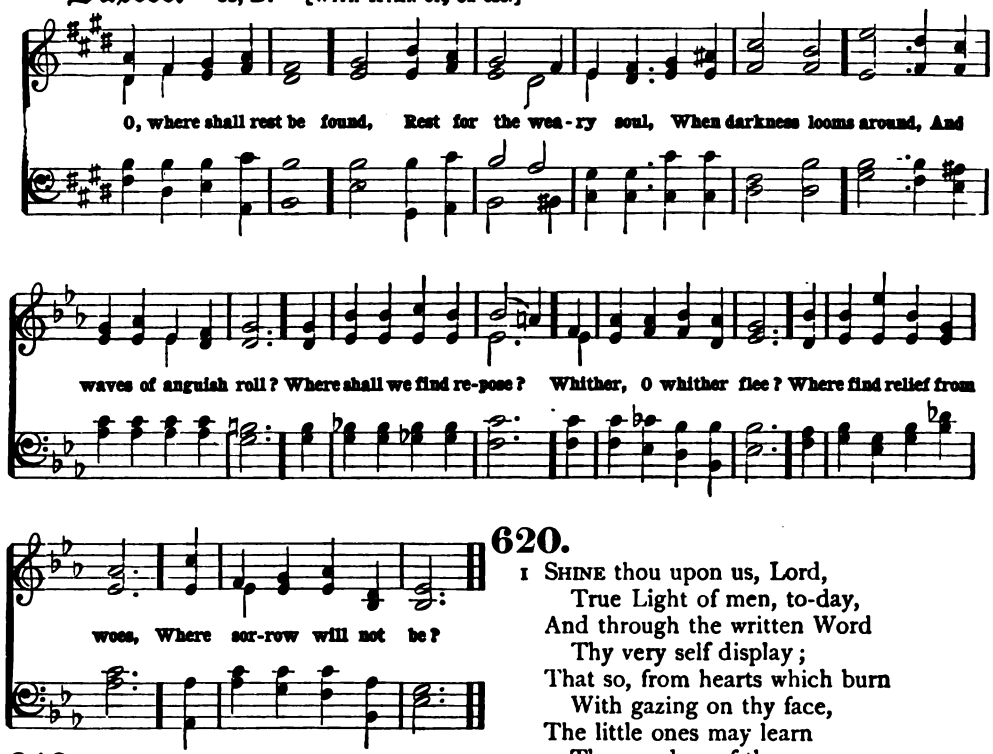
4 Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw;
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, "The Lord is good and great."

[Fifth Stanza.]

5 From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll,—
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone!

Mendelssohn. 78, 10 l. [With Hymn 618 only.]
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angel - ic host proclaim, Christ is born in
Beth - le - hem. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King!

618.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!

2 Gracious bond of earth and sky,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!

Baxter. 6s, D. [With Hymn 619 or 620.]

O, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul, When darkness looms around, And
waves of anguish roll? Where shall we find re-pose? Whither, O whither flee? Where find relief from
woes, Where sor-row will not be?

619.

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul,
When darkness looms around,
And waves of anguish roll?
Where shall we find repose?
Whither, O whither flee?
Where find relief from woes,
Where sorrow will not be?

2 Blooming the flowers may grow,
Bright be the sky above;
Warmly our hearts may glow
In friendship's holy love:
But clouds of deepest gloom
Come o'er the brightest sky;
And friends, like flowers that bloom,
Soon wither, fade, and die.

3 There is a Friend on high
Who bids us trust in him;
His grace is ever nigh,
His eye is never dim.
Lord, on thy loving breast
We will in faith repose,
There find a welcome rest
From all our cares and woes.

620.

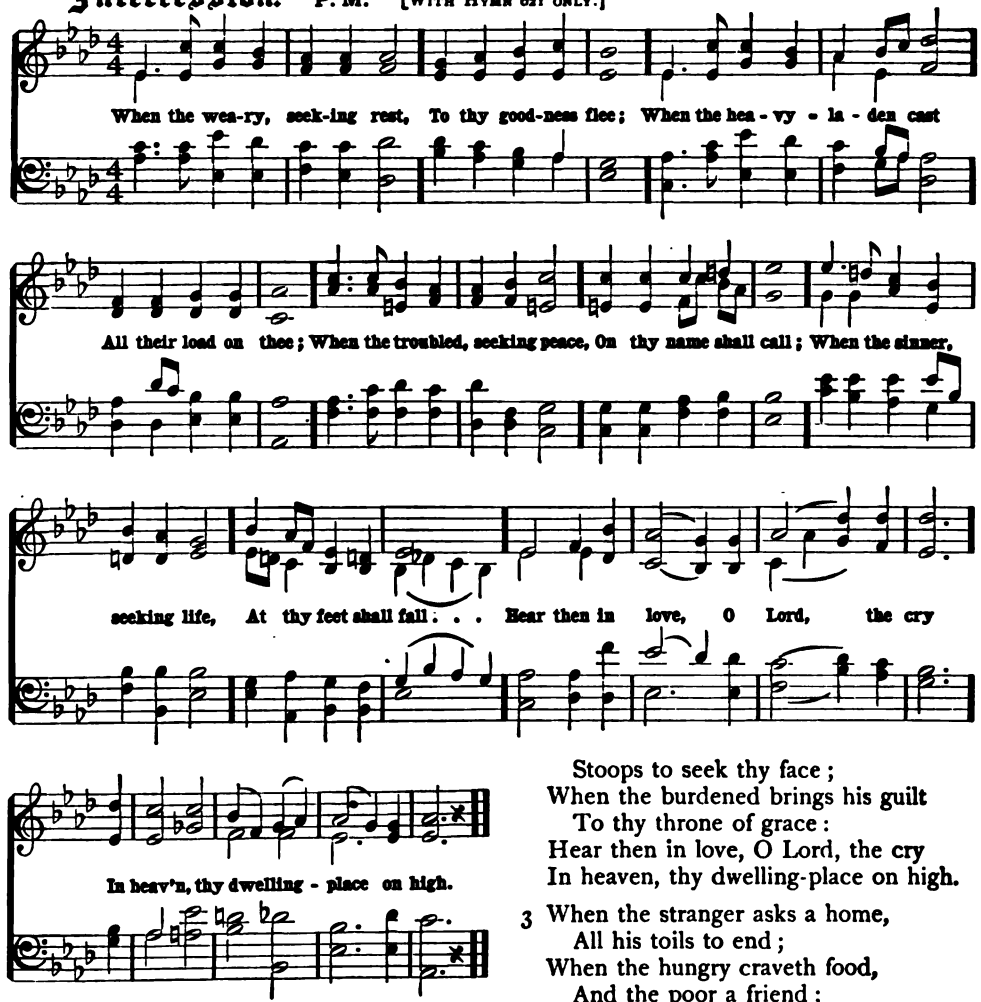
1 SHINE thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day,
And through the written Word
Thy very self display;
That so, from hearts which burn
With gazing on thy face,
The little ones may learn
The wonders of thy grace.

2 Breathe thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell thy name;
Give thou the hearing ear,
Fix thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things thou hast wrought.

3 Speak thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of thee;
According to thy Word
Let all our teaching be;
That so thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er he leads them go,
And in his love rejoice.

4 Live thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For thee with every heart.

Intercession. P. M. [With Hymn 621 only.]


When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To thy good-ness flee; When the hea-vy-la-den cast
All their load on thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On thy name shall call; When the sinner,
seeking life, At thy feet shall fall: . . . Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heav'n, thy dwelling-place on high.

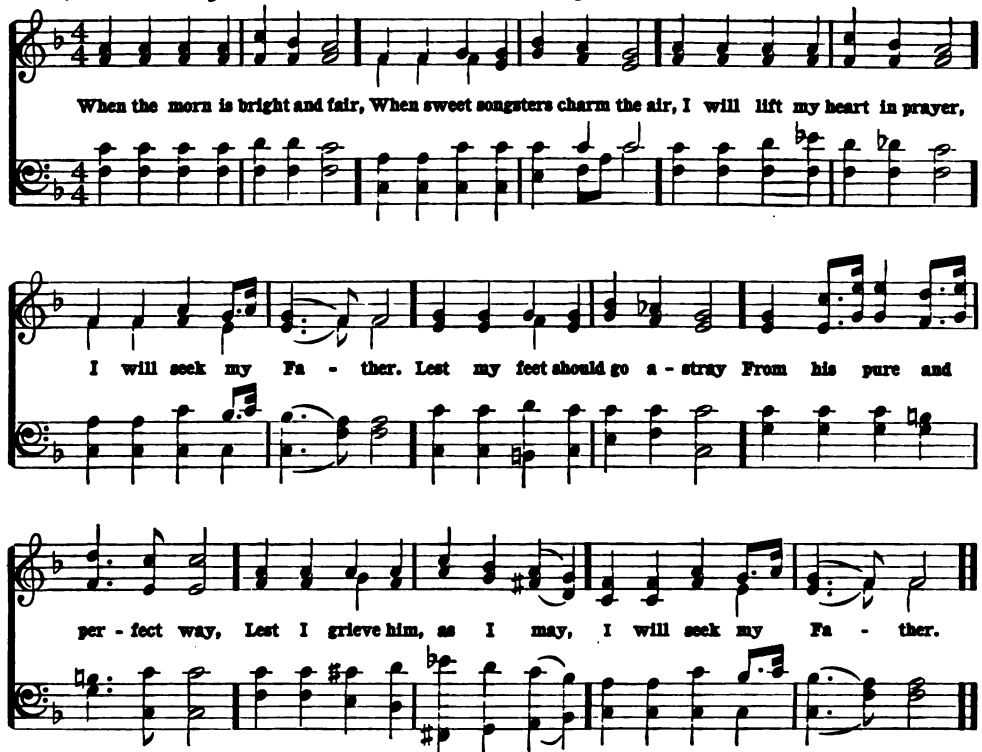
621.

1 When the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At thy feet shall fall:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

Blumenthal. P. M. [With Hymn 622 only.]

When the morn is bright and fair, When sweet songsters charm the air, I will lift my heart in prayer,
I will seek my Fa - ther. Lest my feet should go a - stray From his pure and
per - fect way, Lest I grieve him, as I may, I will seek my Fa - ther.

622.

1[1] When the morn is bright and fair,
When sweet songsters charm the air,
I will lift my heart in prayer,
I will seek my Father.

[2] Lest my feet should go astray
From his pure and perfect way,
Lest I grieve him, as I may,
I will seek my Father.

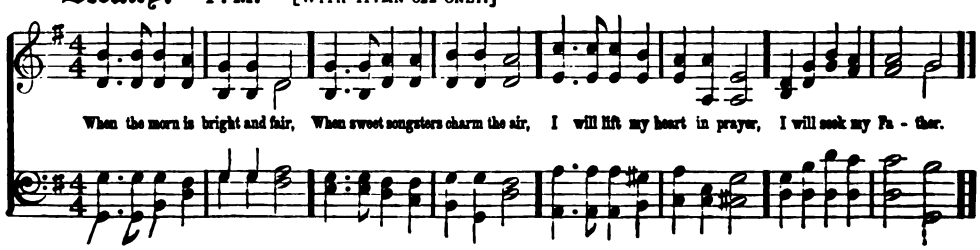
2[3] In the solitude apart,
In the wilderness or mart,
O! my sorely tempted heart,
I will seek my Father.

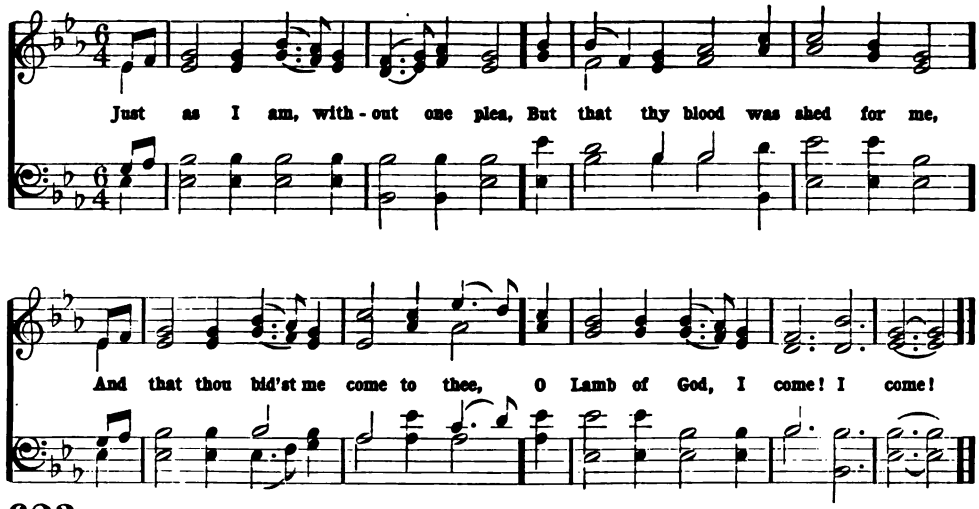
[4] In the darkness as the day,
He shall be my guide and stay,
I will lean on him alway;
I will seek my Father.

3[5] When the evening sun is red,
When each blossom droops its head,
Kneeling low beside my bed,
I will seek my Father.

[6] That I slumber in his care,
Shielded from each harmful snare,
And for life or death prepare,
I will seek my Father.

Litany. P. M. [With Hymn 622 only.]



Woodworth. L. M. [With Hymn 623 only.]

623.

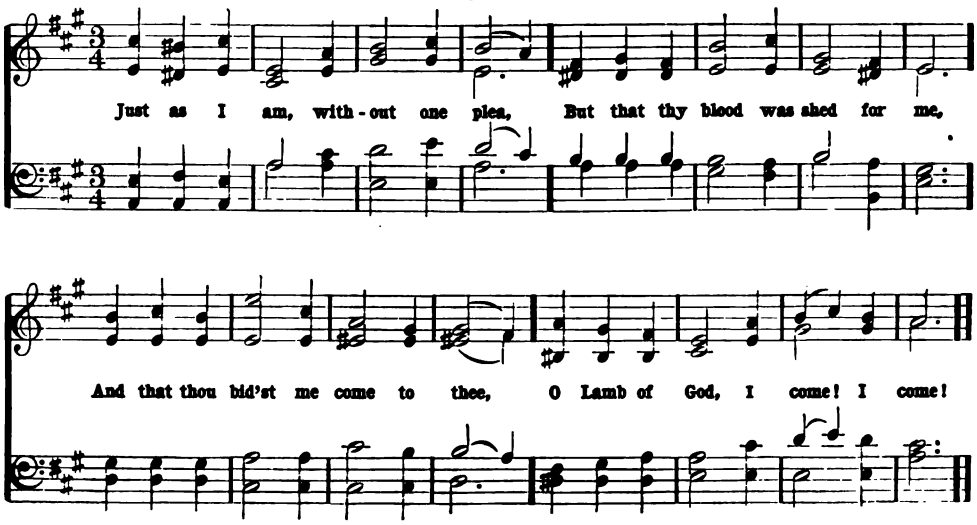
1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

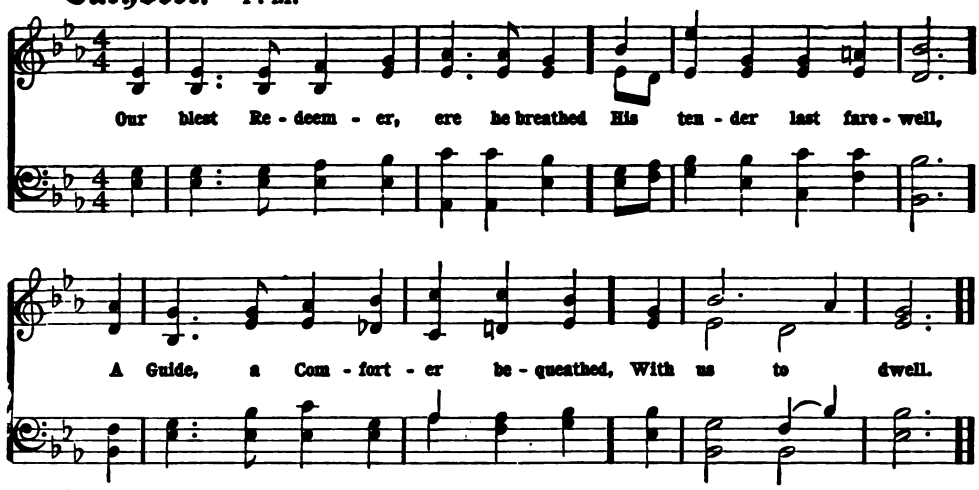
2 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find, —
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Eaton. L. M. [With Hymn 623 only.]

Cuthbert. P. M.



624.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

625.

1 Hail! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by thee,
For it is thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That thou this day hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

626.

1 The God of love my Shepherd is,
My gracious, constant guide;
I shall not want, for I am his:
In all supplied.

2 In his green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

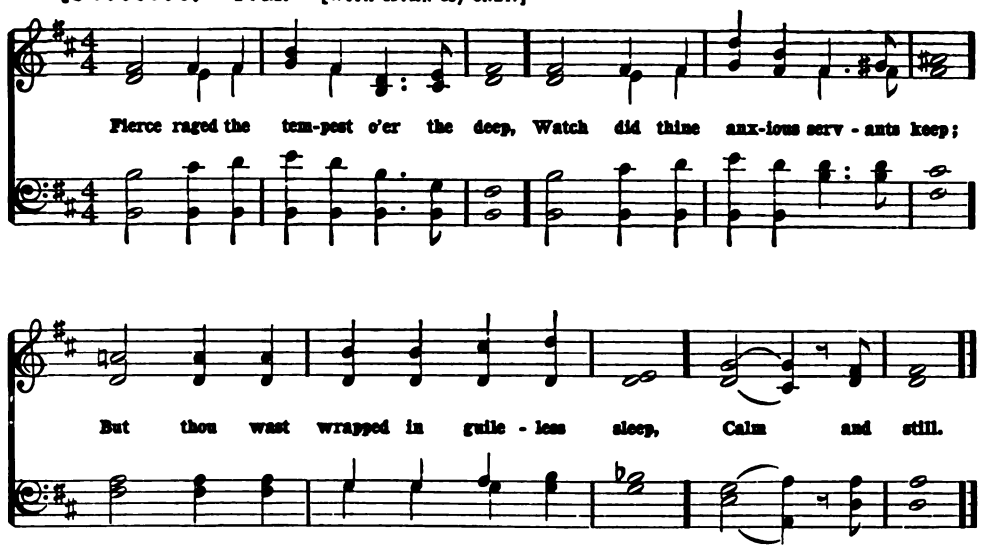
3 His tenderness restores my soul
When, sick and faint, I roam,
Shows the right path and makes me whole,
Bearing me home.

4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;
I feel thee near.

5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes;
The oil of grace is mine;
My cup with mercy overflows,
And love divine.

6 Goodness and mercy all my days
My constant song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

Streeter. P. M. [With Hymn 627 only.]


Fierce raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anx-ious serv - ants keep;
But thou wast wrapped in guile - less sleep, Calm and still.

627.

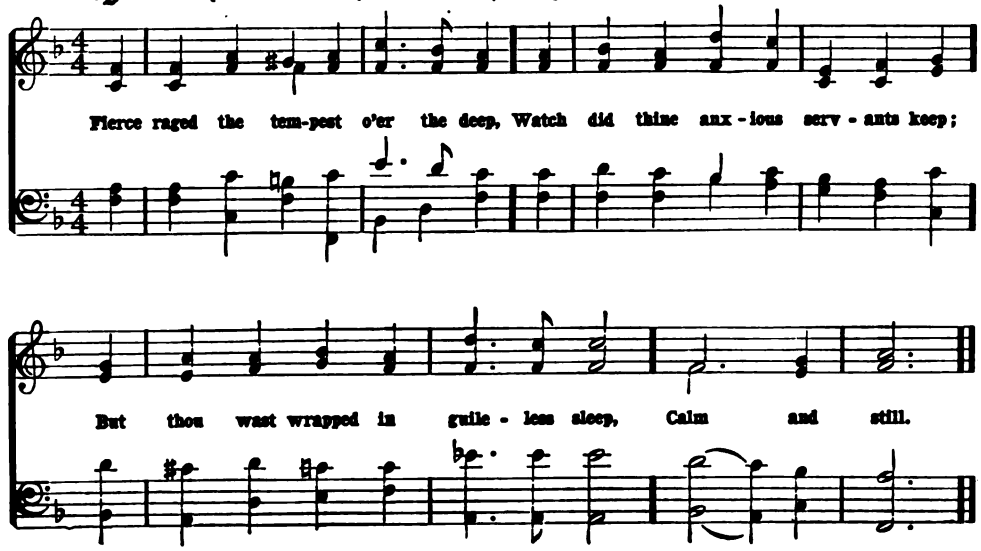
1 Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep;
But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

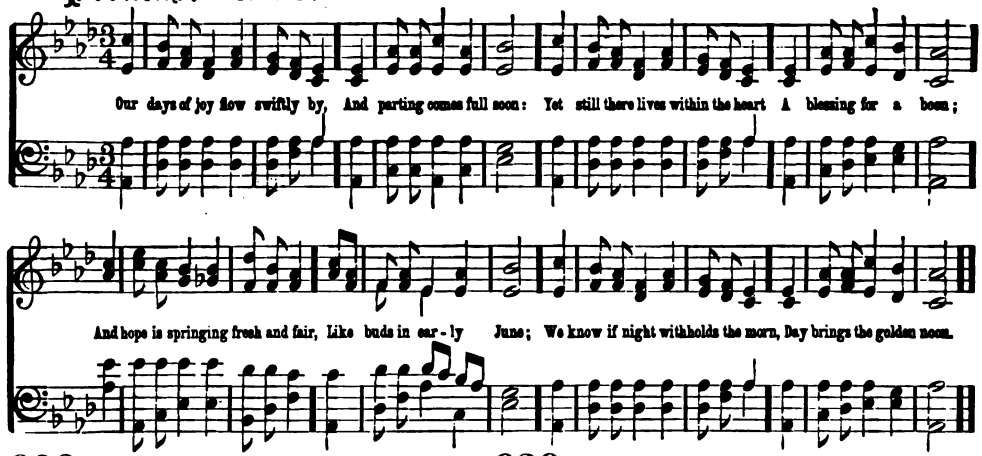
2 "Save, Lord, we perish!" was their cry;
"O, save us in our agony!"
Thy Word above the storm rose high:
"Peace, be still!"

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more.
"Peace, be still!"

Vigilantes. P. M. [With Hymn 627 only.]


Fierce raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anx-ious serv - ants keep;
But thou wast wrapped in guile - less sleep, Calm and still.

Perkins. C. M. D.

Our days of joy flow swiftly by, And parting comes full soon: Yet still there lives within the heart A blessing for a boon;
And hope is springing fresh and fair, Like buds in ear-ly June; We know if night withholds the morn, Day brings the golden noon.

628.

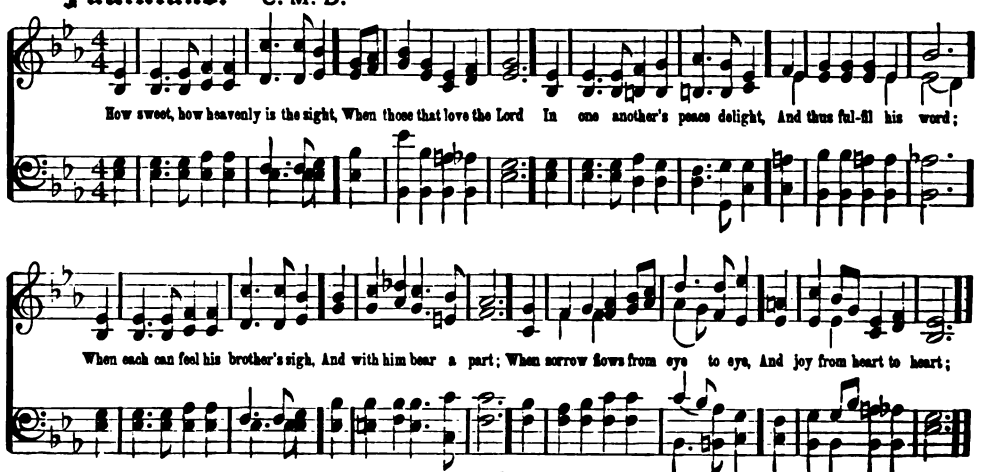
1 Our days of joy flow swiftly by,
And parting comes full soon:
Yet still there lives within the heart
A blessing for a boon;
And hope is springing fresh and fair,
Like buds in early June;
We know if night withholds the morn,
Day brings the golden noon.

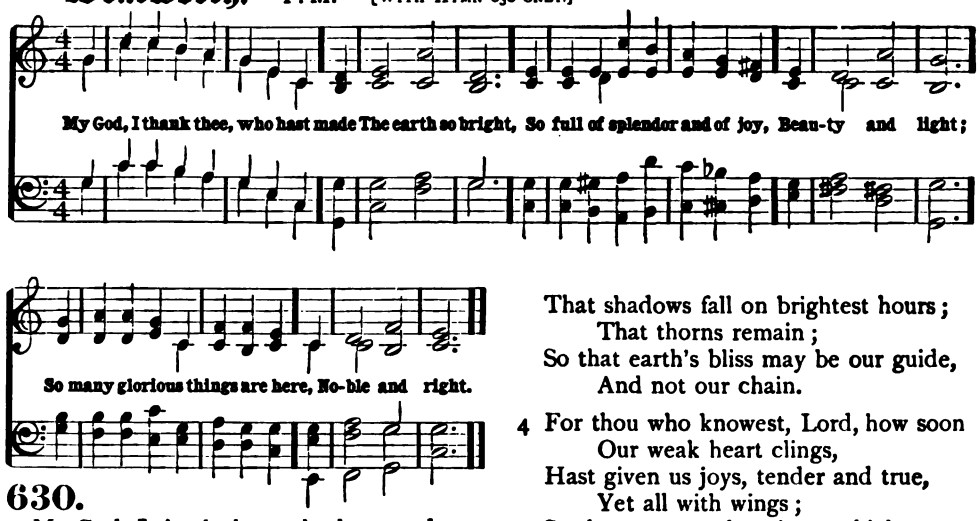
2 And if we meet on earth no more,
There 's greater joy aboon,
Where, in God's smile, there is no need
Of light of sun or moon;
And Christ himself awaiteth there
To greet us all full soon:
Till then, may faith and hope abide
To keep our hearts in tune.

629.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word;
When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

2 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Faulkland. C. M. D.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And thus ful-fil his word;
When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;

Wentworth. P. M. [With Hymn 630 only.]

My God, I thank thee, who hast made The earth so bright, So full of splendor and of joy, Beau-ty and light;
So many glorious things are here, No-ble and right.

630.

1 My God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

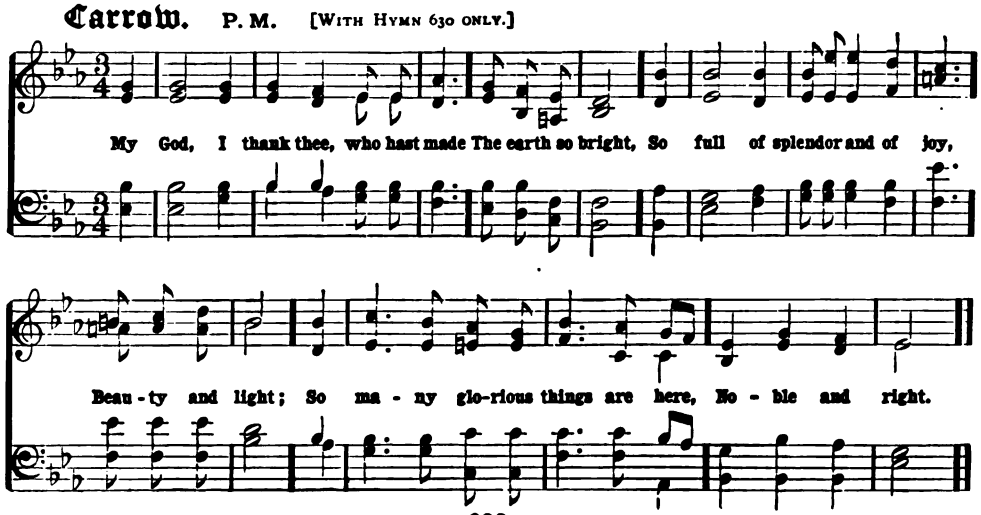
2 I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

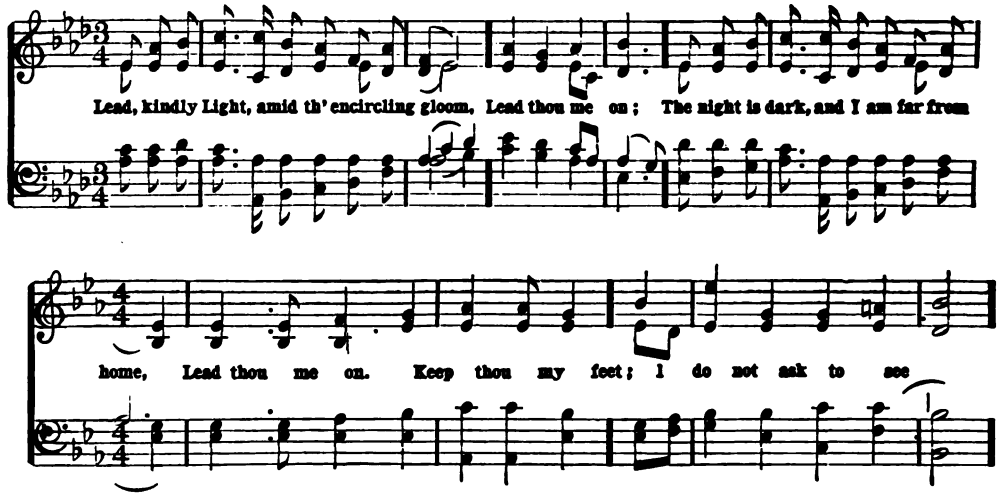
3 I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more, —
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Carrow. P. M. [With Hymn 630 only.]

My God, I thank thee, who hast made The earth so bright, So full of splendor and of joy,
Beau-ty and light; So ma-ny glo-rious things are here, No-ble and right.

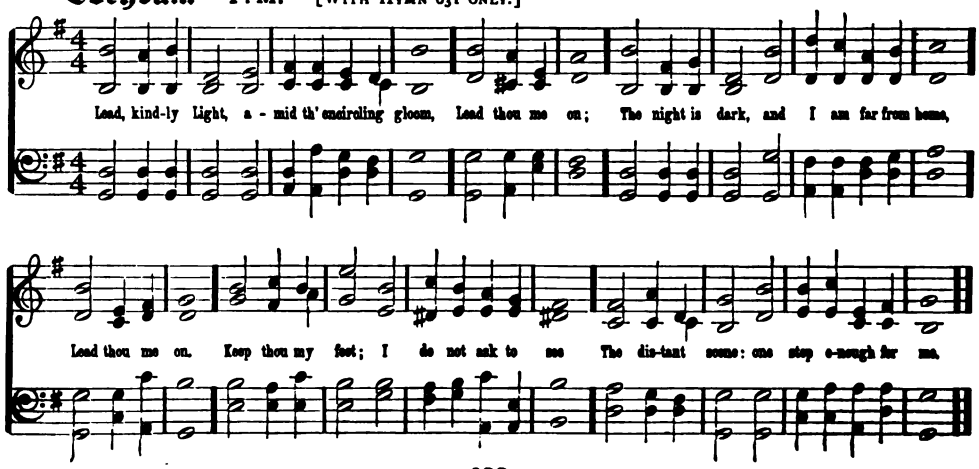
Lux Benigna. P. M. [With Hymn 631 only.]

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from
home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step e-nough for me.

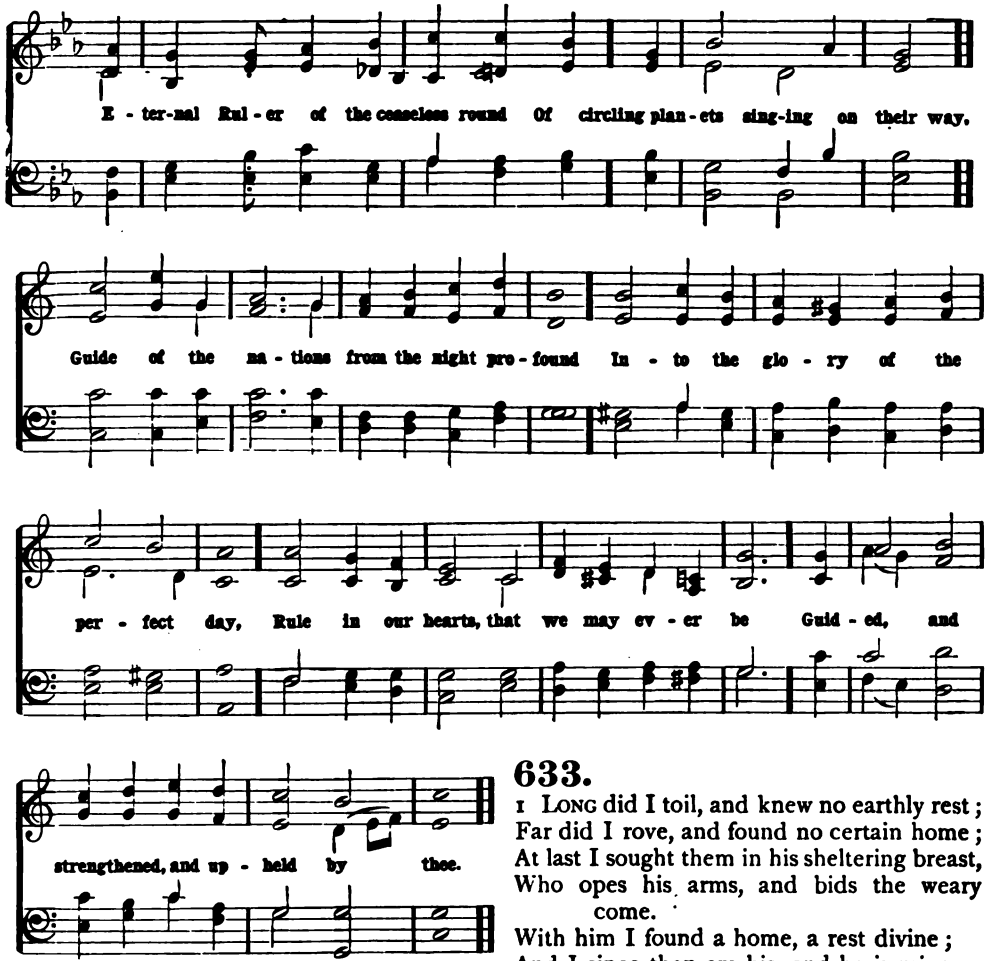
631.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
Lead thou me on; [gloom,
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path: but now,
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it
still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

Cochran. P. M. [With Hymn 631 only.]

Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene: one step e-nough for me.

Yorkshire. 10s, 6l. [With Hymn 632 or 633.]

E - ter-nal Rul - er of the ceaseless round Of circling plan - ets sing-ing on their way,
Guide of the na - tions from the night pro - found In - to the glo - ry of the
per - fect day, Rule in our hearts, that we may ev - er be Guid - ed, and
strengthened, and up - held by thee.

632.

1 Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

2 We would be one in hatred of all wrong;
One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song;
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

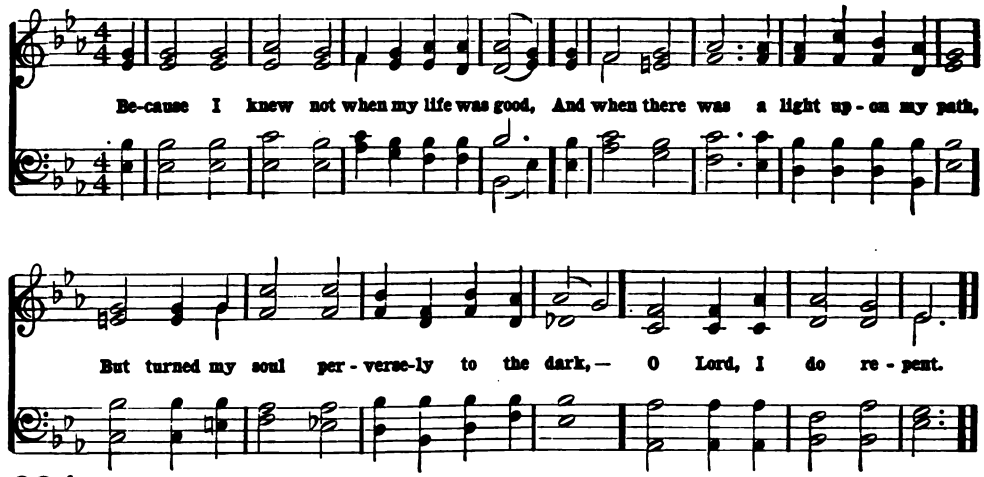
633.

1 Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come.
With him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

2 Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen;
A glorious Sun that wanes not, nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
And on his people's inward darkness shines.
All may depart, — I fret not nor repine
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

3 While here, alas! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore;
But when I meet him in the realms above,
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

All's Well. P. M. [With Hymn 634 only.]


Be-cause I knew not when my life was good, And when there was a light up-on my path,
But turned my soul per-verse-ly to the dark,— O Lord, I do re-pent.

634.

1 Because I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark, —
O Lord, I do repent!

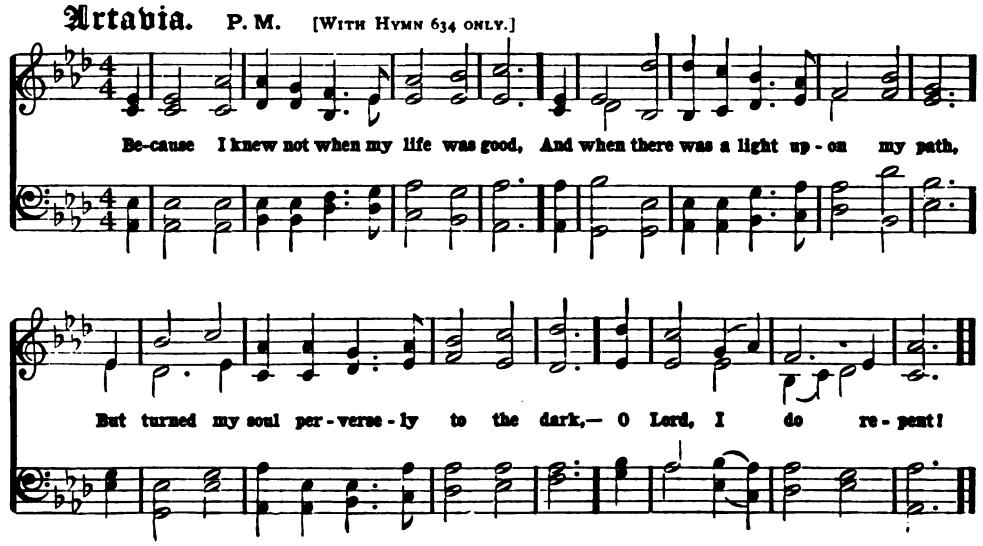
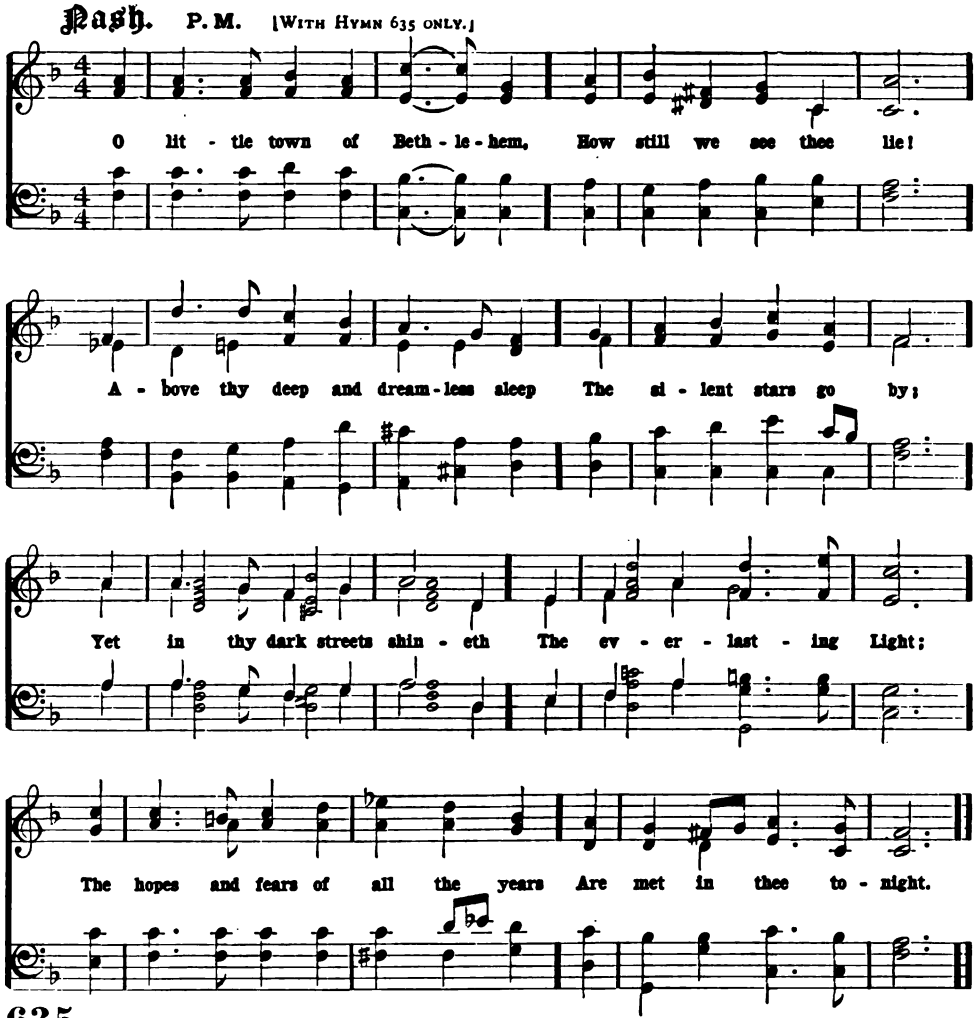
2 Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on, —
O Lord, I do repent!

3 Because I spent the strength thou gavest me
In struggle which thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer thee, —
O Lord, I do repent!

4 Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life, —
O Lord, I do repent!

5 Because thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child, —
O Lord, I do repent!

Artavia. P. M. [With Hymn 634 only.]


Be-cause I knew not when my life was good, And when there was a light up-on my path,
But turned my soul per-verse-ly to the dark,— O Lord, I do re-pent!

Nash. P. M. [With Hymn 635 only.]
O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

635.

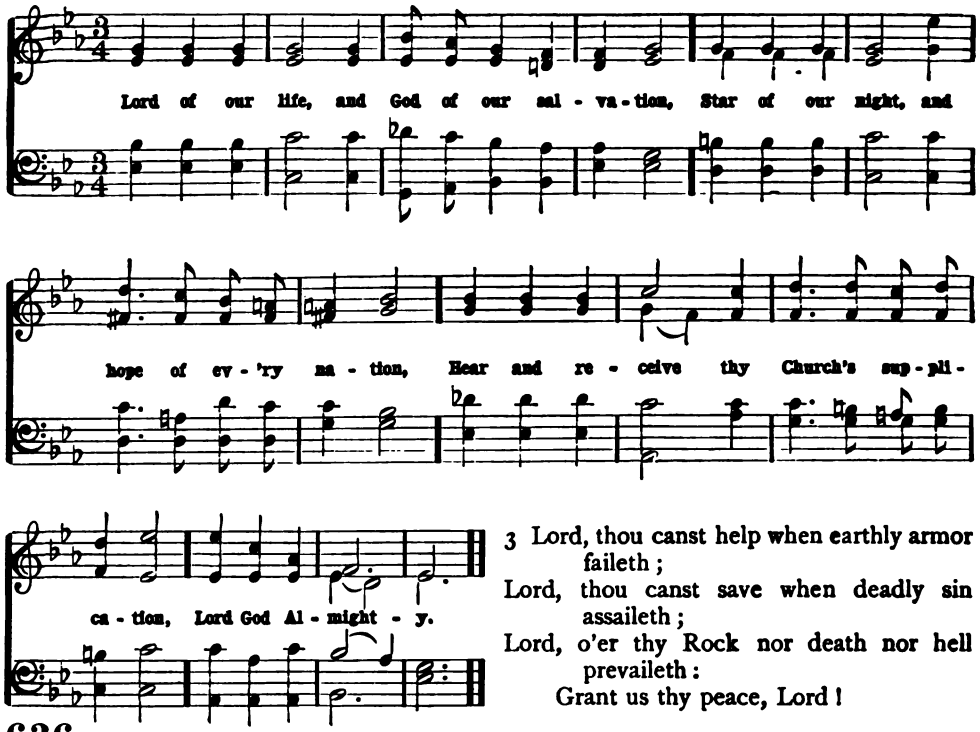
1 O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Cloisters. 11s, 5s.


Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our night, and
hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive thy Church's sup - pli -
ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y.

636.

1 LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

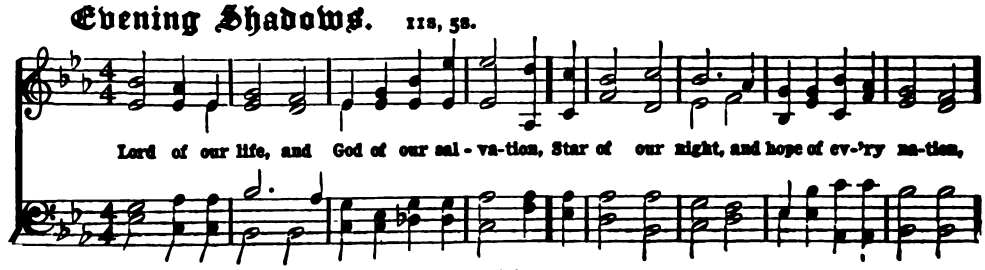
2 See round thine ark the hungry billows curling!
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

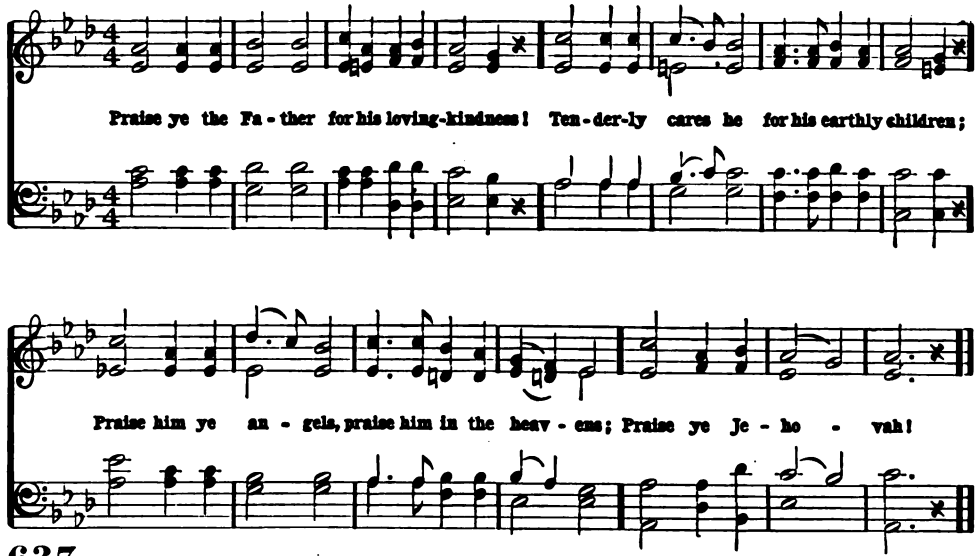
3 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us thy peace, Lord!

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace when the world its busy war is waging:
Calm thy foes raging!

5 Grant us thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven!

Evening Shadows. 11s, 5s.



Flemming. 11s, 5s.

Praise ye the Fa - ther for his loving-kindness! Ten-der-ly cares he for his earthly children;
Praise him ye an - gels, praise him in the heav - ens; Praise ye Je - ho - vah!

637.

1 PRAISE ye the Father for his loving kindness!
Tenderly cares he for his earthly children;
Praise him ye angels, praise him in the heavens;
Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour, Son of God the Father!
Earth is his heritage, he will bless his people;
Sing ye together; praise him all ye children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

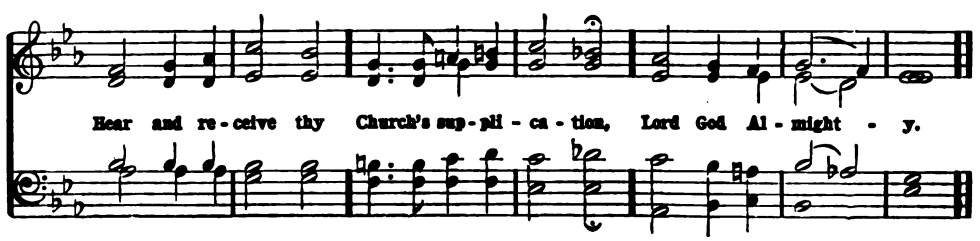
3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father, evermore to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the Lord of Hosts!

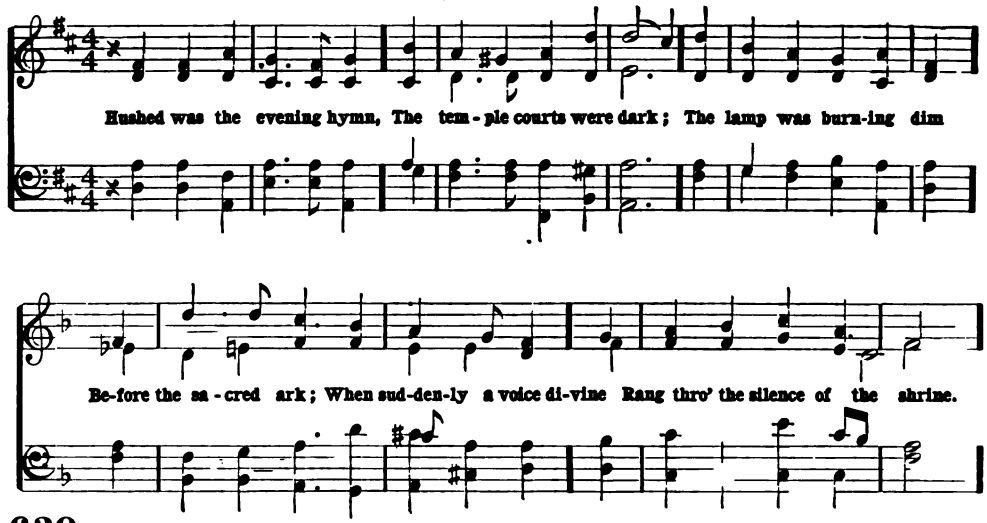
638.

1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends: O Father, hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness:
Forgive its weakness.

2 We see thy hand: it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice: it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour, plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Samuel. H. M. [With Hymn 639 only.]


Hushed was the evening hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The lamp was burn-ing dim
Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud-den-ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.

639.

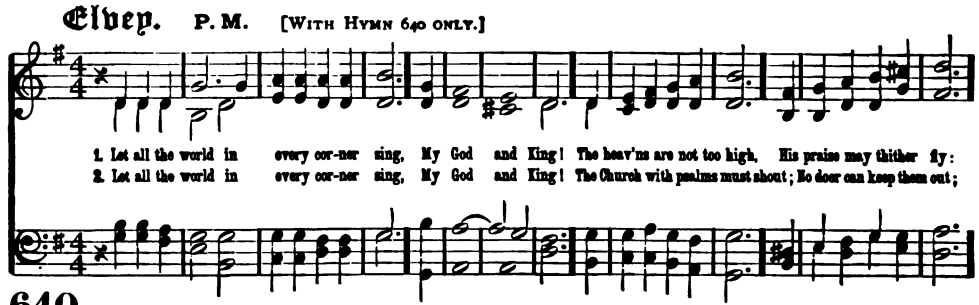
1 Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word:
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

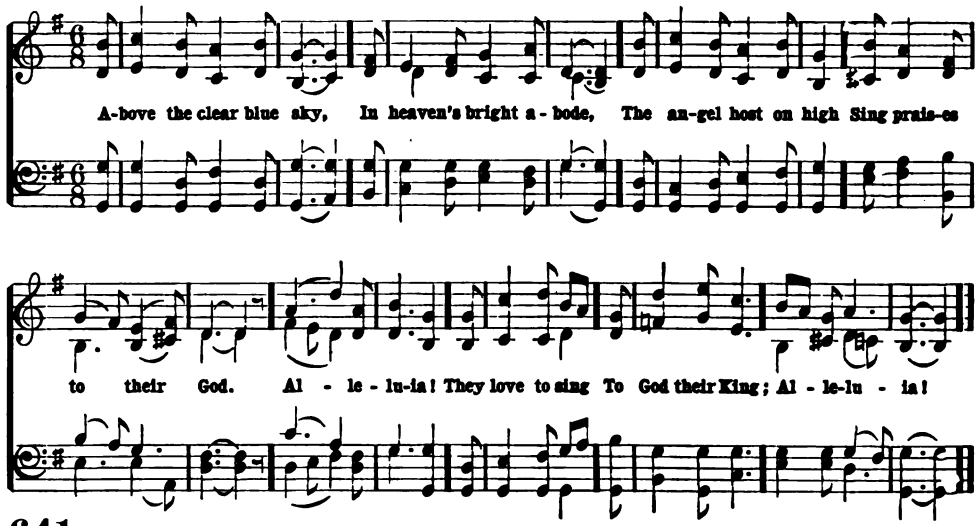
4 O, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
When in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

5 O, give me Samuel's mind;
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death;
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Elvey. P. M. [With Hymn 640 only.]

1. Let all the world in every cor-ner sing, My God and King! The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thither fly:
2. Let all the world in every cor-ner sing, My God and King! The Church with psalms must shout; No door can keep them out;

640.

1 Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

Children's Voices. H. M. [With Hymn 641 only.]

A-bove the clear blue sky, In heaven's bright a-bode, The an-gel host on high Sing praise-es
to their God. Al - le - lu-ia! They love to sing To God their King; Al - le-lu - ia!

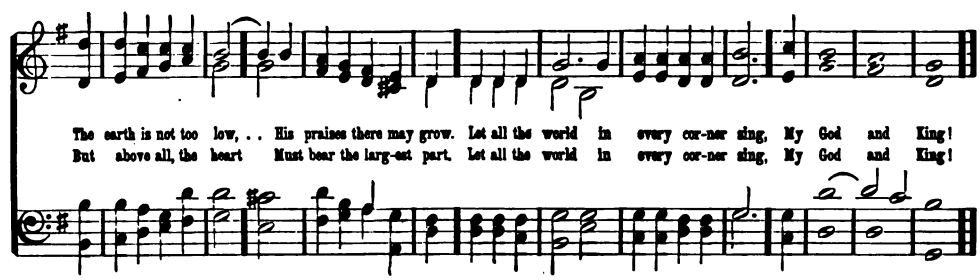
641.

1 Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God.
Alleluia!
They love to sing
To God their King;
Alleluia!

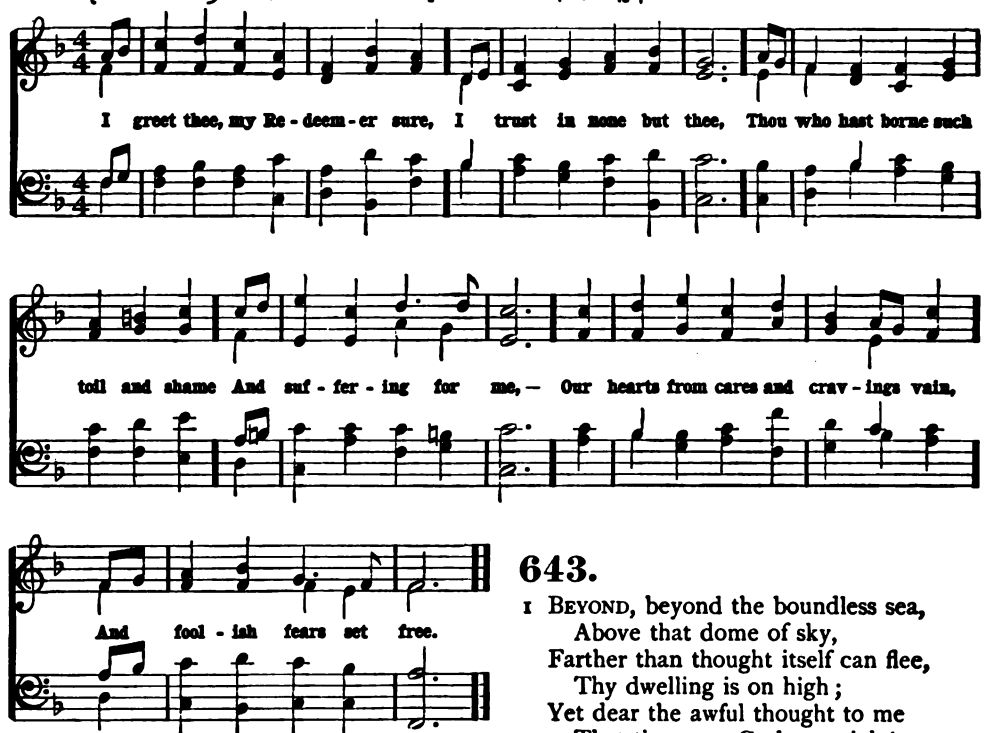
2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King;
Alleluia!

3 O blessèd Lord, thy truth
To us thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know thee as thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King;
Alleluia!

4 O, may thy holy Word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King;
Alleluia!


The earth is not too low, . . His praises there may grow. Let all the world in every cor-ner sing, My God and King!
But above all, the heart Must bear the larg-est part. Let all the world in every cor-ner sing, My God and King!

2 Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The church with psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the largest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

Morwellham. C. M. 61. [With Hymn 642 or 643.]

I greet thee, my Re-deem-er sure, I trust in none but thee, Thou who hast borne such
toil and shame And suf-fer-ing for me, — Our hearts from cares and crav-ings vain,
And fool-ish fears set free.

642.

1 I GREET thee, my Redeemer sure,
I trust in none but thee,
Thou who hast borne such toil and shame
And suffering for me, —
Our hearts from cares and cravings vain,
And foolish fears set free.

2 Thou art the life by which we live,
Our strength is all from thee;
Uphold us so in face of death,
What time soe'er it be,
That we may meet it with strong heart,
And may die peacefully.

3 The true and perfect gentleness
We find in thee alone;
Make us to know thy loveliness,
Teach us to love thee known;
Grant us sweet fellowship with thee
And all who are thine own.

4 Our hope is in none else but thee;
Faith holds thy promise fast;
Be pleasèd, Lord, to strengthen us,
Whom thou redeemèd hast,
To bear all troubles patiently,
And overcome at last.

643.

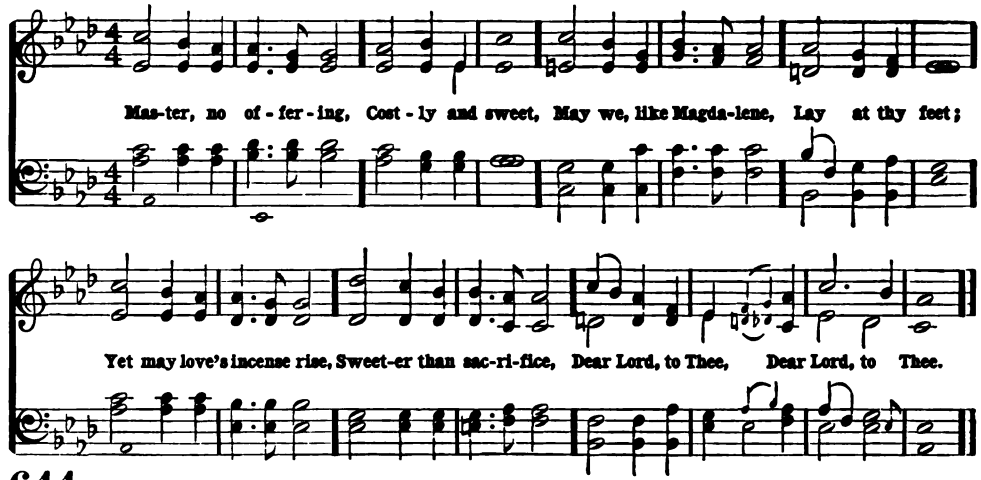
1 BEYOND, beyond the boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That thou, my God, art nigh!

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after thee in vain, —
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main.

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim,
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways;
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the noonday blaze.

4 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control,
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

5 O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth his Spirit rest:
O come, thou Presence infinite,
And make thy creature blest!

Love's Offering. P. M. [With Hymn 644 only.]

Mas-ter, no of-fer-ing, Cost-ly and sweet, May we, like Magda-lene, Lay at thy feet;
Yet may love's incense rise, Sweet-er than sac-ri-fice, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.

644.

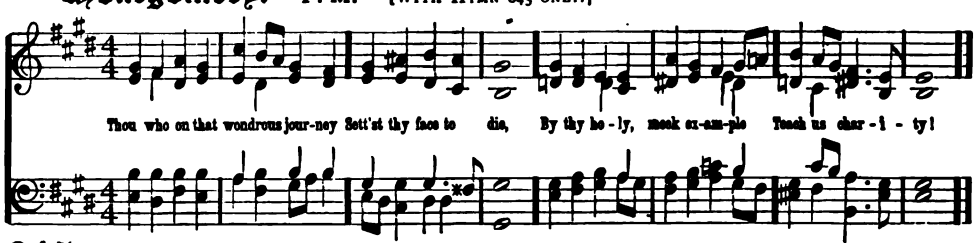
1 Master, no offering,
Costly and sweet,
May we, like Magdalene,
Lay at thy feet;
Yet may love's incense rise,
Sweeter than sacrifice,
Dear Lord, to thee.

2 Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord, to thee.

3 Some word of hope for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace for eyes
Blinded with tears,
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footsteps led,
Dear Lord, to thee.

4 Thus in thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide!
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to thee.

Montgomery. P. M. [With Hymn 645 only.]



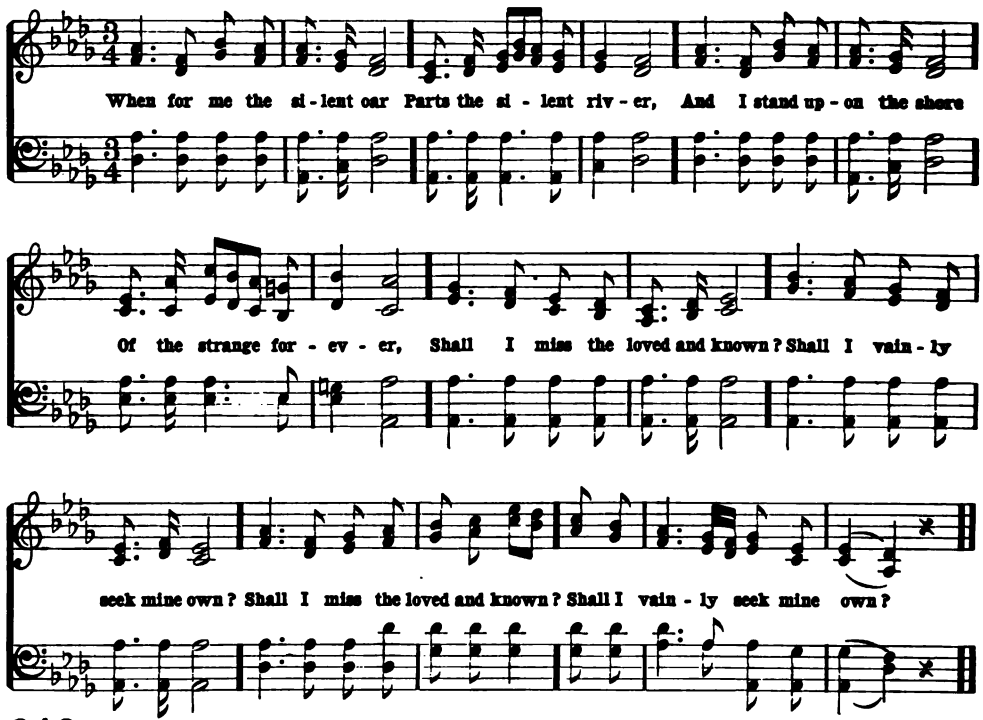
645.

1 Thou who on that wondrous journey
Sett'st thy face to die,
By thy holy, meek example
Teach us charity!

2 Thou who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from thee,
O, most loving of the loving,
Give us charity!

3 Thou who reignest bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,
O that we may share thy triumph,
Grant us charity!

4 Send us faith that trusts thy promise,
Hope, with upward eye;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us charity!

Tarcom. P. M. [With Hymn 646 only.]

When for me the si-lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er, And I stand up - on the shore
Of the strange for - ev - er, Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly
seek mine own? Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own?

646.

1 When for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

2 Can the ties that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp th' unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river;
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

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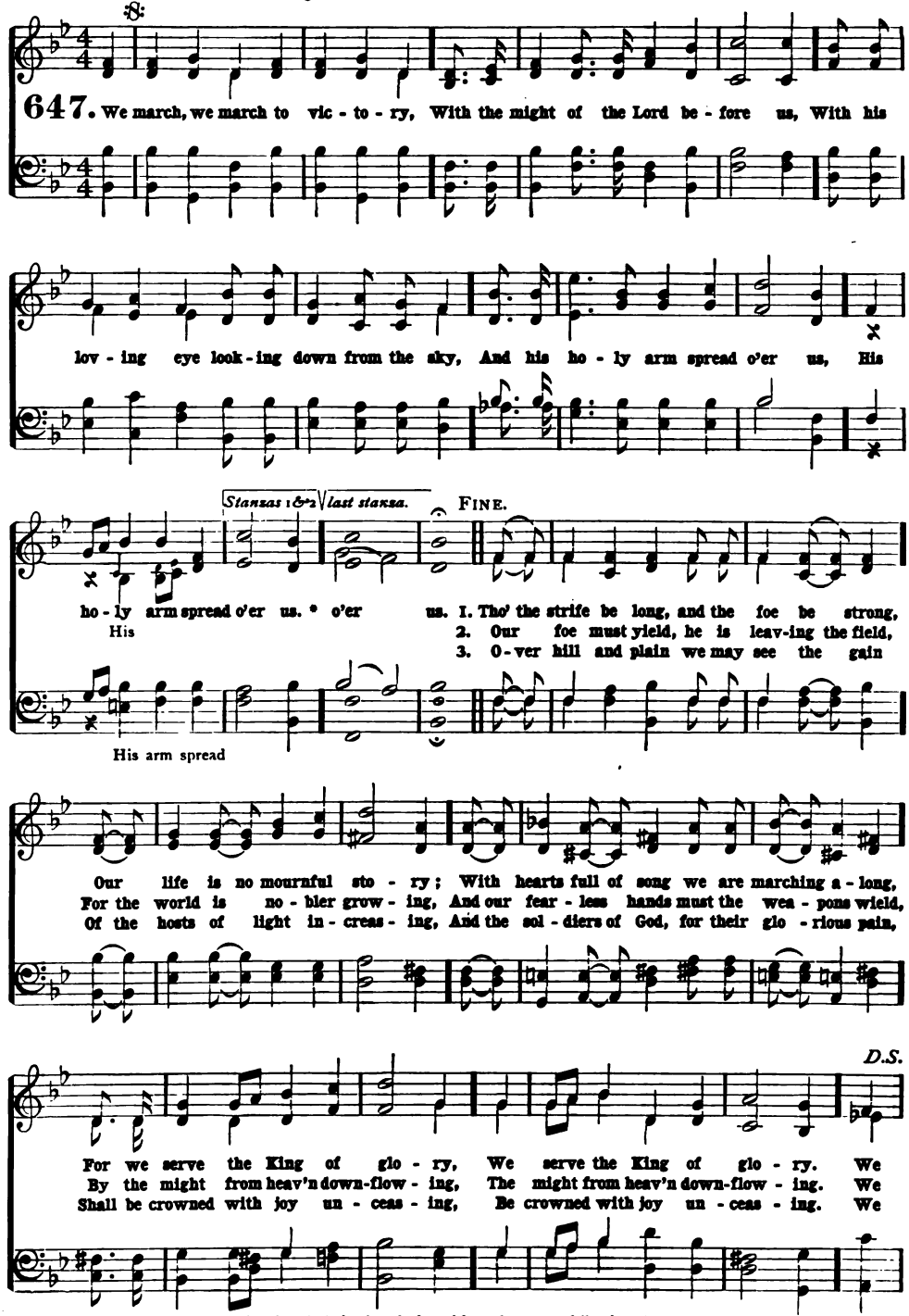
647. [The music is on page 311.]

Ref. We march, we march to victory,
With the might of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

1 Though the strife be long, and the foe be strong,
Our life is no mournful story;
With hearts full of song we are marching along,
For we serve the King of glory.

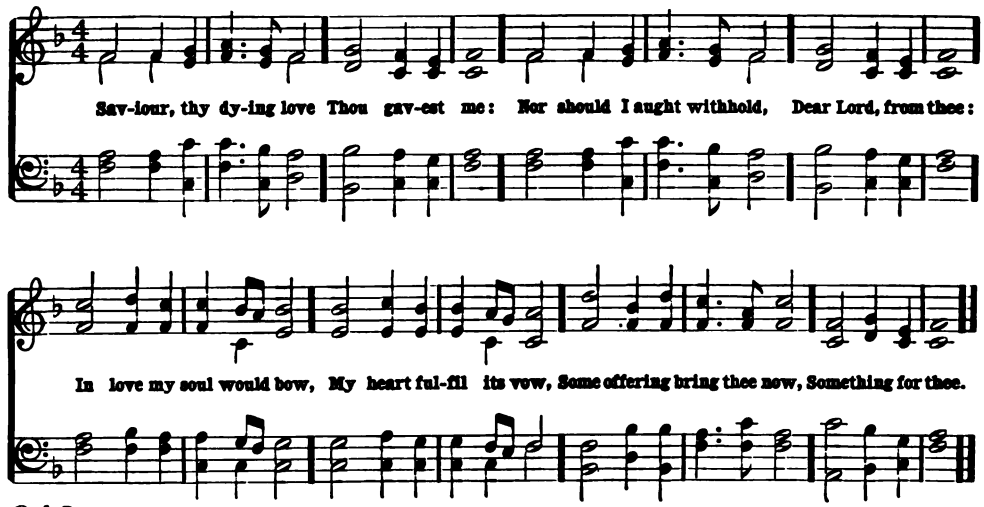
2 Our foe must yield, he is leaving the field,
For the world is nobler growing,
And our fearless hands must the weapons wield,
By the might from heaven down-flowing.

3 Over hill and plain we may see the gain
Of the hosts of light increasing,
And the soldiers of God, for their glorious pain,
Shall be crowned with joy unceasing.

March to Victory. P. M. [With Hymn 647 only.]

647. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the might of the Lord be - fore us, With his
lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His
Stanzas 1 & 2
last stanza.
FINE.
ho - ly arm spread o'er us. * o'er us. 1. Tho' the strife be long, and the foe be strong,
His
2. Our foe must yield, he is leav-ing the field,
3. O-ver hill and plain we may see the gain
His arm spread
Our life is no mournful sto - ry; With hearts full of song we are marching a - long,
For the world is no - bler grow - ing, And our fear - less hands must the wea - pons wield,
Of the hosts of light in - creas - ing, And the sol - diers of God, for their glo - rious pain,
D.S.
For we serve the King of glo - ry, We serve the King of glo - ry. We
By the might from heav'n down-flow - ing, The might from heav'n down-flow - ing. We
Shall be crowned with joy un - ceas - ing, Be crowned with joy un - ceas - ing. We

* Stanzas 1 and 2 end here. If an interlude is played after either, the stanza following should be sung *D. C.*

Oak. P. M. [With Hymn 648 only.]


Sav-iour, thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me: Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fil its vow, Some offering bring thee now, Something for thee.

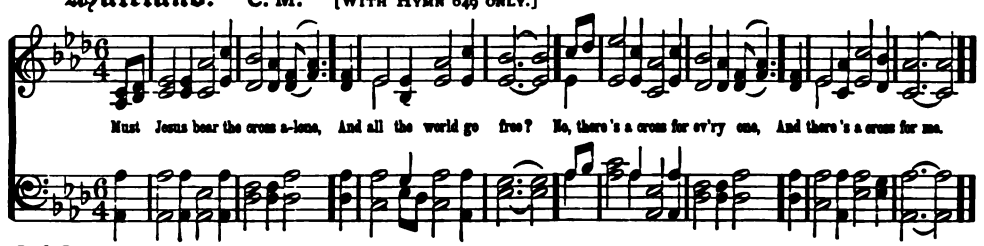
648.

1 Saviour, thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

Maitland. C. M. [With Hymn 649 only.]



649.

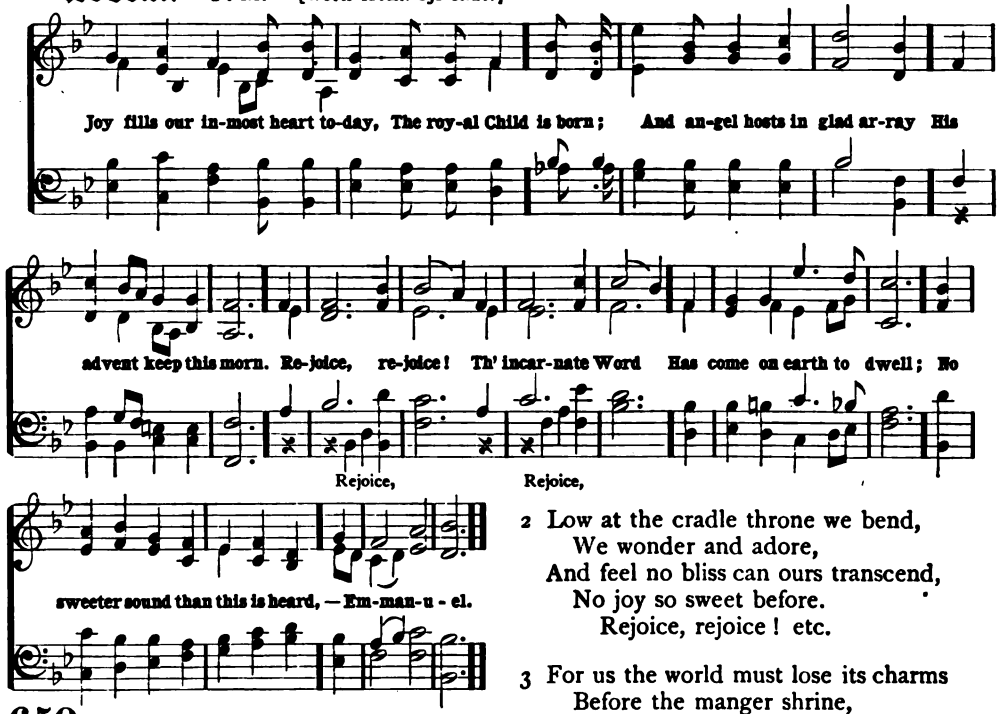
1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away!

Advent. P. M. [With Hymn 650 only.]


Joy fills our in-most heart to-day, The roy-al Child is born; And an-gel hosts in glad ar-ray His
advent keep this morn. Re-joice, re-joice! Th' incar-nate Word Has come on earth to dwell; No
Rejoice,
Rejoice,
sweeter sound than this is heard, — Em-man-u - el.

650.

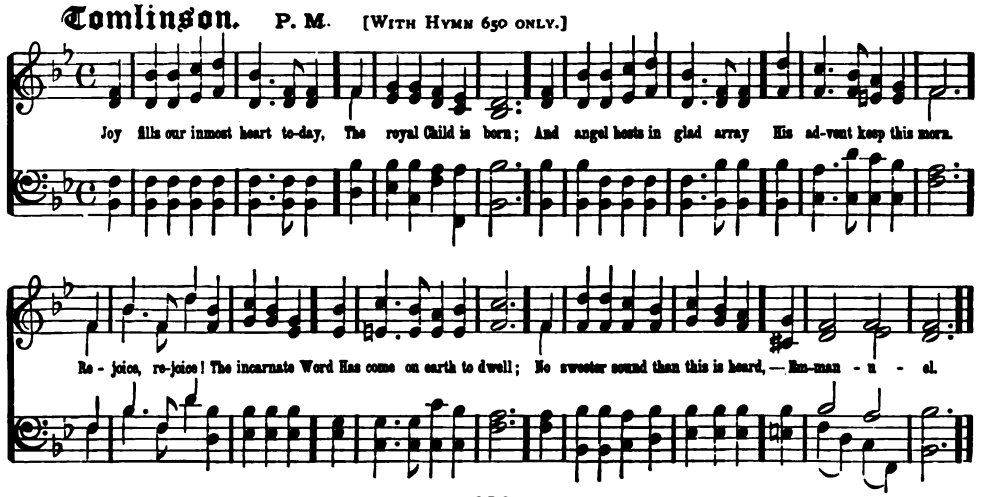
1 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day,
The royal Child is born;
And angel hosts in glad array
His advent keep this morn.
Rejoice, rejoice! The incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard,—
Emmanuel.

2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore,
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy so sweet before.
Rejoice, rejoice! etc.

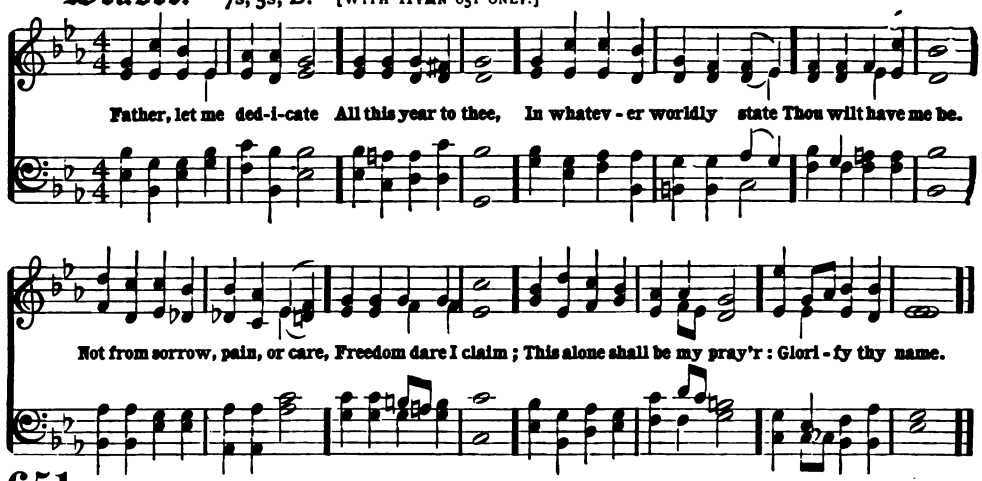
3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in the mother's arms,
We see thee, Child divine.
Rejoice, rejoice! etc.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! etc.

Tomlinson. P. M. [With Hymn 650 only.]


Joy fills our inmost heart to-day, The royal Child is born; And angel hosts in glad array His ad-vent keep this morn.
Re - joice, re-joice! The incarnate Word Has come on earth to dwell; No sweeter sound than this is heard, — Em-man - u - el.

Weaver. 7s, 5s, D. [With Hymn 651 only.]


Father, let me ded-i-cate All this year to thee, In whatev - er worldly state Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care, Freedom dare I claim ; This alone shall be my pray'r : Glori - fy thy name.

651.

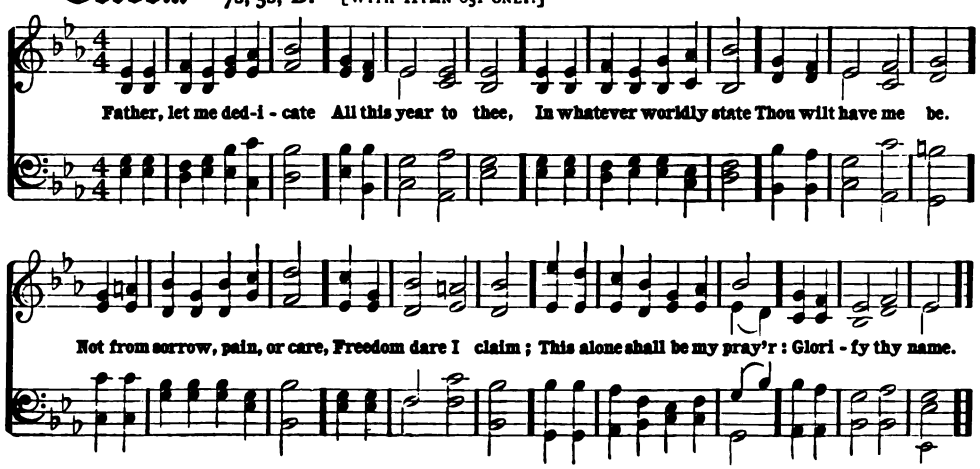
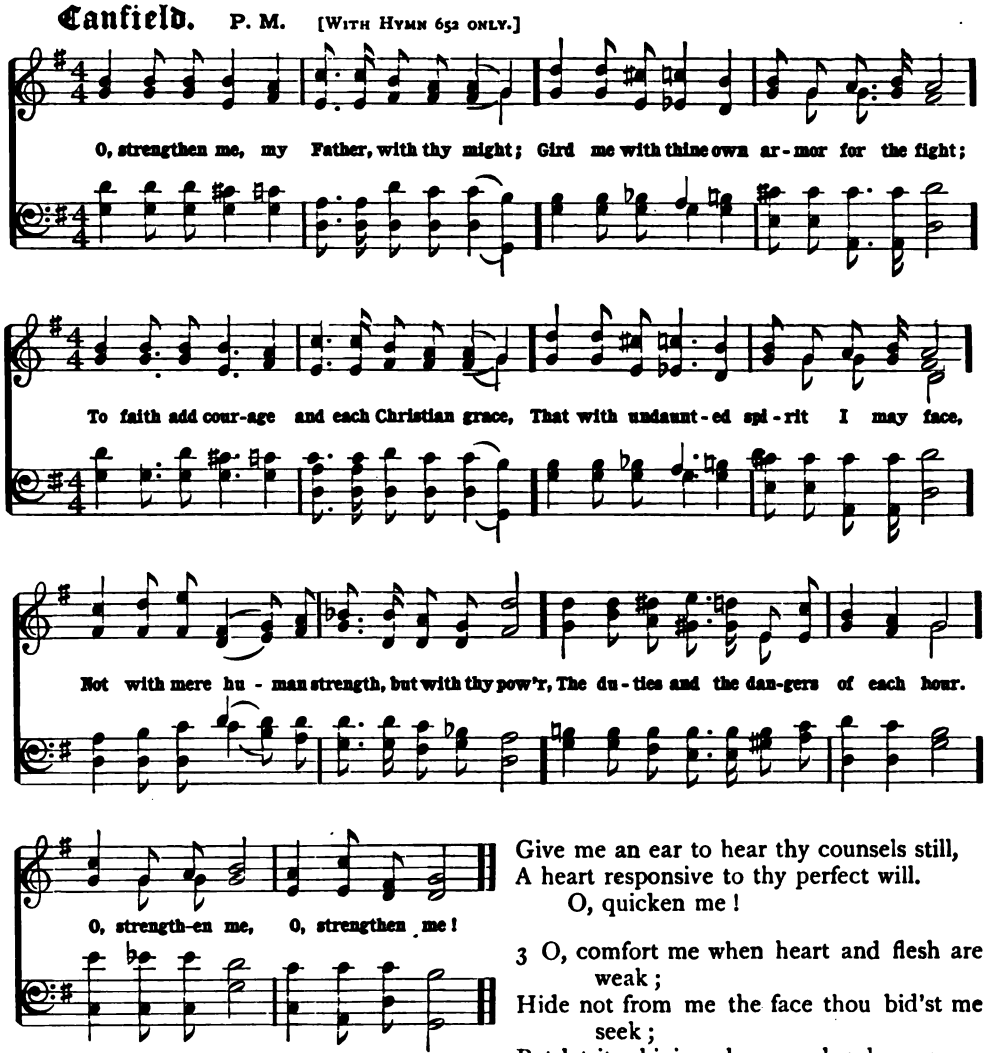
1 Father, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer:
Glorify thy name.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy name.

3 If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine, —
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy name.

4 If thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home,
Let me think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on:
Glorify thy name!

Gordon. 7s, 5s, D. [With Hymn 651 only.]


Father, let me ded-i - cate All this year to thee, In whatever worldly state Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care, Freedom dare I claim ; This alone shall be my pray'r : Glori - fy thy name.

Canfield. P. M. [With Hymn 652 only.]
O, strengthen me, my Father, with thy might; Gird me with thine own ar-mor for the fight;
To faith add cour-age and each Christian grace, That with undaunt-ed spi-rit I may face,
Not with mere hu-man strength, but with thy pow'r, The du-ties and the dan-gers of each hour.
O, strength-en me, O, strengthen me!

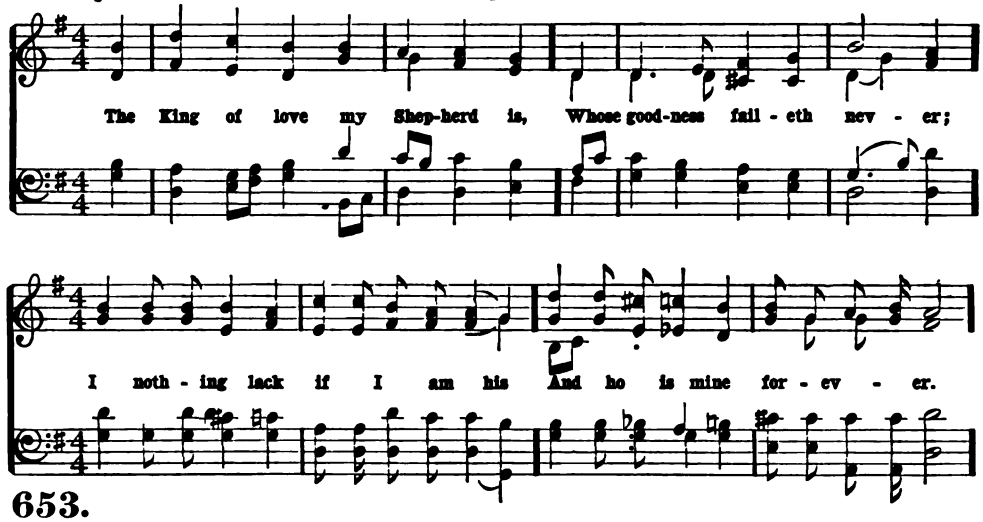
652.

1 O, STRENGTHEN me, my Father, with thy
might;
Gird me with thine own armor for the fight;
To faith add courage and each Christian
grace,
That with undaunted spirit I may face,
Not with mere human strength, but with
thy power,
The duties and the dangers of each hour.
O, strengthen me!

2 O, quicken me according to thy word;
Let all the pulses of my life be stirred
To fearless action in each righteous cause,
And swift obedience to thy holy laws;
Give me an ear to hear thy counsels still,
A heart responsive to thy perfect will.
O, quicken me!

3 O, comfort me when heart and flesh are
weak;
Hide not from me the face thou bid'st me
seek;
But let its shining cheer my lonely way
When sorrow's mists and clouds obscure
the day;
Or when in doubt or fear I turn to thee,
O, then, my heavenly Father, comfort me!
O, comfort me!

4 And when, O Lord, my work on earth is
done,
When from the darkening sky my setting sun
Goes down into the shadows of the night,
May thy dear presence make the evening
light,
And may my spirit, in its passing hour,
Know all the fulness of thy saving power!
Thy saving power!

Dykes. P. M. [With Hymn 653 only.]

653.

1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine forever.

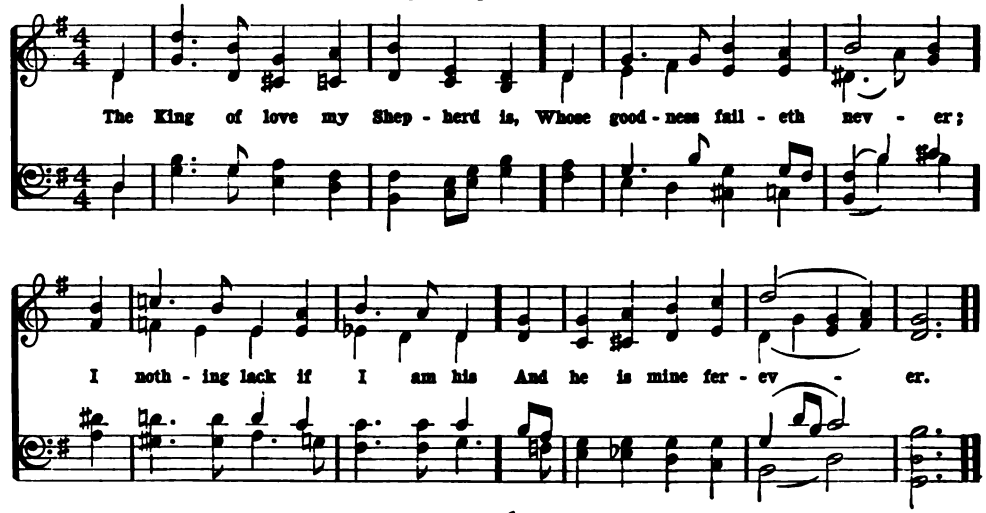
2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

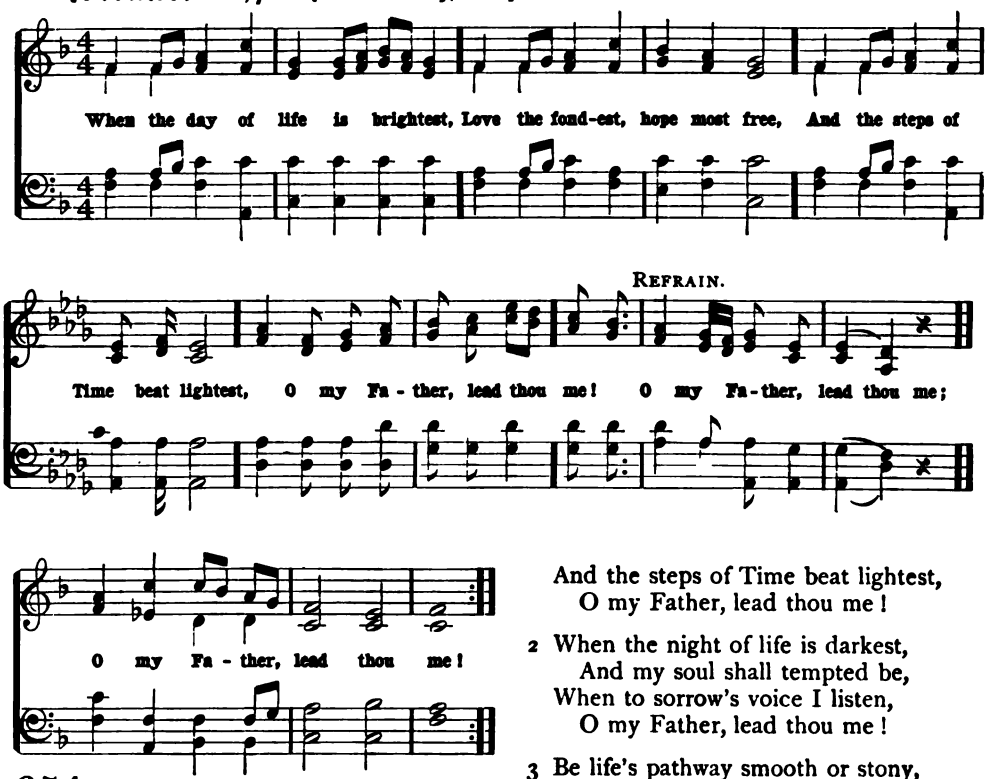
3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, O, the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth!

6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever!

Gibbs. P. M. [With Hymn 653 only.]

Straub. 8s, 7s. [With Hymn 654 only.]


When the day of life is brightest, Love the fond-est, hope most free, And the steps of
Refrain.
Time beat lightest, O my Fa - ther, lead thou me! O my Fa-ther, lead thou me;
O my Fa - ther, lead thou me!

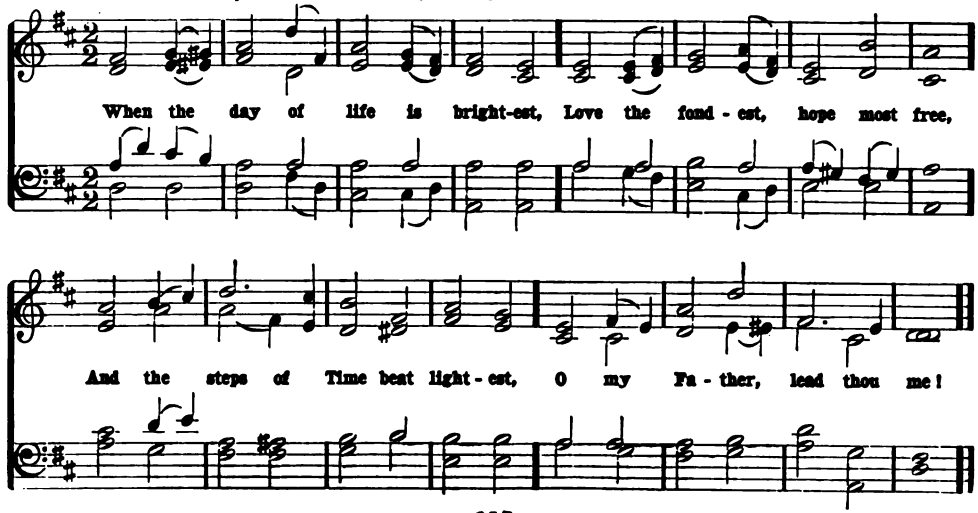
654.

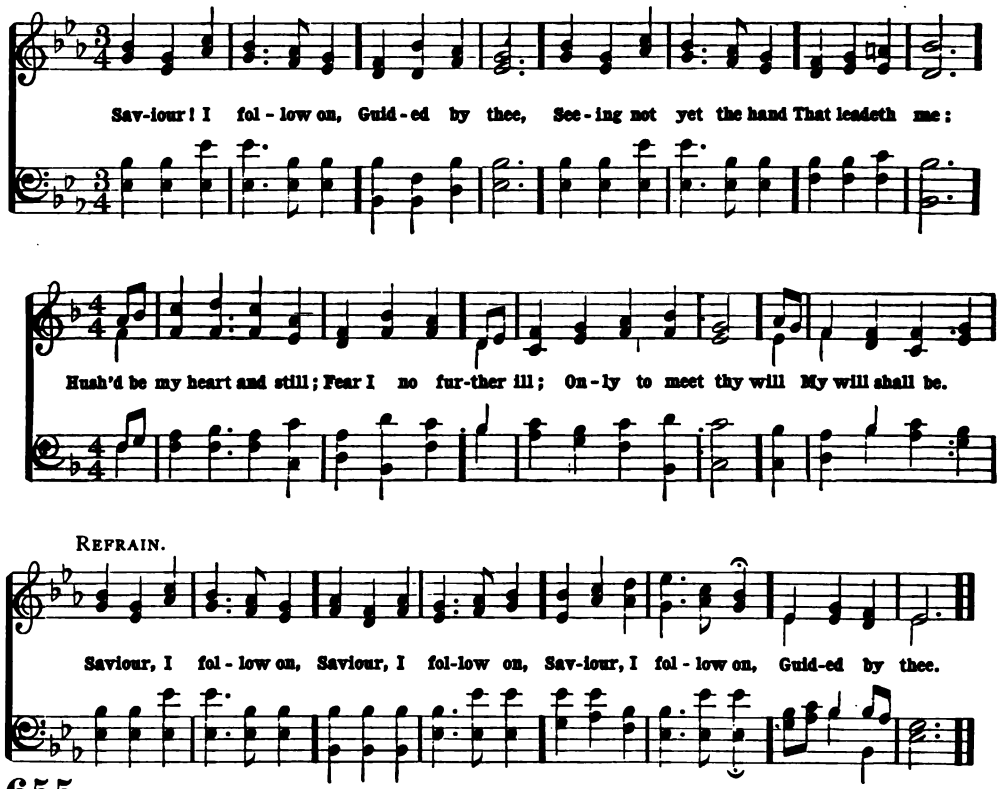
1 When the day of life is brightest,
Love the fondest, hope most free,
And the steps of Time beat lightest,
O my Father, lead thou me!

2 When the night of life is darkest,
And my soul shall tempted be,
When to sorrow's voice I listen,
O my Father, lead thou me!

3 Be life's pathway smooth or stony,
Let my faith still cling to thee;
Be life's future bright or stormy,
O my Father, lead thou me!

Tuttle. 8s, 7s. [With Hymn 654 only.]


When the day of life is bright-est, Love the fond - est, hope most free,
And the steps of Time beat light - est, O my Fa - ther, lead thou me!

Safford. P. M. [With Hymn 655 only.]

Sav-iour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee, See-ing not yet the hand That leadeth me;
Hush'd be my heart and still; Fear I no fur-ther ill; On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
Refrain.
Saviour, I fol-low on, Saviour, I fol-low on, Sav-iour, I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee.

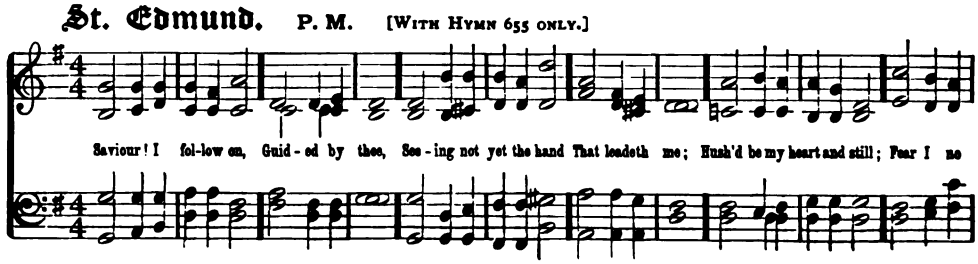
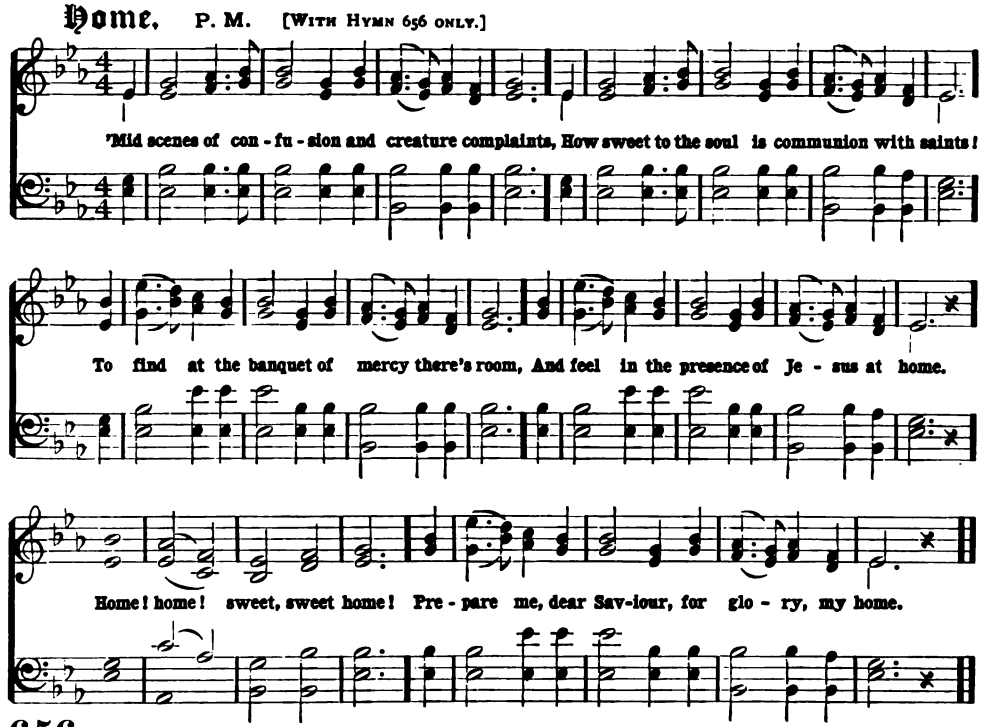
655.

1 Saviour! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still;
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve;
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou art whispering near,
"Only believe!"

3 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee,
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me.

St. Edmund. P. M. [With Hymn 655 only.]

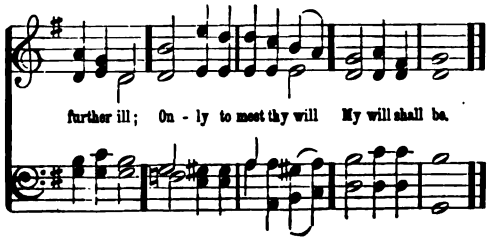


Home. P. M. [With Hymn 656 only.]
'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to the soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Pre - pare me, dear Sav-iour, for glo - ry, my home.

656.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

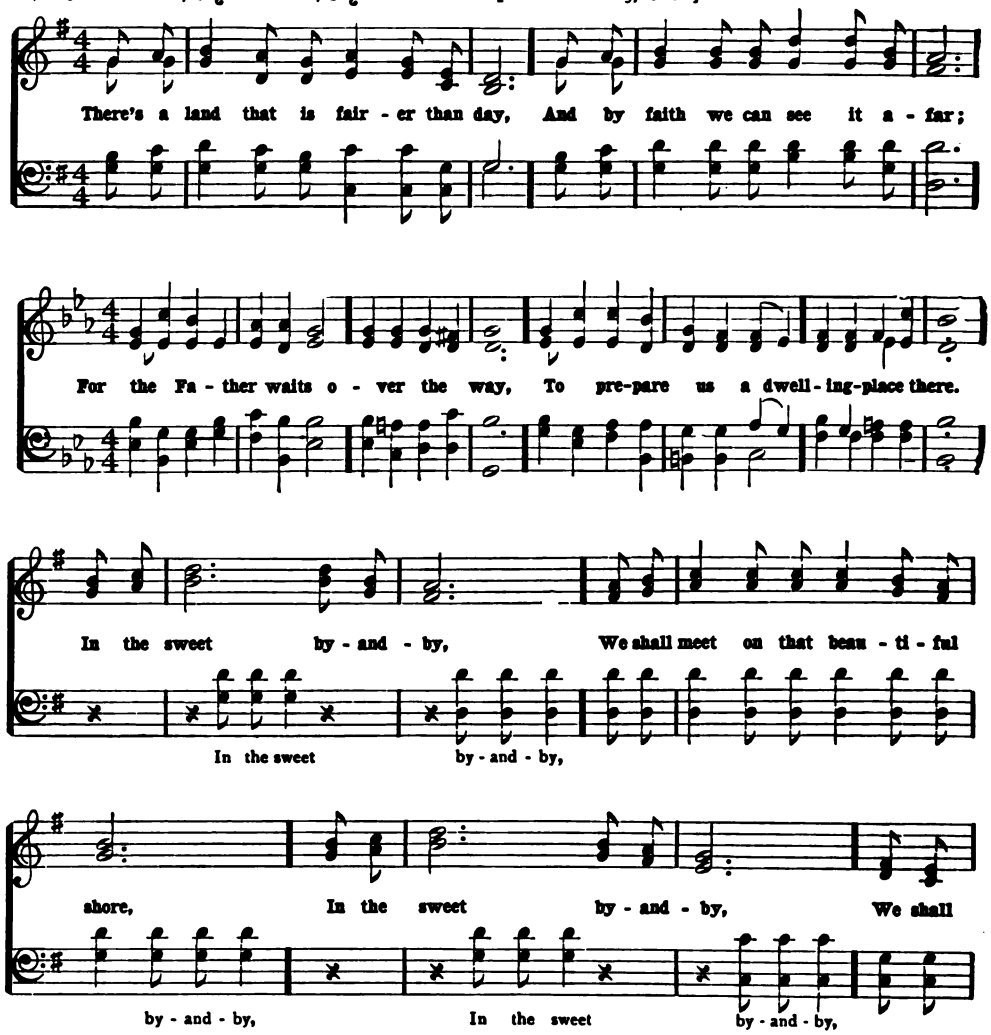


3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I 'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O, give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb.
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

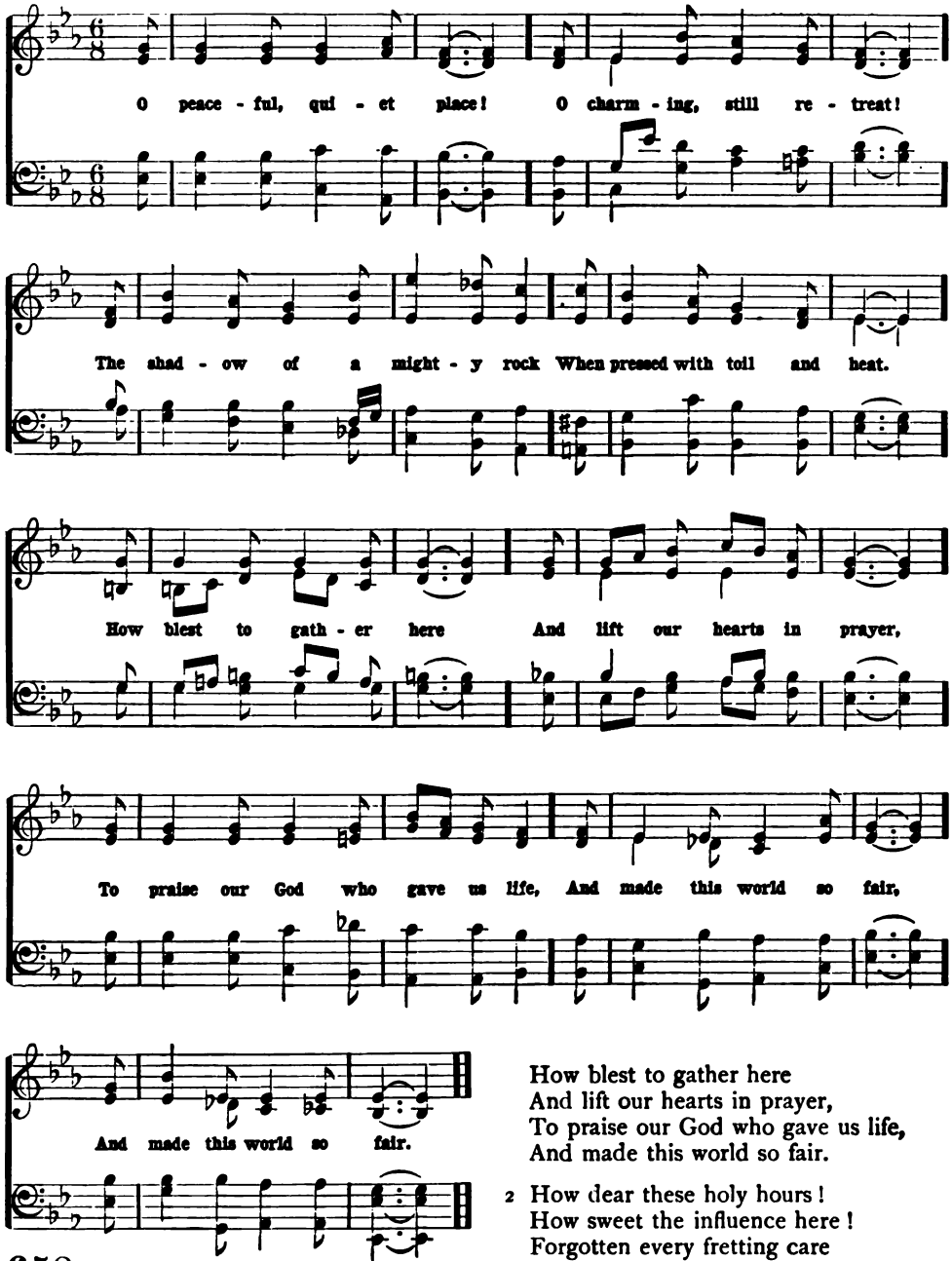
Sweet By-and-By. P. M. [With Hymn 657 only.]

There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell - ing-place there.
In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful
In the sweet by - and - by,
shore, In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
by - and - by, In the sweet by - and - by,
meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

657.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To *prepare* us a dwelling-place there.
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

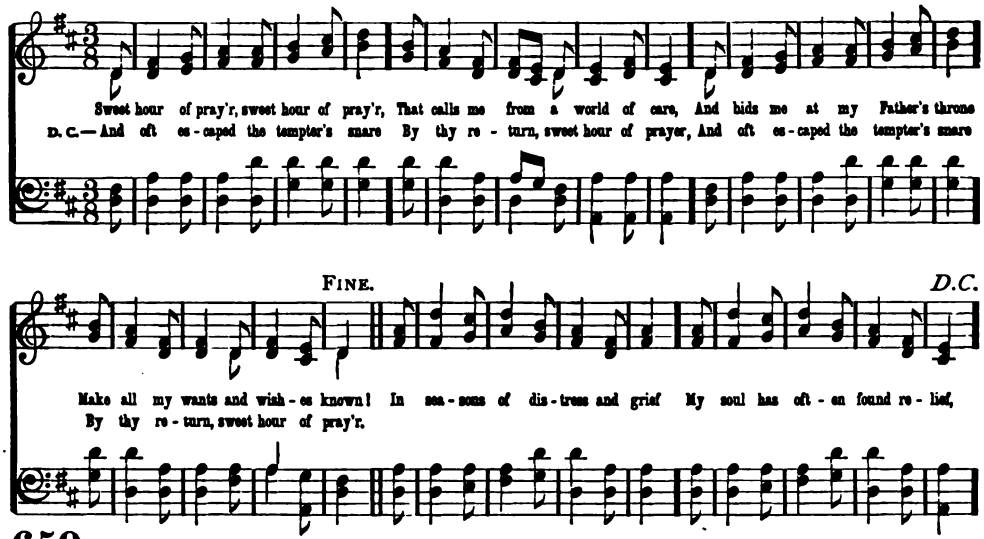
Harris. S. M. D. [With Hymn 658 only.]

O peace - ful, qui - et place! O charm - ing, still re - treat!
The shad - ow of a might - y rock When pressed with toil and heat.
How blest to gath - er here And lift our hearts in prayer,
To praise our God who gave us life, And made this world so fair,
And made this world so fair.

658.

1 O peaceful, quiet place!
O charming, still retreat!
The shadow of a mighty rock
When pressed with toil and heat.

How blest to gather here
And lift our hearts in prayer,
To praise our God who gave us life,
And made this world so fair.

2 How dear these holy hours!
How sweet the influence here!
Forgotten every fretting care
And every boding fear.
As comes the scented breeze
From some flower-fringèd shore,
So comes to us the hope of heaven
When earthly scenes are o'er.

Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D. [With Hymn 659 only.]

Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne
D. C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer, And oft es-caped the tempter's snare
FINE.
D.C.
Make all my wants and wish-es known! In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

659.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

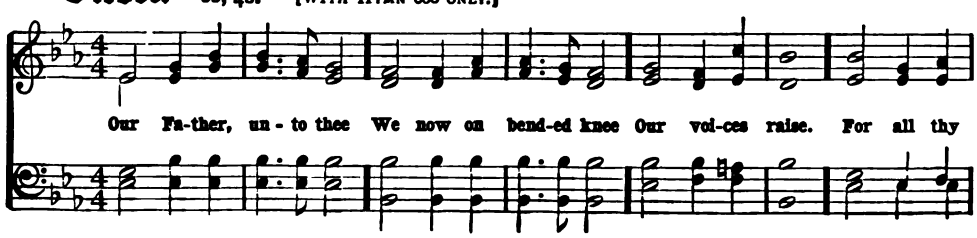
660.

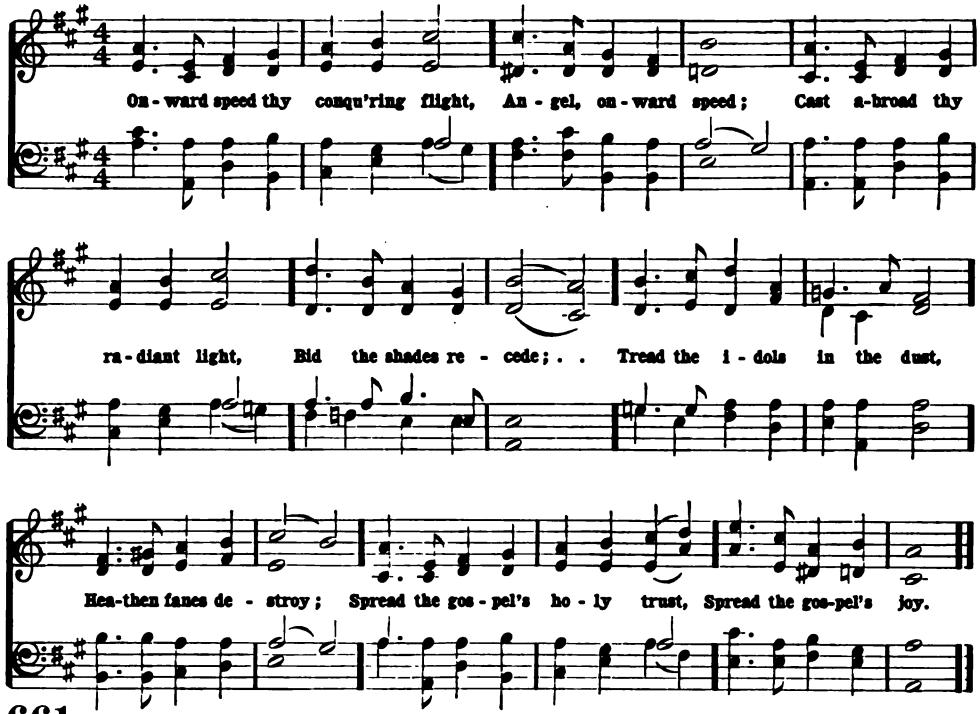
1 Our Father, unto thee
We now on bended knee
Our voices raise.
For all thy love has wrought,
Our life with blessings fraught,
Transcending all our thought,
We speak thy praise.

2 And not by lips alone
Would we thy goodness own,
And worship thee,
But may our lives express
That which our hearts confess,
And we in holiness
More worthy be.

3 And may our hands reach out
To those who round about
Demand our love.
In every hour of need
May we their pleadings heed,
Till earth becomes indeed
Like heaven above.

Olivet. 6s, 4s. [With Hymn 660 only.]



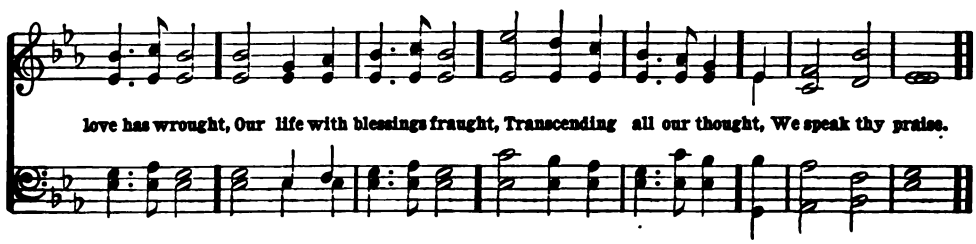
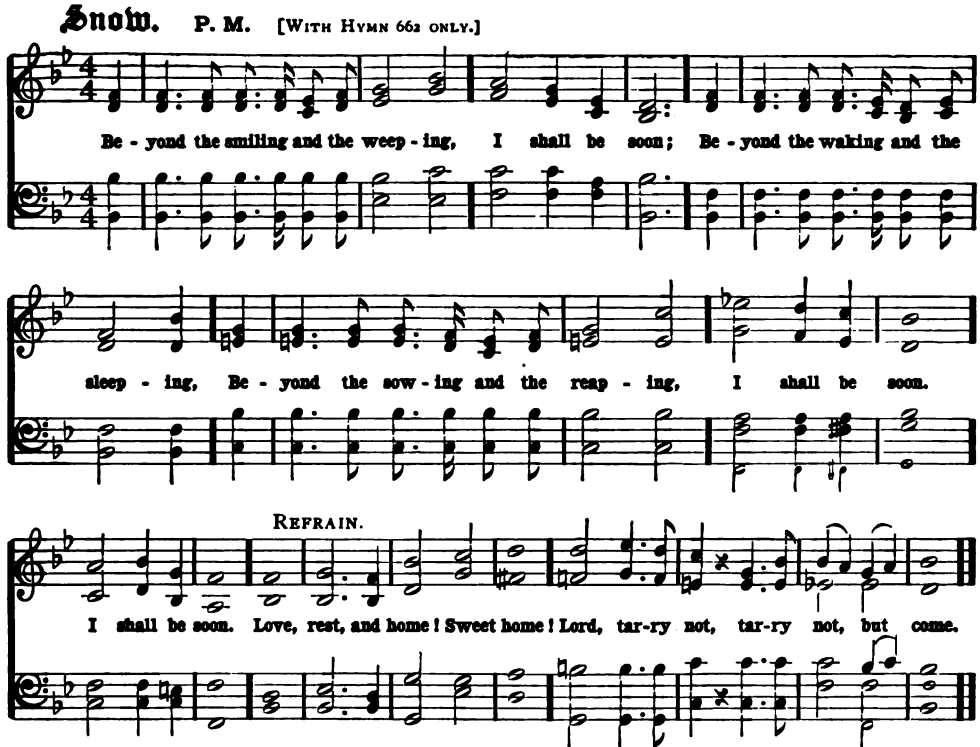
Conger. 7s, 5s, D. [With Hymn 661 only.]

On-ward speed thy conqu'ring flight, An-gel, on-ward speed; Cast a-broad thy
ra-diant light, Bid the shades re-cede; . . Tread the i-dols in the dust,
Hea-then fanes de-stroy; Spread the gos-pel's ho-ly trust, Spread the gos-pel's joy.

661.

1 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed;
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy;
Spread the gospel's holy trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain's height
Be thy standard placed;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward fly;
Long has been the reign of night,
Bring the morning nigh:
'T is to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them heaven's holy gift,
Ere their courage fail.

4 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed;
Morning bursts upon our sight, —
'T is the time decreed:
Jesus now his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
"God is all in all."

Snow. P. M. [With Hymn 662 only.]
Be - yond the smiling and the weep - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the waking and the
sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
Refrain.
I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, tar-ry not, but come.

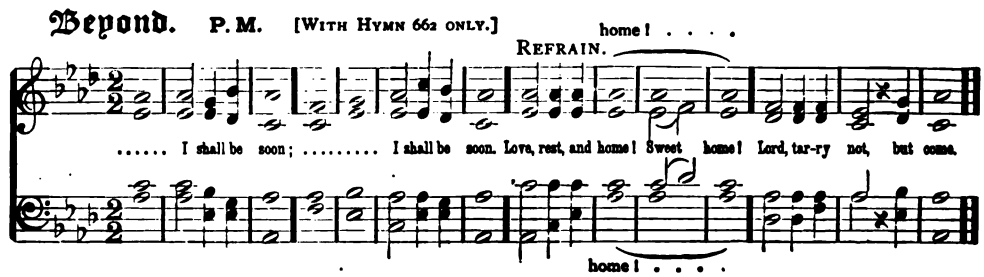
662.

1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

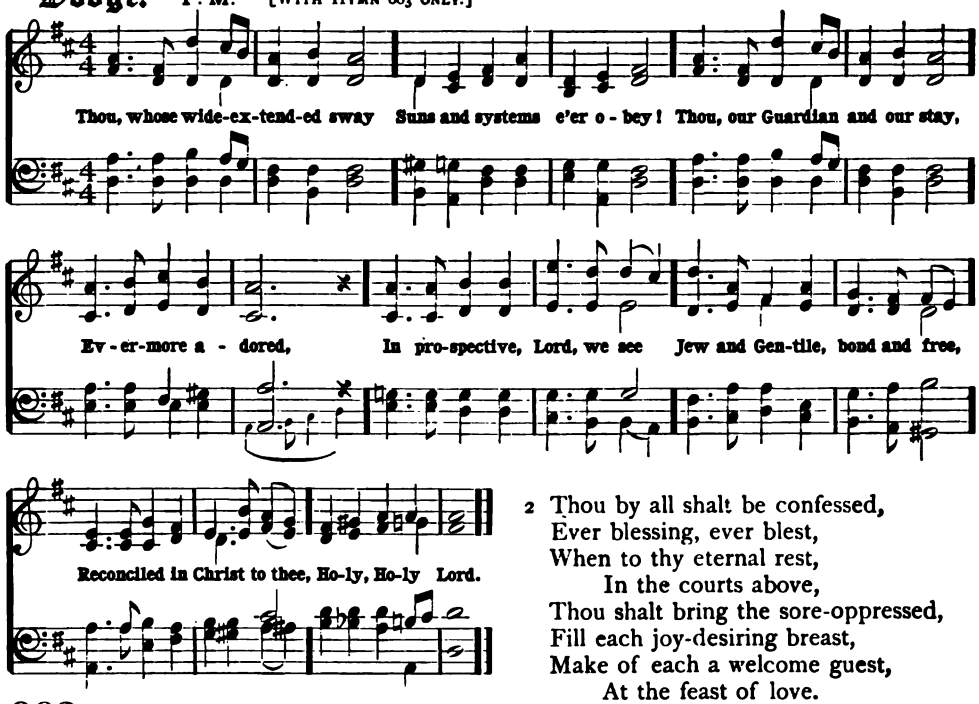
2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon. — Ref.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon. — Ref.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon. — Ref.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon. — Ref.

Beyond. P. M. [With Hymn 662 only.]
home! . . . .
Refrain.
..... I shall be soon; ..... I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, but come.
home! . . . .

Dodge. P. M. [With Hymn 663 only.]

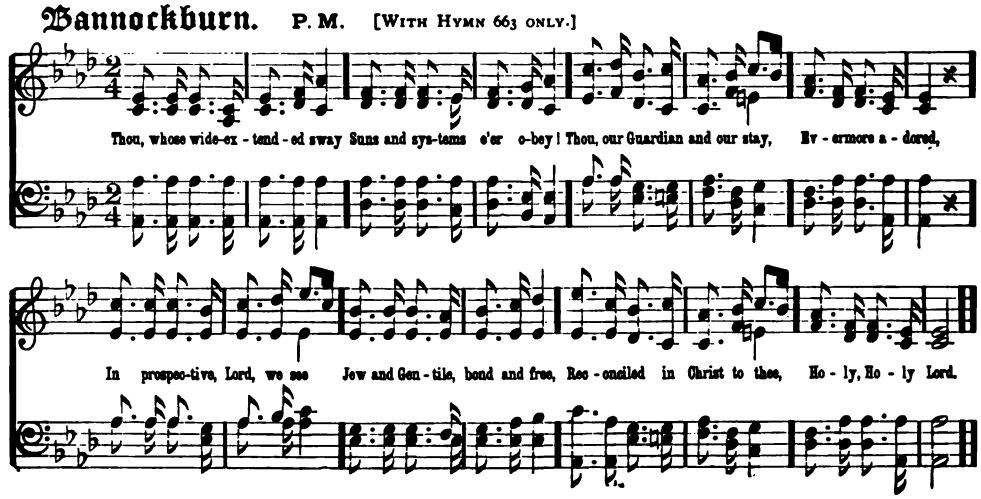

Thou, whose wide-ex-tend-ed sway Suns and systems e'er o - bey! Thou, our Guardian and our stay,
Ev - er-more a - dored, In pro-spective, Lord, we see Jew and Gen-tile, bond and free,
Reconciled in Christ to thee, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord.

663.

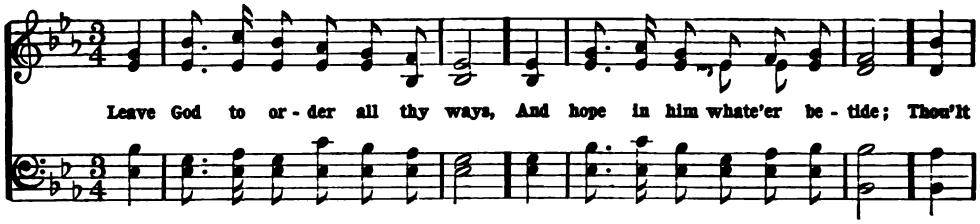
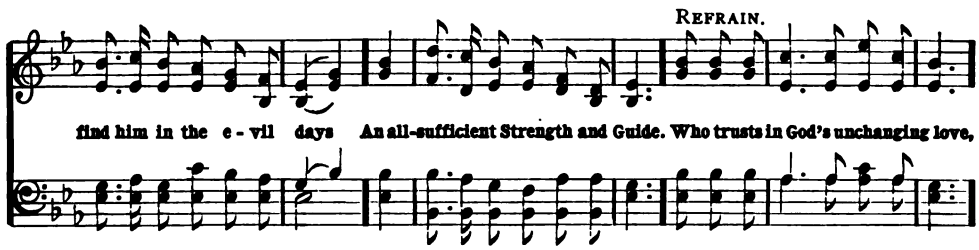
1 Thou, whose wide-extended sway
Suns and systems e'er obey!
Thou, our Guardian and our stay,
Evermore adored,
In prospective, Lord, we see
Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Reconciled in Christ to thee,
Holy, Holy Lord.

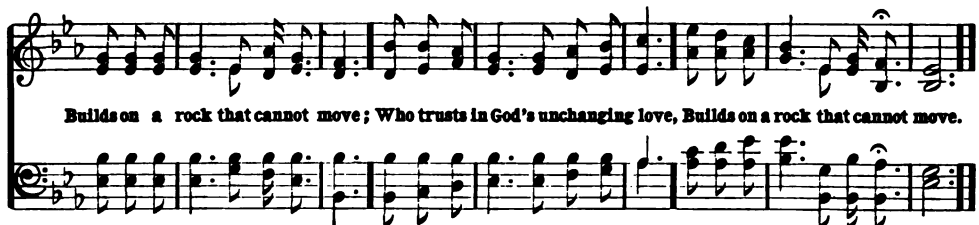
2 Thou by all shalt be confessed,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
When to thy eternal rest,
In the courts above,
Thou shalt bring the sore-oppressed,
Fill each joy-desiring breast,
Make of each a welcome guest,
At the feast of love.

3 When destroying death shall die,
Hushed be every rising sigh,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Nevermore to fall,—
Then shall praises fill the sky,
And angelic hosts shall cry,
Holy, Holy Lord, Most High,
Thou art All in All!

Bannockburn. P. M. [With Hymn 663 only.]

Thou, whose wide-ex - tend - ed sway Suns and sys-tems e'er o-bey! Thou, our Guardian and our stay, Ev - ermore a - dored,
In prospec-tive, Lord, we see Jew and Gen - tile, bond and free, Rec - onciled in Christ to thee, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord.

Cone. L. M. [With Hymn 664 only.]





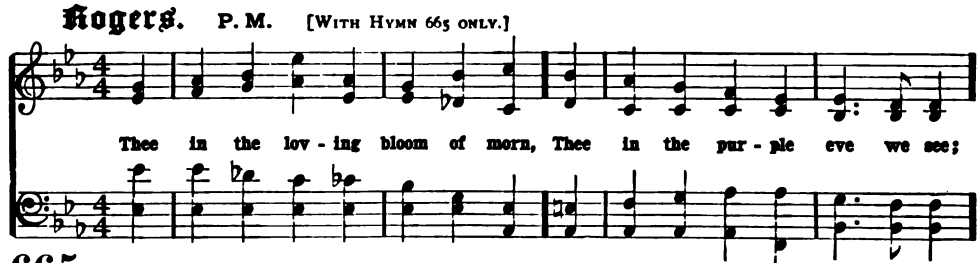
664.

1 Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou 'lt find him in the evil days
An all-sufficient Strength and Guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on a rock that cannot move.

2 Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love, has sent. — Ref.

3 Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall it be fulfilled in thee. — Ref.

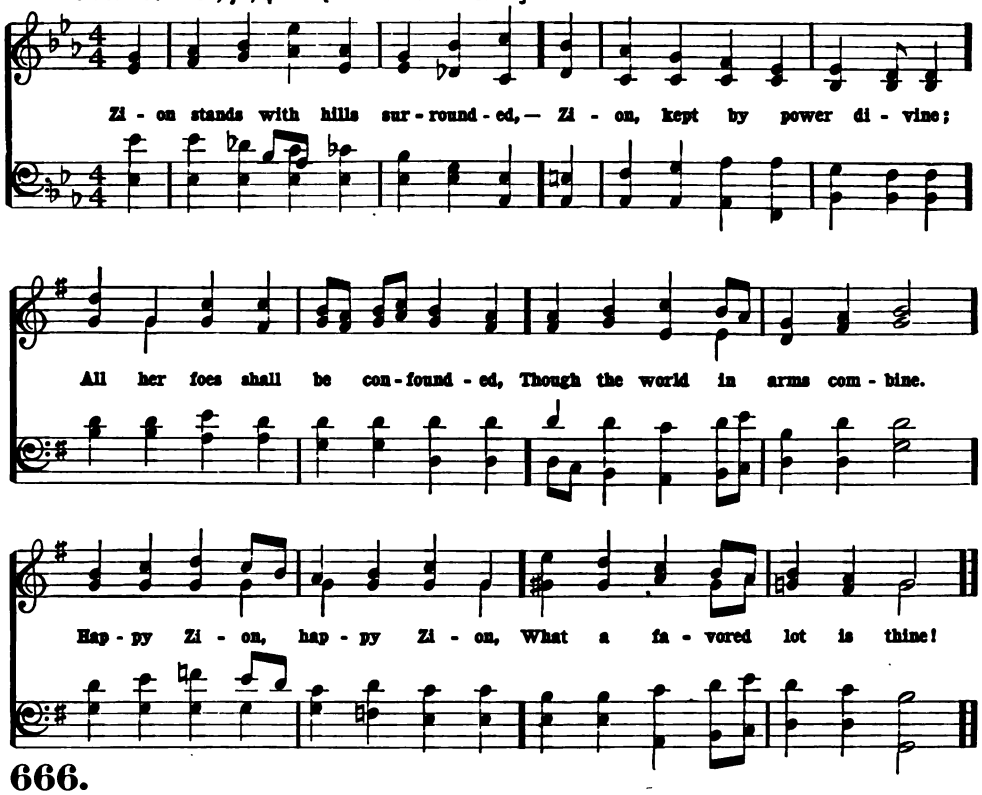
Rogers. P. M. [With Hymn 665 only.]



665.

1 Thee in the loving bloom of morn,
Thee in the purple eve we see;
All things in heaven and earth, O Lord,
Live and move in thee!

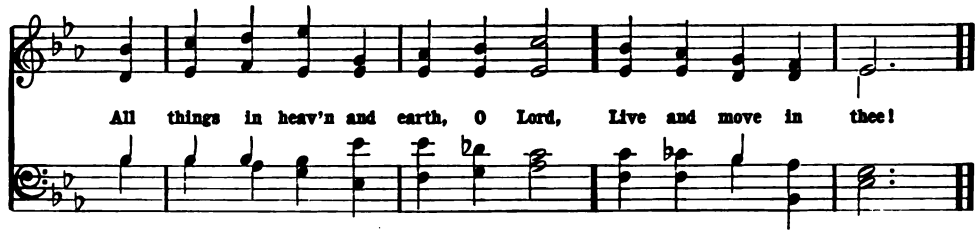
2 Life is not life without thee, Lord;
Thou fill'st creation's wondrous whole;
Light is not light without thy love, —
Blank this boundless soul.

Crane. 8s, 7s, 4s. [With Hymn 666 only.]

Zi - on stands with hills sur - round - ed, — Zi - on, kept by power di - vine;
All her foes shall be con - found - ed, Though the world in arms com - bine.
Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!

666.

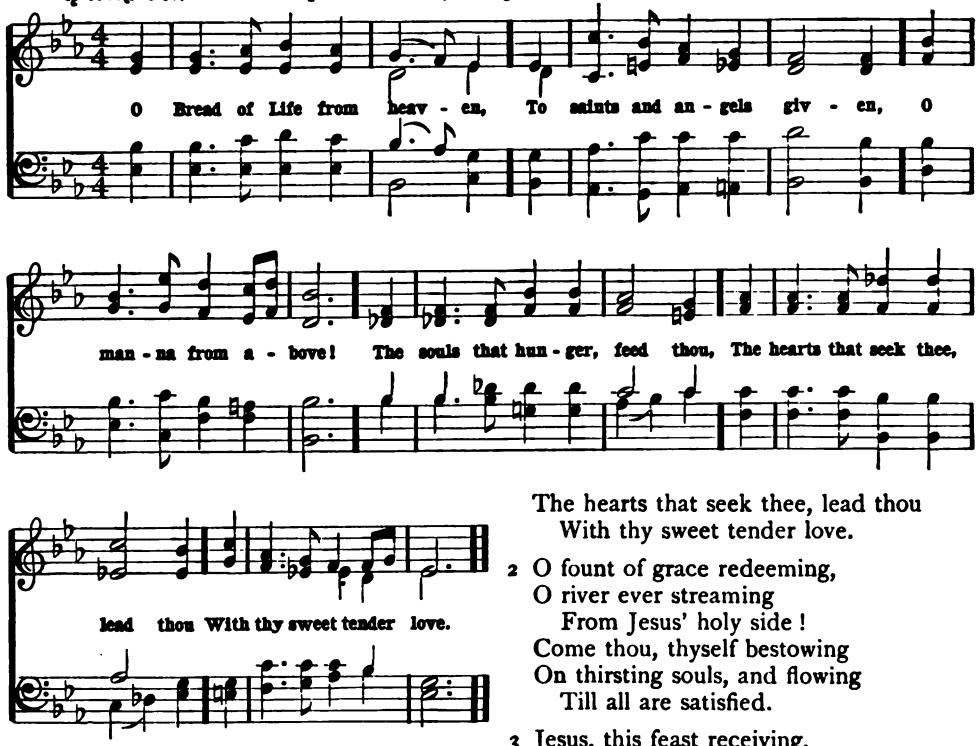
1 Zion stands with hills surrounded, —
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee, —
Thou art precious in his sight.
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light!

3 No, not the beauty of the earth;
Not the wide splendor of the sea;
No, not the glory of the heavens,
Save as seen in thee!

4 No, not the fragrance of the woods,
Nor the deep music of the breeze;
Not all the hues of field and flower,
But thyself in these!

Hanson. P. M. [With Hymn 667 only.]

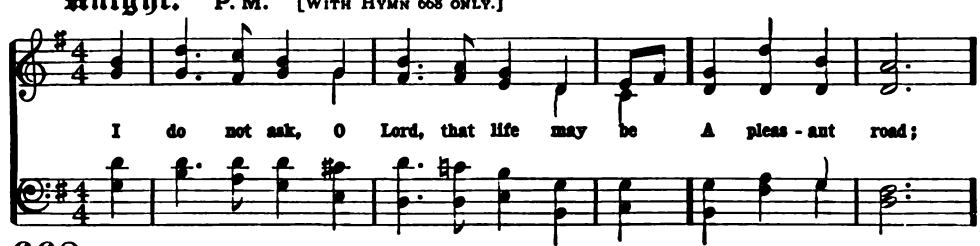

O Bread of Life from heav - en, To saints and an - gels giv - en, O
man - na from a - bove! The souls that hun - ger, feed thou, The hearts that seek thee,
lead thou With thy sweet tender love.

667.

1 O Bread of Life from heaven,
To saints and angels given,
O manna from above!
The souls that hunger, feed thou,
The hearts that seek thee, lead thou
With thy sweet tender love.

2 O fount of grace redeeming,
O river ever streaming
From Jesus' holy side!
Come thou, thyself bestowing
On thirsting souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We thee unseen adore;
Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see thee evermore!

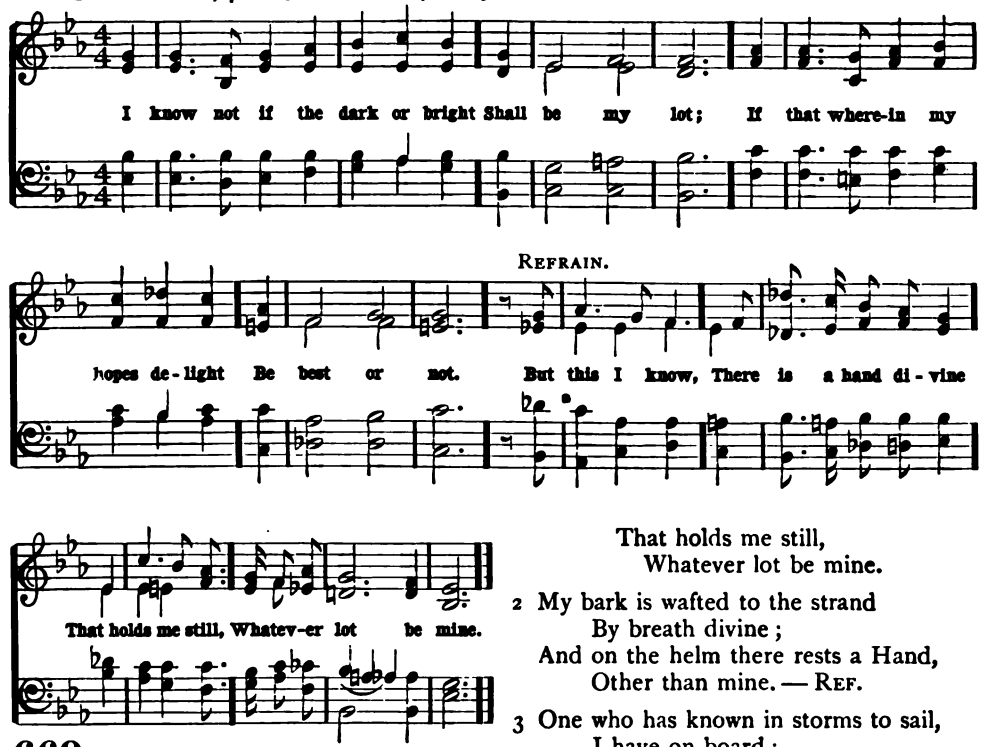
Knight. P. M. [With Hymn 668 only.]

668.

1 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

Deere. 8s, 4s. [With Hymn 669 only.]

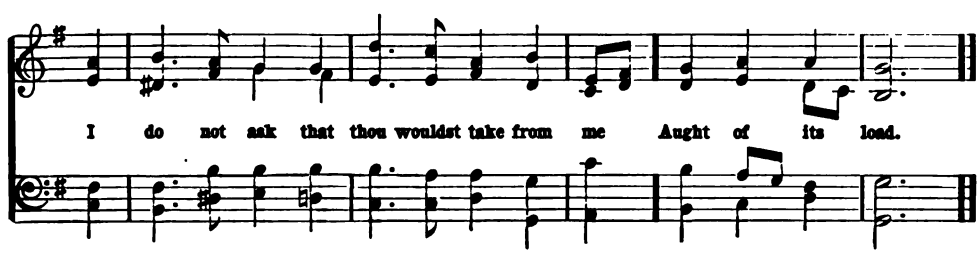

I know not if the dark or bright Shall be my lot; If that where-in my
Refrain.
hopes de-light Be best or not. But this I know, There is a hand di-vine
That holds me still, Whatev-er lot be mine.

669.

1 I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.
But this I know,
There is a Hand divine
That holds me still,
Whatever lot be mine.

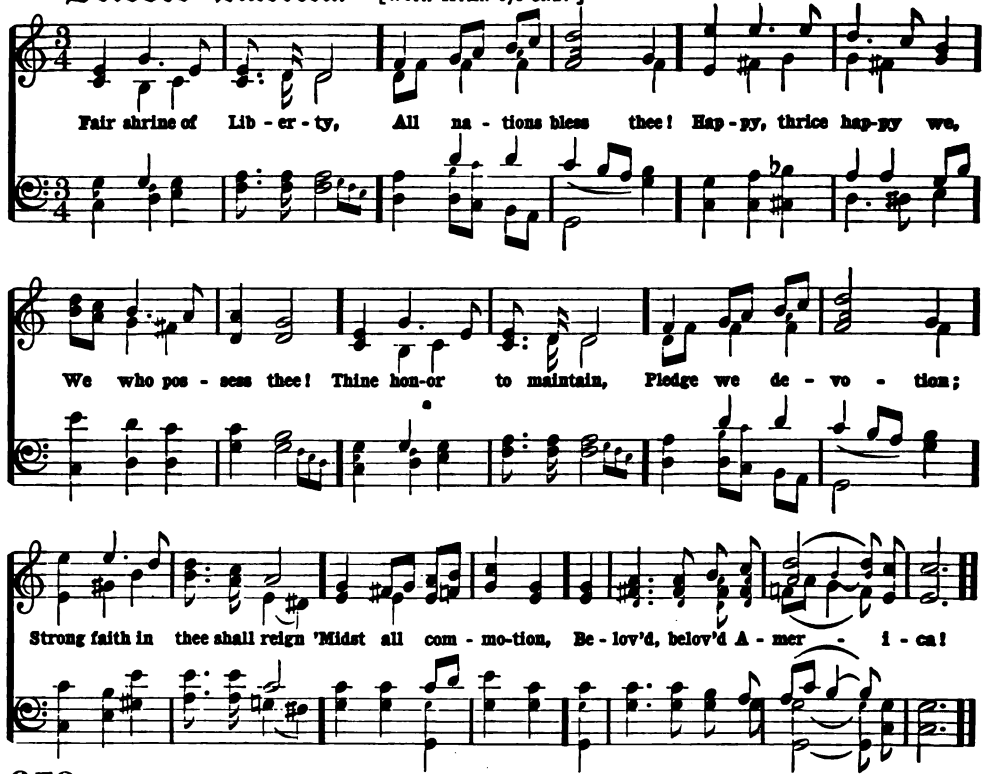
2 My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a Hand,
Other than mine. — Ref.

3 One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear the Lord. — Ref.

4 He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 't is short; if long, 't is light:
He tempers all. — Ref.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

Beloved America. [With Hymn 670 only.]

Fair shrine of Lib - er - ty, All na - tions bless thee! Hap - py, thrice hap-py we,
We who pos - sess thee! Thine hon-or to maintain, Pledge we de - vo - tion;
Strong faith in thee shall reign 'Midst all com - mo-tion, Be - lov'd, belov'd A - mer - i - ca!

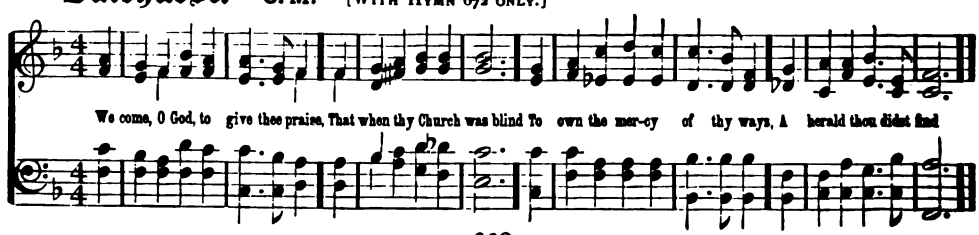
670.

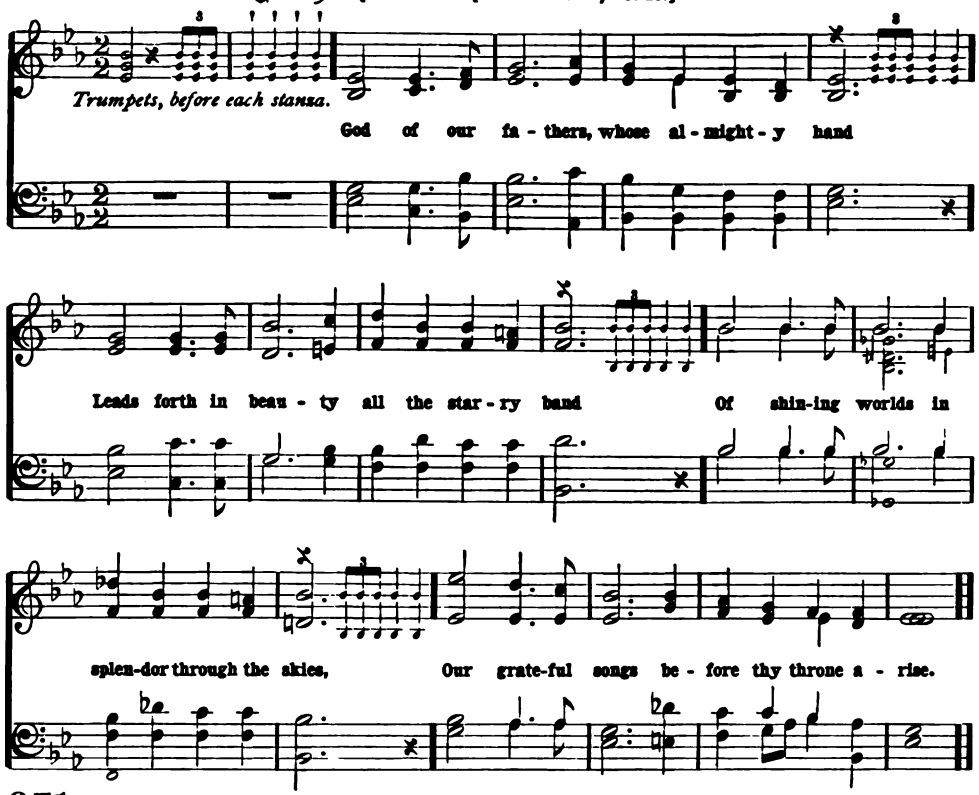
1 Fair shrine of Liberty,
All nations bless thee!
Happy, thrice happy we,
We who possess thee!
Thine honor to maintain,
Pledge we devotion;
Strong faith in thee shall reign
'Midst all commotion,
Beloved, beloved America!

2 Wisely our fathers laid
Thy broad foundation;
Proudly 'gainst kings arrayed,
Shaped thee a nation.
Now we, their sons and thine,
See thy ripe beauty,
And in our hearts enshrine
Thee and our duty,
Beloved, beloved America!

3 God of eternity,
Father, O heed us!
Thou who our guide must be,
Truthward O lead us!
Through us to all make known
Freedom's salvation,
Till man shall God enthrone
O'er one free nation,
Like our beloved America!

Dalehurst. C. M. [With Hymn 672 only.]



God of our Fathers. 105. [With Hymn 671 only.]

Trumpets, before each stanza.
God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand
Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin-ing worlds in
splen-dor through the skies, Our grate-ful songs be - fore thy throne a - rise.

671.

1 God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by thee our lot is cast;
Be thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

---

672. [With Tune "Dalehurst," page 330.]

1 We come, O God, to give thee praise,
That when thy Church was blind
To own the mercy of thy ways,
A herald thou didst find

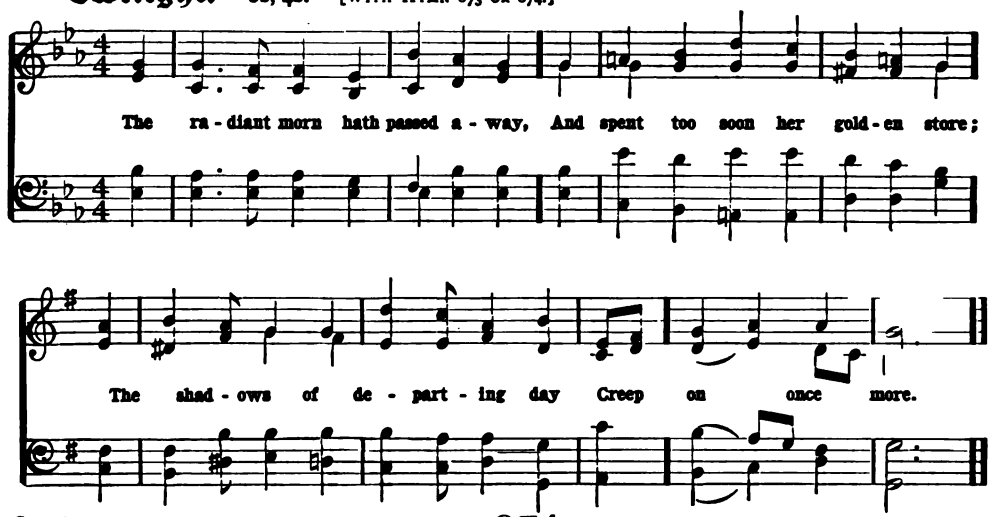
2 To bring the gospel of thy love,
Dispelling all our fears,
And plant it by the sea, to prove
A joy in after years.

3 We bless thee, Lord, for all the past,
For those glad tidings given,
That all the world shall make, at last,
One family in heaven!

4 That sin, and wrong, and sorrow's pall
At length shall flee away,
And Christ's dear kingdom over all
Have everlasting sway.

5 Then let us gird our armor on,
And bid the truth all-hail!
Until the last sad soul is won,
His counsels shall not fail.

Twilight. 8s, 4s. [With Hymn 673 or 674.]



673.

1 The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day;
Its glorious noon how quickly past:
Lead us, O Christ, thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 O, by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

674.

1 O God, not only in distress,
In pain, and want, and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done;

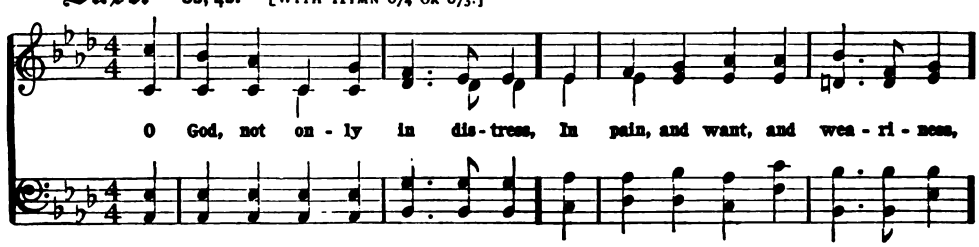
2 But oftener on the wings of peace,
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease:
Thy will is done.

3 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.

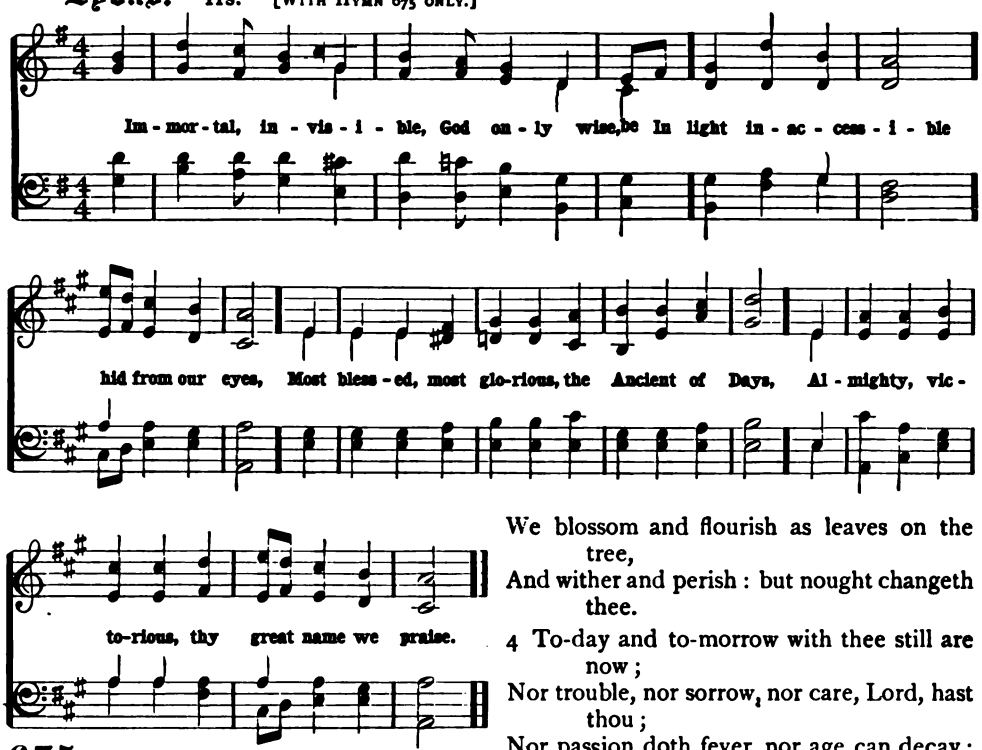
4 And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrow to thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.

5 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.

Sare. 8s, 4s. [With Hymn 674 or 673.]



Lyons. IIS. [WITH HYMN 675 ONLY.]


Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise, be In light in - ac - cess - i - ble
hid from our eyes, Most bless - ed, most glo-rious, the Ancient of Days, Al - mighty, vic -
to-rious, thy great name we praise.

675.

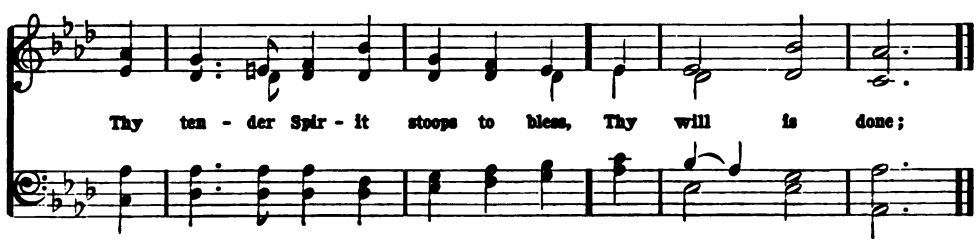
1 IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

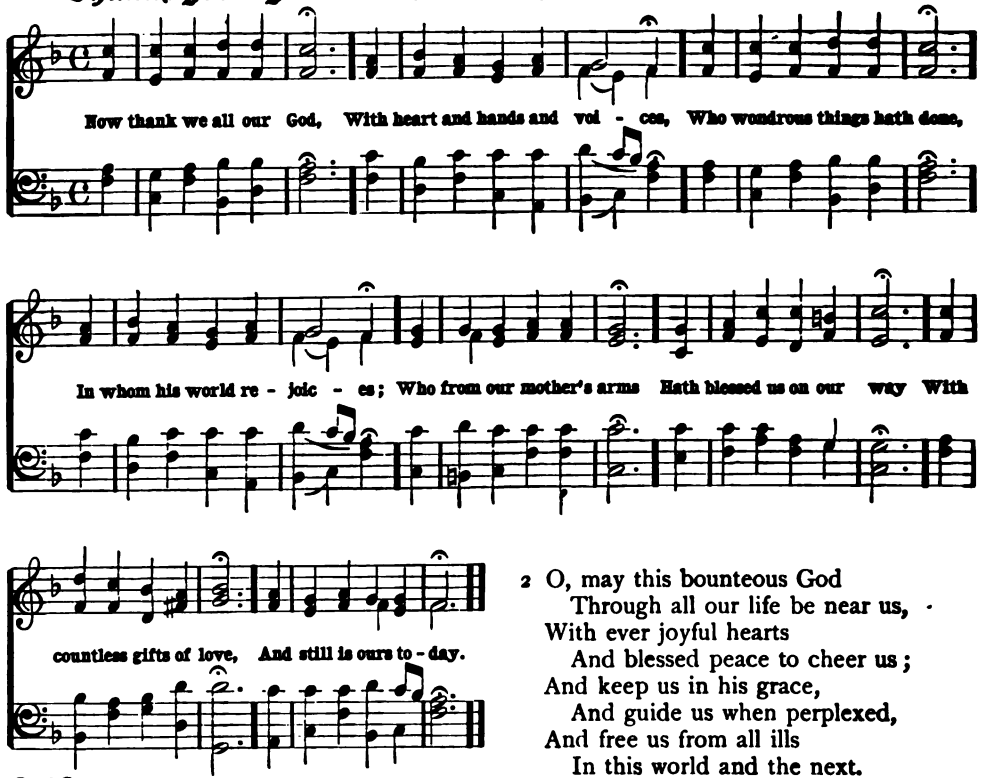
2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice, like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all, life thou givest, — to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish: but nought changeth thee.

4 To-day and to-morrow with thee still are now;
Nor trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, Lord, hast thou;
Nor passion doth fever, nor age can decay:
The same God forever that was yesterday.

5 Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
But of all thy rich graces this grace, Lord, impart:
Take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart.

6 All laud we would render; O, help us to see
'T is only the splendor of light hideth thee;
And so let thy glory almighty impart,
Through Christ in the story, thy Christ to the heart.

Thanksgiving. P. M. [With Hymn 676 only.]


Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces, Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world re - joic - es; Who from our mother's arms Hath blessed us on our way With
countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

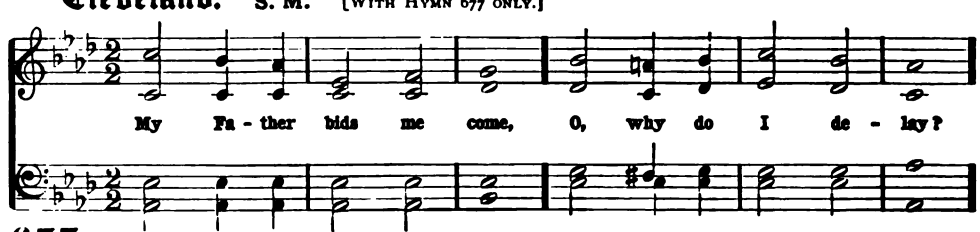
676.

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Holy One who reigns
In earth and highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

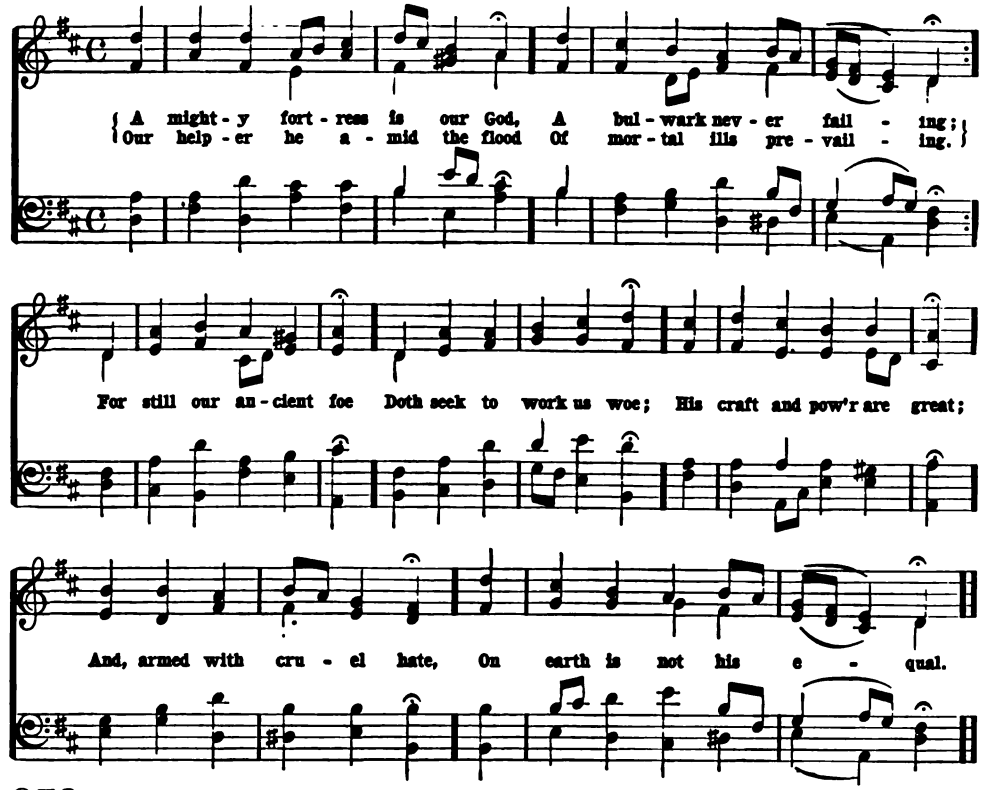
Cleveland. S. M. [With Hymn 677 only.]



677.

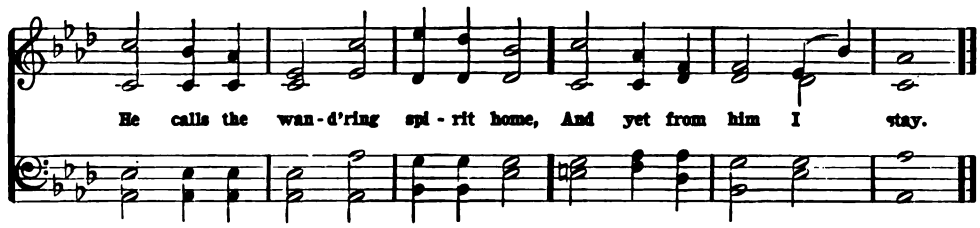
1 My Father bids me come,
O, why do I delay?
He calls the wandering spirit home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 Father, the hindrance show
Which I have failed to see,
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me far from thee.

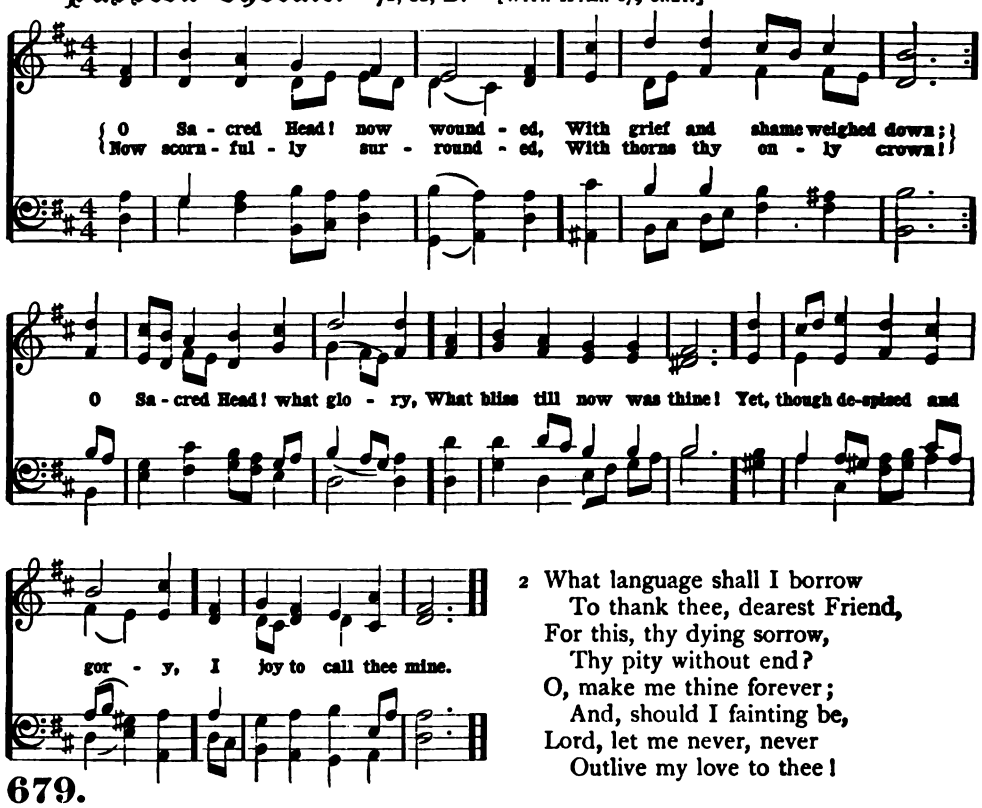
Ein' Feste Burg. P. M. [With Hymn 678 only.]

A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
Our help-er he a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great;
And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.

678.

1 A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great;
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 God's word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever.

3 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying powers display;
Into its darkest corners shine,—
Take every veil away.

4 In me the hindrance lies:
The fatal bar remove,
And let me see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love.

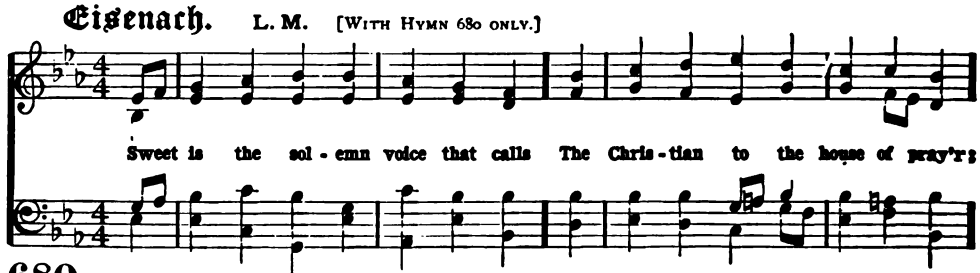
Passion Chorale. 7s, 6s, D. [With Hymn 679 only.]

{O Sa - cred Head! now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down;}
{Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns thy on - ly crown!}
O Sa - cred Head! what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet, though de-spised and
gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.

679.

1 O Sacred Head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thy only crown!
O Sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee!

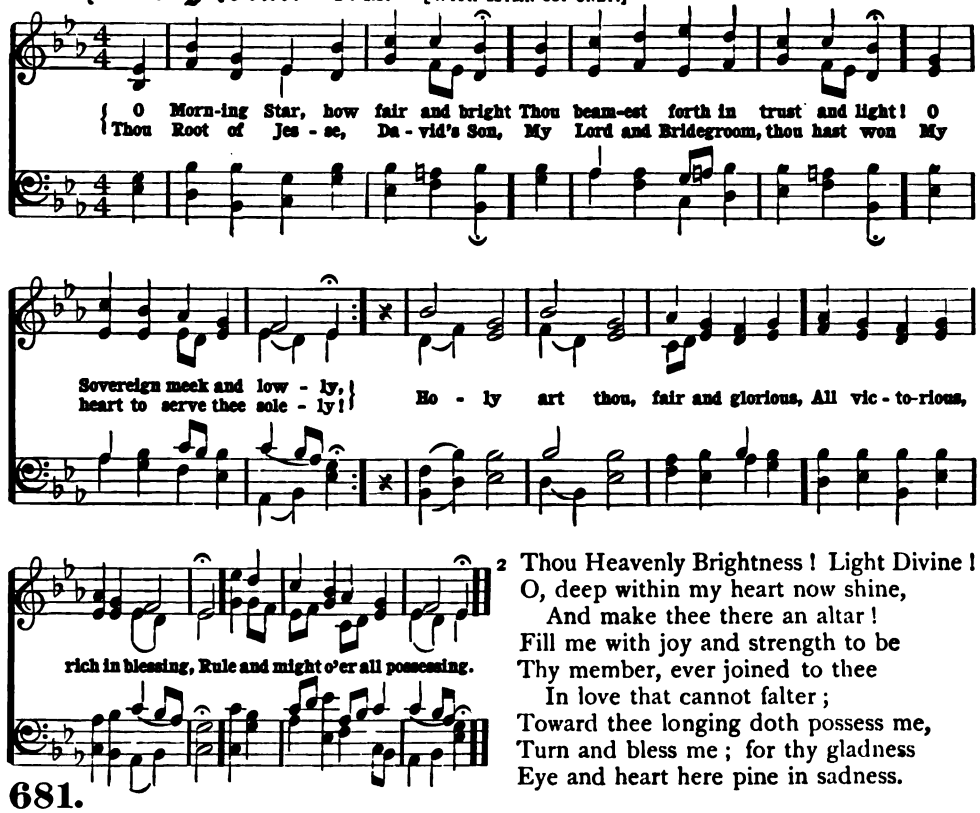
3 Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies happy through thy love.

Eisenach. L. M. [With Hymn 680 only.]

680.

1 Sweet is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For thou, O Lord, art present there.

2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet;
For hither Christ himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

Morning Star. P. M. [With Hymn 681 only.]

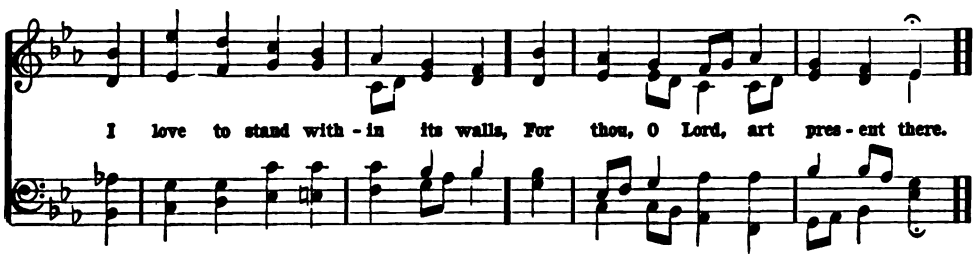

O Morn-ing Star, how fair and bright Thou beam-est forth in trust and light! O
Thou Root of Jes - se, Da - vid's Son, My Lord and Bridegroom, thou hast won My
Sovereign meek and low - ly,
heart to serve thee sole - ly!
Ho - ly art thou, fair and glorious, All vic - to-rious,
rich in blessing, Rule and might o'er all possessing.

681.

1 O Morning Star, how fair and bright
Thou beamest forth in trust and light!
O Sovereign meek and lowly,
Thou Root of Jesse, David's Son,
My Lord and Bridegroom, thou hast won
My heart to serve thee solely!
Holy art thou, fair and glorious,
All victorious, rich in blessing,
Rule and might o'er all possessing.

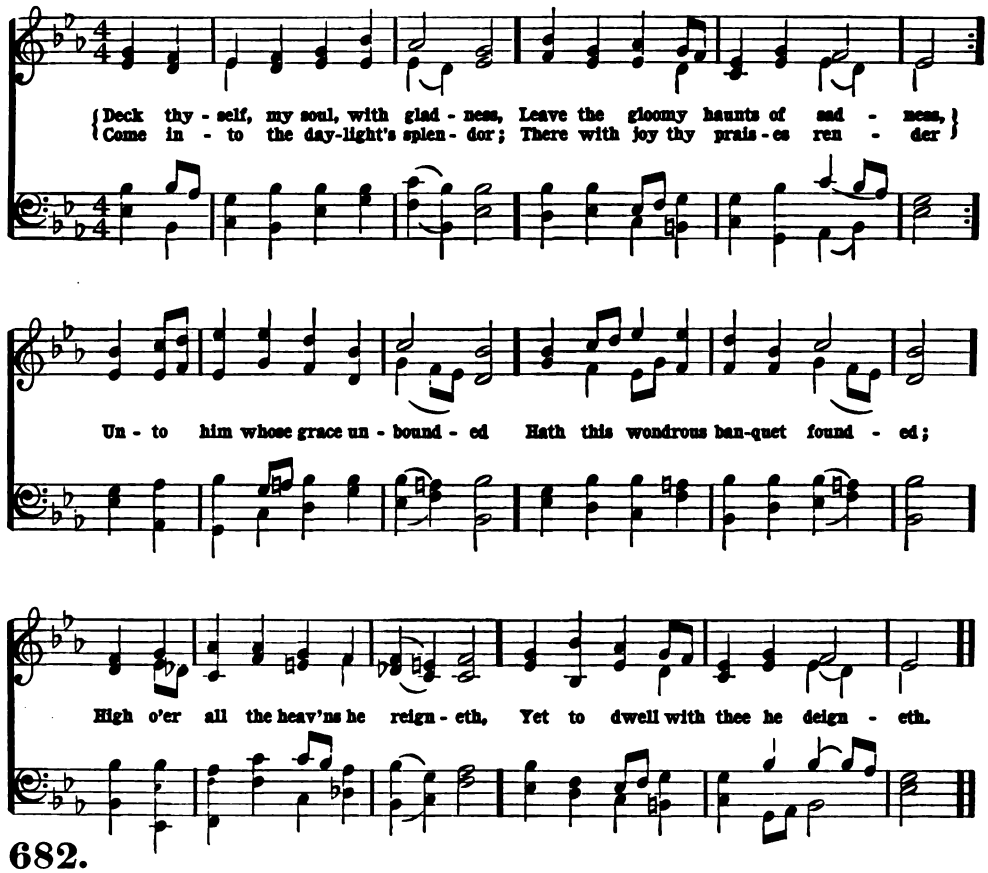
2 Thou Heavenly Brightness! Light Divine!
O, deep within my heart now shine,
And make thee there an altar!
Fill me with joy and strength to be
Thy member, ever joined to thee
In love that cannot falter;
Toward thee longing doth possess me,
Turn and bless me; for thy gladness
Eye and heart here pine in sadness.

3 But if thou look on me in love,
There straightway falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy word and spirit, flesh and blood,
Refresh my soul with heavenly food,—
Thou art my hidden treasure;
Let thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
O, draw near me: thou hast taught us
Thee to seek, since thou hast sought us!



3 'T is sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love,
And imitate the blessèd throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

4 Within these walls may peace abound;
May all our hearts in one agree!
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be!

Upsal. P. M. [With Hymn 682 only.]

{Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the gloomy haunts of sad - ness,
Come in - to the day-light's splen - dor; There with joy thy prais - es ren - der
Un - to him whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this wondrous ban-quet found - ed;
High o'er all the heav'ns he reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee he deign - eth.

682.

1 Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendor;
There with joy thy praises render
Unto him whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded:
High o'er all the heavens he reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee he deigneth.

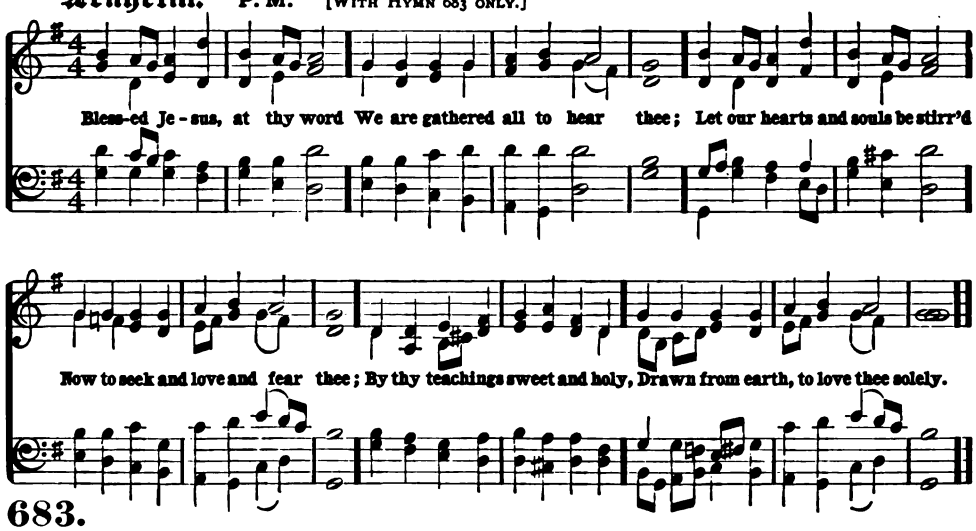
2 Hasten as a bride to meet him,
And with loving reverence greet him,
For with words of life immortal
Now he knocketh at thy portal;
Haste to ope the gates before him,
Saying, while thou dost adore him,
"Suffer, Lord, that I receive thee,
And I nevermore will leave thee."

3 Ah, how hungers all my spirit
For the love I do not merit!
Oft have I, with fights fast thronging,
Thought upon this food with longing,
In the battle well-nigh worsted,
For this cup of life have thirsted,
For the friend who here invites us,
And to God himself unites us.

4 Now I sink before thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On thy mighty works I ponder:
How by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man has ever founded,
None may dare to pierce, unbidden,
Secrets that with thee are hidden.

5 Sun, who all my life dost brighten;
Light, who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth;
Fount, whence all my being floweth,
At thy feet I cry, my Maker;
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessèd food from heaven,
For our good, thy glory, given.

Arnheim. P. M. [With Hymn 683 only.]


Bless-ed Je-sus, at thy word We are gathered all to hear thee; Let our hearts and souls be stirr'd
Now to seek and love and fear thee; By thy teachings sweet and holy, Drawn from earth, to love thee solely.

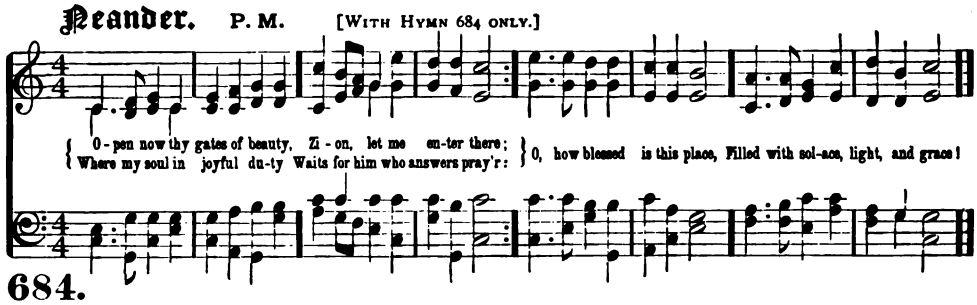
683.

1 Blessèd Jesus, at thy word
We are gathered all to hear thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear thee;
By thy teachings sweet and holy,
Drawn from earth, to love thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till thy Spirit breaks outright
With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone, O Lord, canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

3 Glorious Lord, thyself impart!
Truth from Love divine proceeding,
Open thou our eyes and heart,
Let us hear thy still voice pleading,
Till our answering cry it raises:
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Neander. P. M. [With Hymn 684 only.]


O-pen now thy gates of beauty, Zi-on, let me en-ter there;
Where my soul in joyful du-ty Waits for him who answers pray'r:
O, how blessed is this place, Filled with sol-ace, light, and grace!

684.

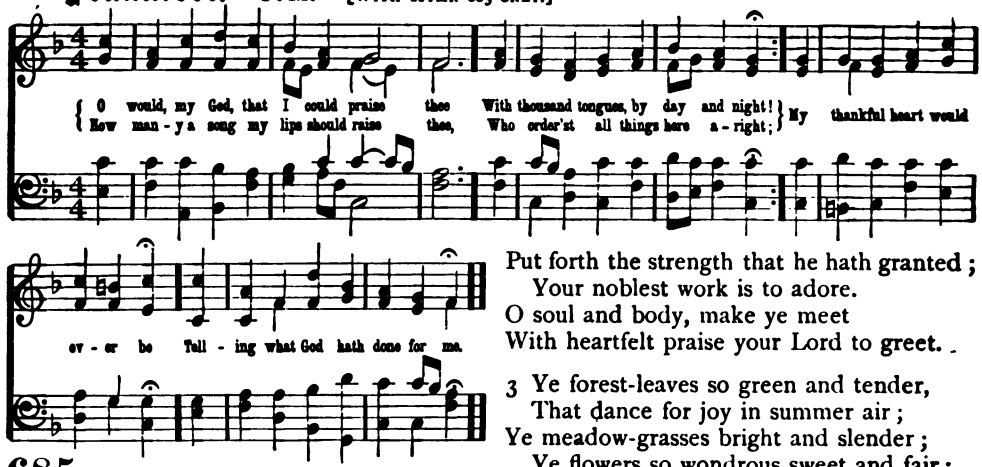
1 Open now thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there;
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for him who answers prayer:
O, how blessèd is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace!

2 Yes, my God, I come before thee,
Come thou also down to me;
Where we find thee and adore thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart, O, enter thou,
Let it be thy temple now.

3 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep thy gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May thy word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear thee,
Let thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near thee
Whilst thou dost thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Frankfort. P. M. [With Hymn 685 only.]


O would, my God, that I could praise thee With thousand tongues, by day and night!
How man-y a song my lips should raise thee, Who order'st all things here a-right;
My thankful heart would
ev-er be Tell-ing what God hath done for me.

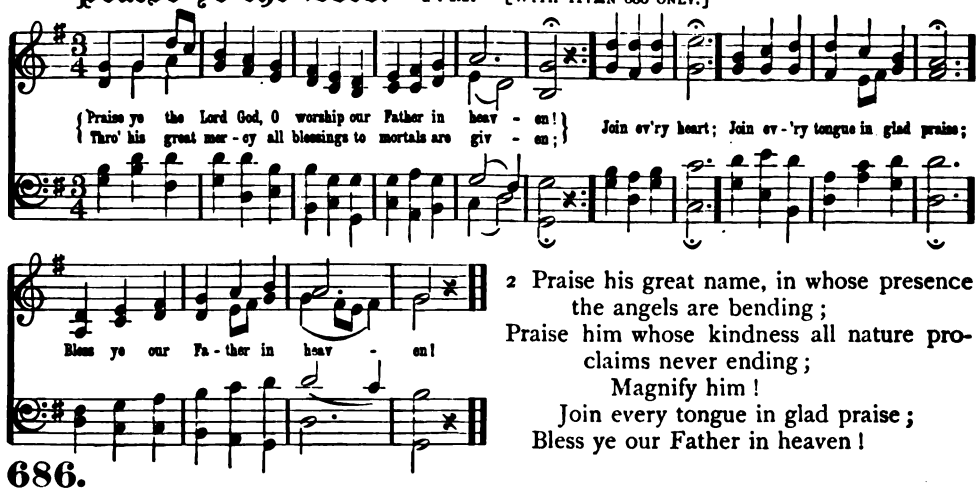
685.

1 O would, my God, that I could praise thee
With thousand tongues, by day and night!
How many a song my lips should raise thee,
Who orderest all things here aright;
My thankful heart would ever be
Telling what God hath done for me.

2 O all ye powers that he implanted,
Arise! keep silence thus no more;
Put forth the strength that he hath granted;
Your noblest work is to adore.
O soul and body, make ye meet
With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet.

3 Ye forest-leaves so green and tender,
That dance for joy in summer air;
Ye meadow-grasses bright and slender;
Ye flowers so wondrous sweet and fair:
Ye live to show his praise alone;
Help me to make his glory known.

4 O all things that have breath and motion,
That throng with life earth, sea, and sky,
Now join me in my heart's devotion,
Help me to raise his praises high.
My utmost powers can ne'er aright
Declare the wonders of his might.

Praise ye the Lord. P. M. [With Hymn 686 only.]

Praise ye the Lord God, O worship our Father in heav-en!
Thro' his great mer-cy all blessings to mortals are giv-en;
Join ev'ry heart; Join ev-'ry tongue in glad praise;
Bless ye our Fa-ther in heav-en!

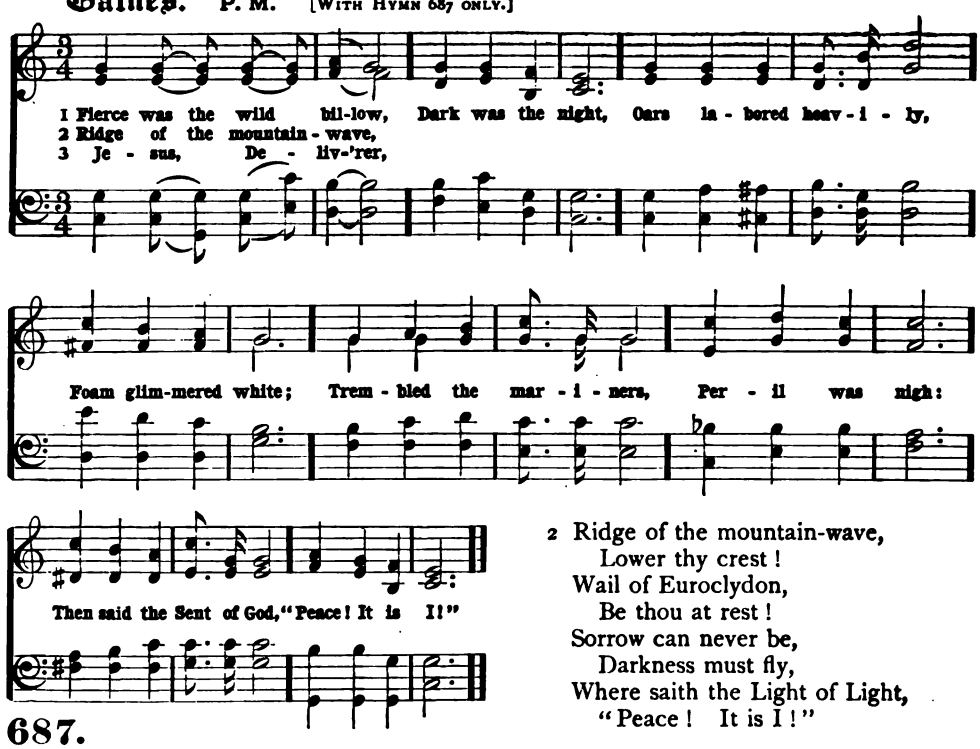
686.

1 Praise ye the Lord God, O worship our Father in heaven!
Through his great mercy all blessings to mortals are given;
Join every heart;
Join every tongue in glad praise;
Bless ye our Father in heaven!

2 Praise his great name, in whose presence the angels are bending;
Praise him whose kindness all nature proclaims never ending;
Magnify him!
Join every tongue in glad praise;
Bless ye our Father in heaven!

3 Praise the Almighty, Creator and Ruler most holy;
Whose love, unchanging, forgets not the mighty or lowly;
Sing and rejoice!
Join every tongue in glad praise;
Bless ye our Father in heaven!

Gaines. P. M. [With Hymn 687 only.]


1 Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars la - bored heav - i - ly,
2 Ridge of the mountain - wave,
3 Je - sus, De - liv-'rer,
Foam glim-mered white; Trem - bled the mar - i - ners, Per - il was nigh:
Then said the Sent of God, "Peace! It is I!"

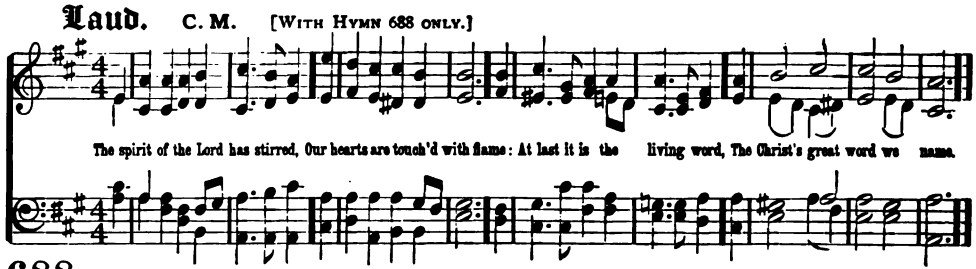
687.

1 Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh:
Then said the Sent of God,
"Peace! It is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me:
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Laud. C. M. [With Hymn 688 only.]


The spirit of the Lord has stirred, Our hearts are touch'd with flame: At last it is the living word, The Christ's great word we name.

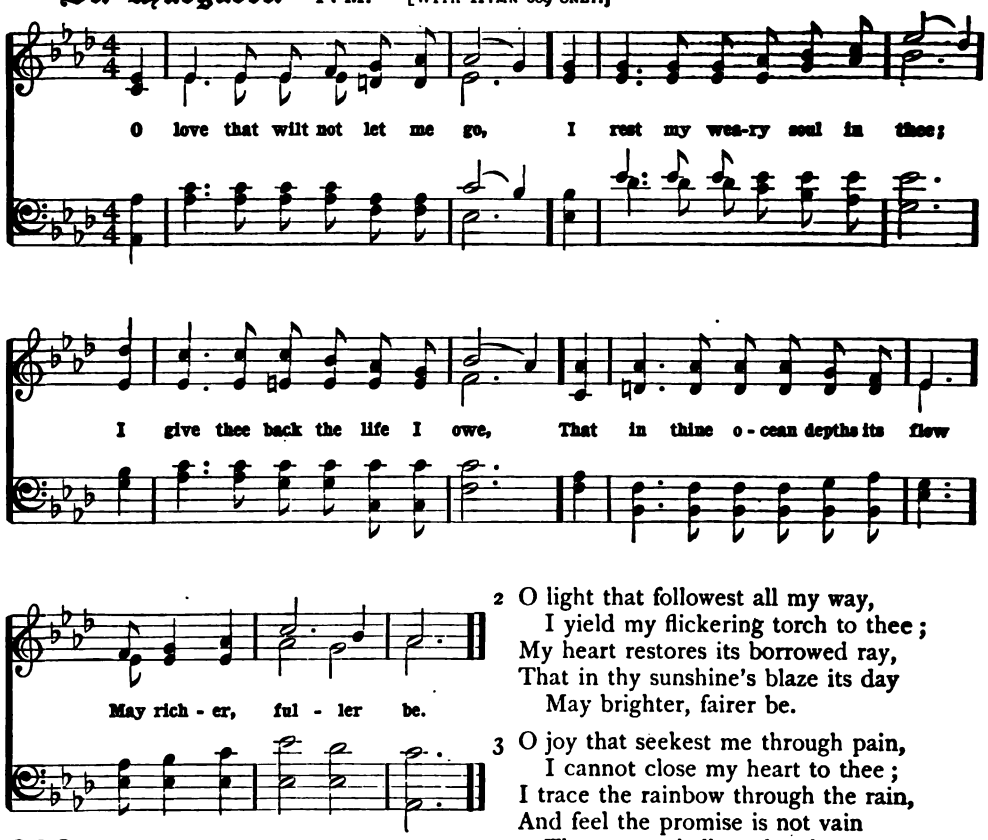
688.

1 The spirit of the Lord has stirred,
Our hearts are touched with flame:
At last it is the living word,
The Christ's great word we name.

2 Beyond the shallows of our strife,
From heights of heaven above,
Across the untried deeps of life,
We sing the psalm of love.

3 In one strong faith we all unite,
With one great God above,
One word to shine our beacon light,
The living word of Love.

St. Margaret. P. M. [With Hymn 689 only.]


O love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine o-cean depths its flow
May rich-er, ful-ler be.

689.

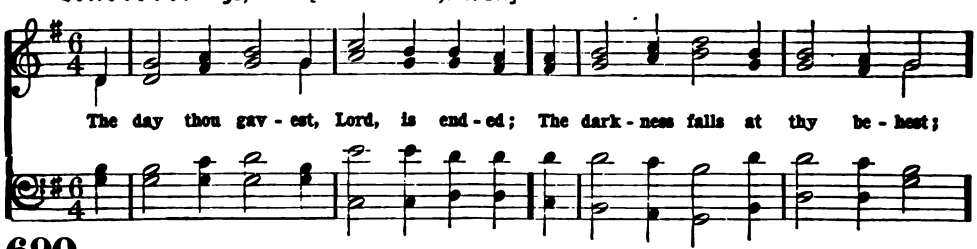
1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms, red,
Life that shall endless be.

Radford. 9s, 8s. [With Hymn 690 only.]

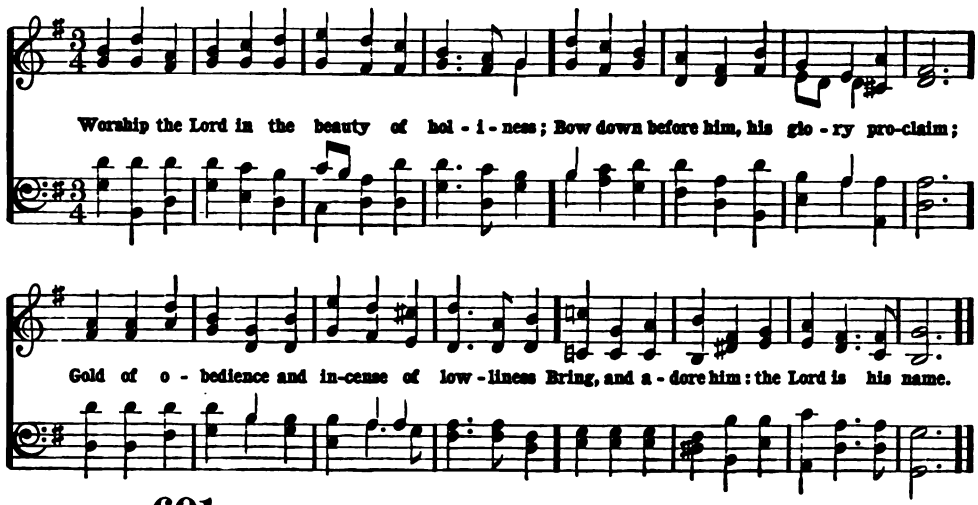


690.

1 THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank thee that thy Church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

Moredun. 12s, 10s. [With Hymn 691 only.]

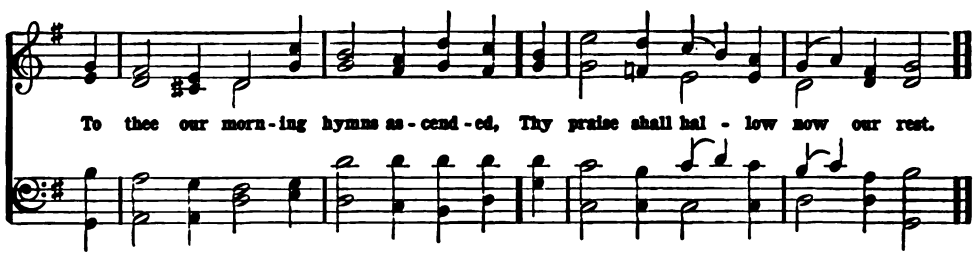

Worship the Lord in the beauty of hol - i - ness; Bow down before him, his glo - ry pro-claim;
Gold of o - bedience and in-cense of low - liness Bring, and a - dore him: the Lord is his name.

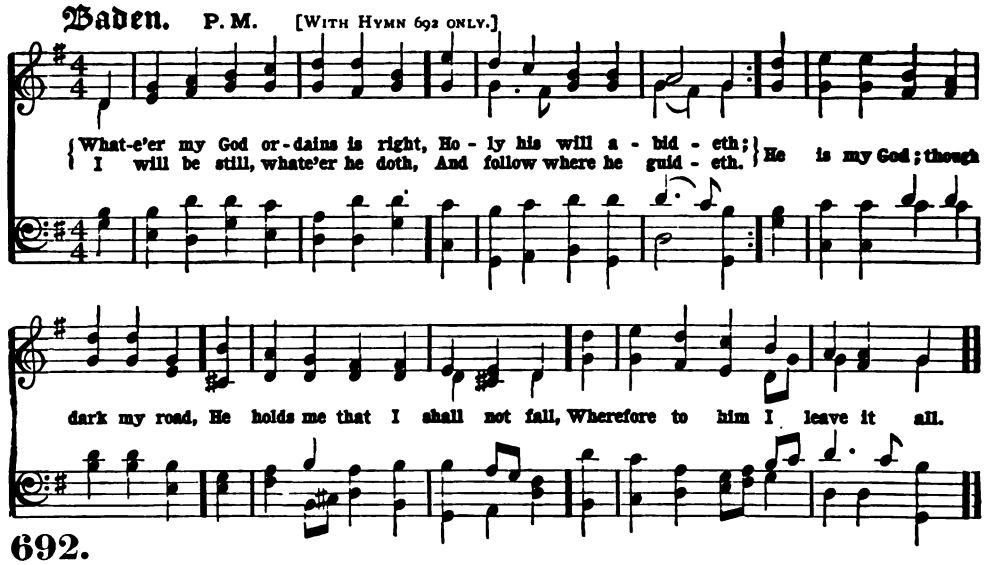
691.

1 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore him: the Lord is his name.

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
High on his heart he will bear it for thee;
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter his courts, in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness, —
These are the offerings to lay at his shrine.

4 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore him: the Lord is his name.

3 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

4 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away,
But stand, and rule, and grow forever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

Baden. P. M. [With Hymn 692 only.]
What-e'er my God or-dains is right, Ho-ly his will a-bid-eth;
I will be still, whate'er he doth, And follow where he guid-eth.
He is my God; though
dark my road, He holds me that I shall not fall, Wherefore to him I leave it all.

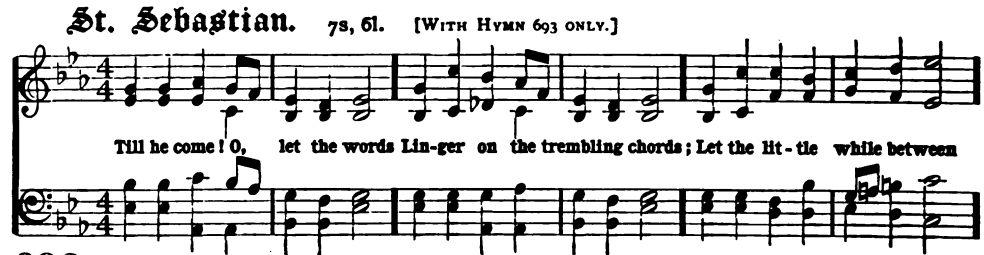
692.

1 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Holy his will abideth;
I will be still, whate'er he doth,
And follow where he guideth.
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path,
I know he will not leave me,
And take content
What he hath sent;
His hand can turn my grief away,
And patiently I wait his day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it all unshrinking:
Tears pass away
With dawn of day:
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

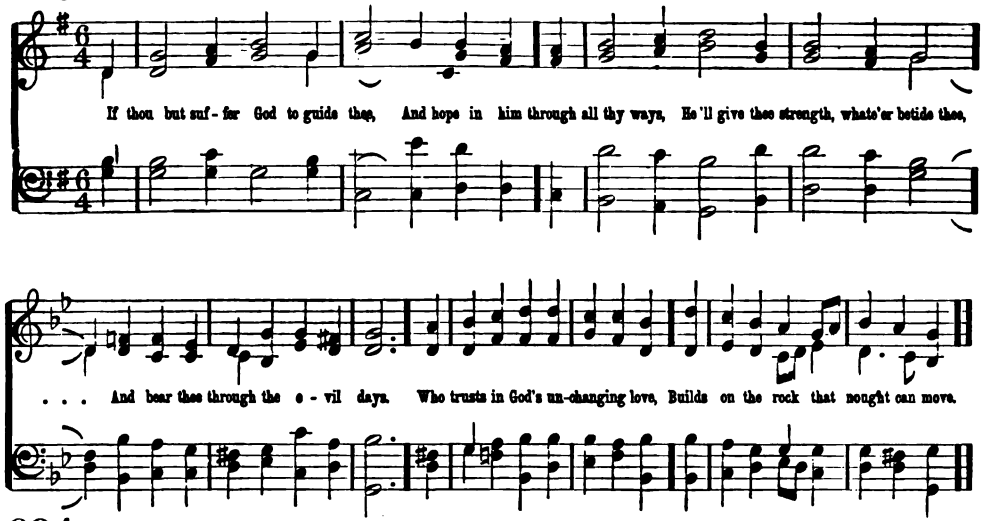
4 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to him I leave it all.


St. Sebastian. 7s, 6l. [With Hymn 693 only.]
Till he come! O, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords; Let the lit-tle while between

693.

1 Till he come! O, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only till he come.

Neumark. P. M. [With Hymn 694 only.]

If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in him through all thy ways, He 'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
. . . And bear thee through the e - vil days. Who trusts in God's un-changing love, Builds on the rock that nought can move.

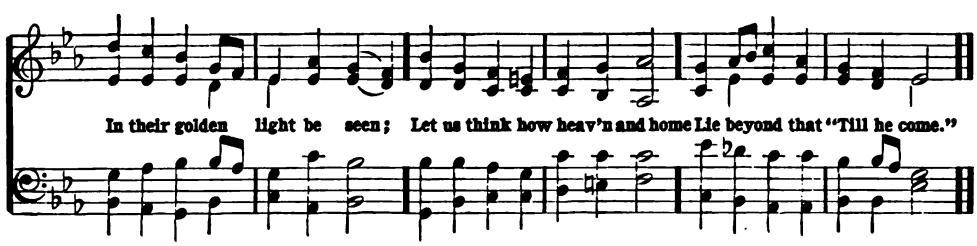
694.

1 If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy ways,
He 'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

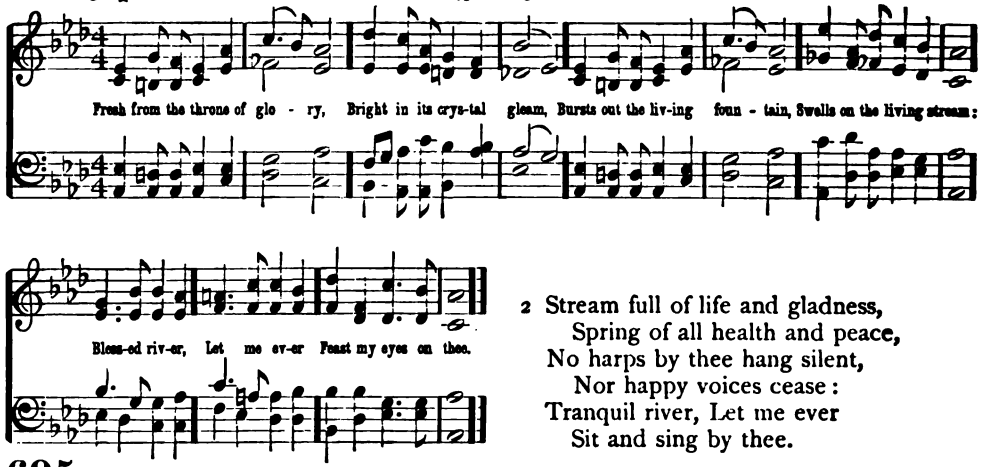
2 What can these anxious cares avail thee?
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still, and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

4 All are alike before the Highest:
'T is easy for our God, we know,
To raise thee up, though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low:
True wonders still by him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

5 Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust his word, — though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till he come."

4 See! the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials, — till the Lord
Calls us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till he come.

Shipman. P. M. [With Hymn 695 only.]

Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys-tal gleam, Bursts out the liv-ing foun - tain, Swells on the living stream:
Bless-ed riv-er, Let me ev-er Feast my eyes on thee.

695.

1 Fresh from the throne of glory,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream:
Blessed river, Let me ever
Feast my eyes on thee.

2 Stream full of life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace,
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease:
Tranquil river, Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee.

3 River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here:
Holy river, Let me ever
Drink of only thee.

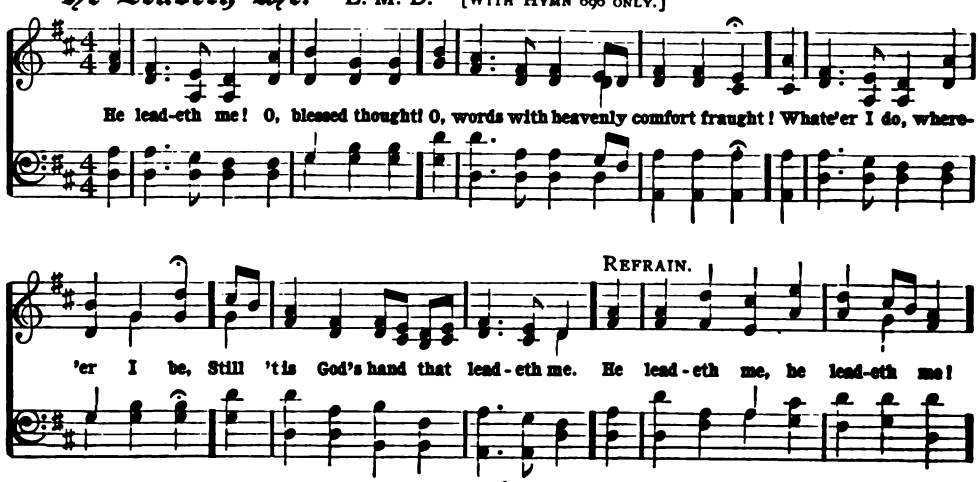
696.

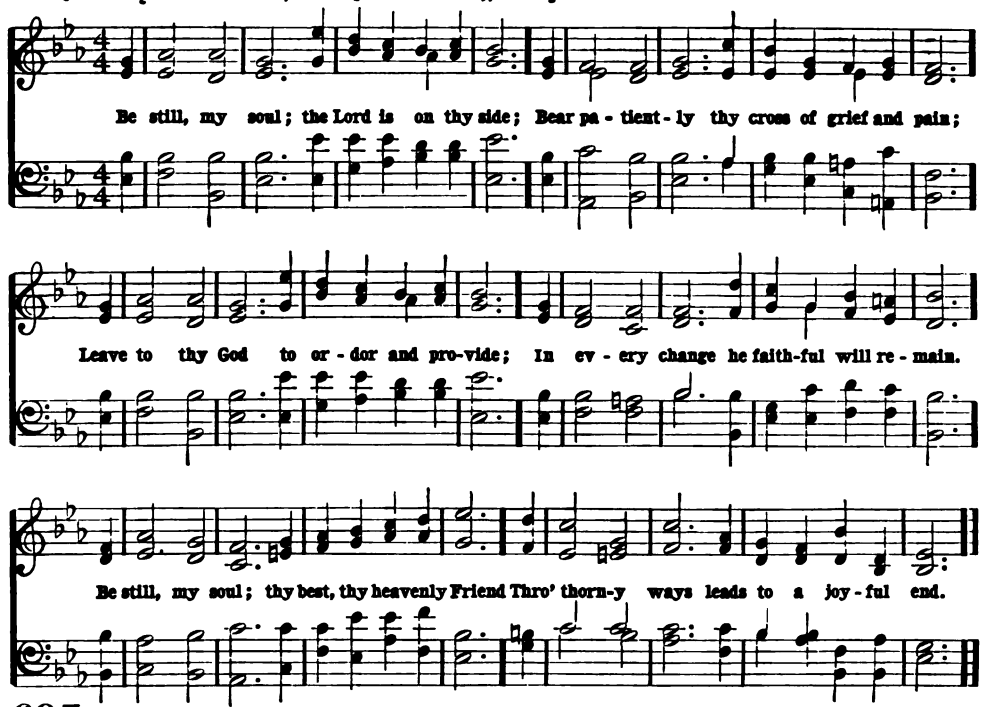
1 He leadeth me! O, blessed thought!
O, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me. — Ref.

3 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory 's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me. — Ref.

He Leadeth Me. L. M. D. [With Hymn 696 only.]

He lead-eth me! O, blessed thought! O, words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where-
Refrain.
'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me!

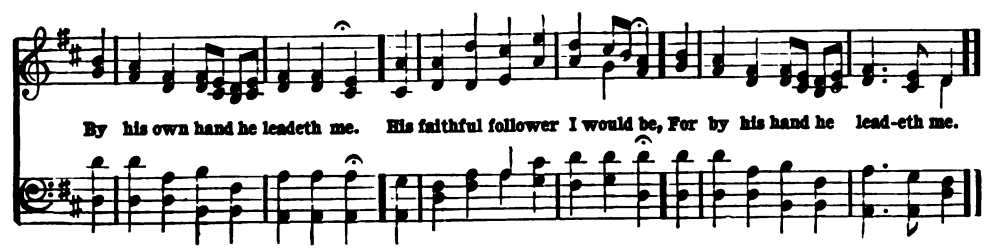
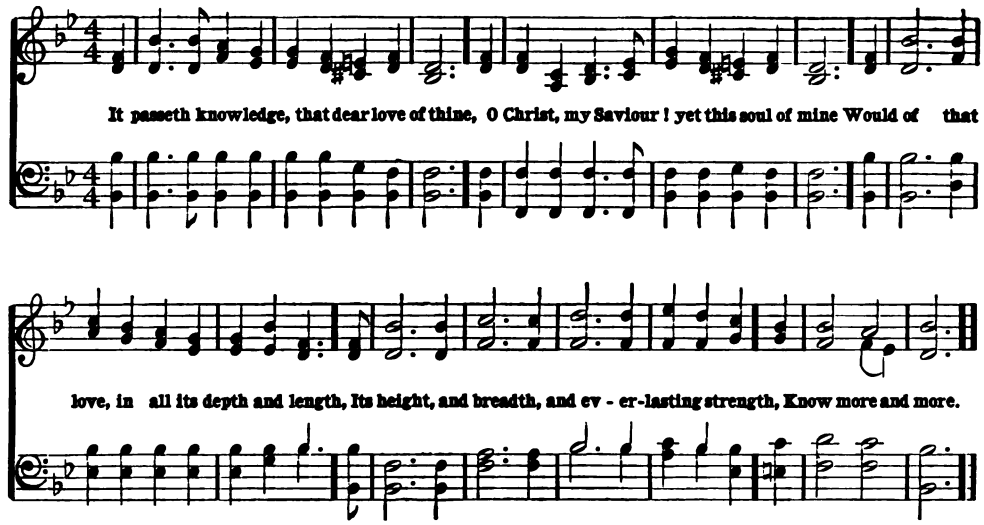
St. Helen. 10s, 6l. [With Hymn 697 only.]

Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side; Bear pa - tient - ly thy cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to or - dor and pro-vide; In ev - ery change he faith-ful will re - main.
Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly Friend Thro' thorn-y ways leads to a joy - ful end.

697.

1 Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently thy cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

2 Be still, my soul; thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as he has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul; the waves and winds shall know
His voice who ruled them while he dwelt [below.

3 Be still, my soul; when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then thou shalt better know his love, his heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul; thy Jesus can repay
From his own fulness all he takes away.

4 Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord;
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessèd shall we meet at last.

It Passeth Knowledge. P. M. [With Hymn 698 only.]

It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine, O Christ, my Saviour! yet this soul of mine Would of that
love, in all its depth and length, Its height, and breadth, and ev - er-lasting strength, Know more and more.

698.

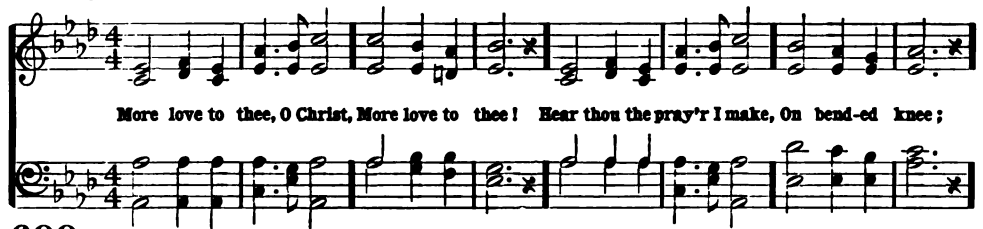
1 It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine,
O Christ, my Saviour! yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling, that dear love of thine,
Thou mighty Saviour! yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3 O, fill me, Christ, my Saviour, with thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto thee!

4 And when, my Saviour, thy dear face I see,
When at thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

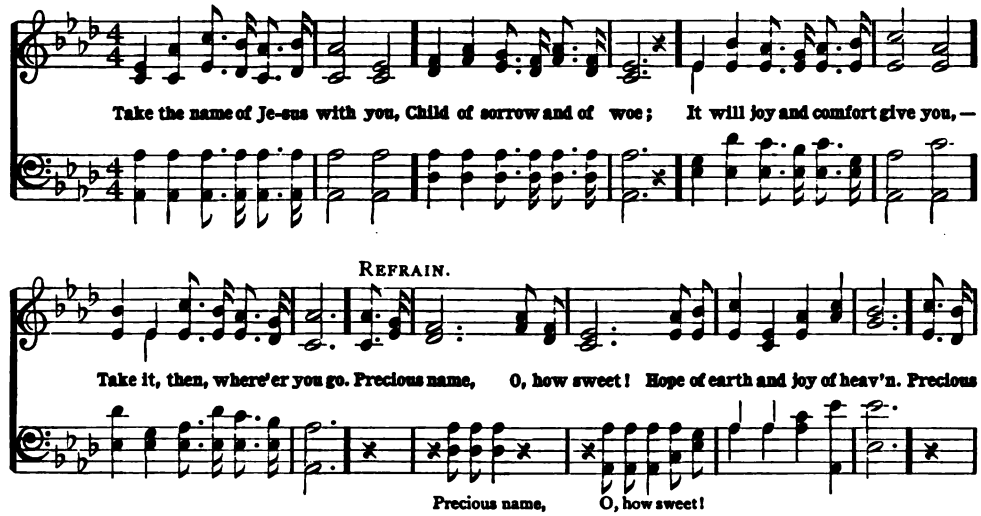
More Love to Thee. P. M. [With Hymn 699 only.]



699.

1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea, —
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek:
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be, —
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

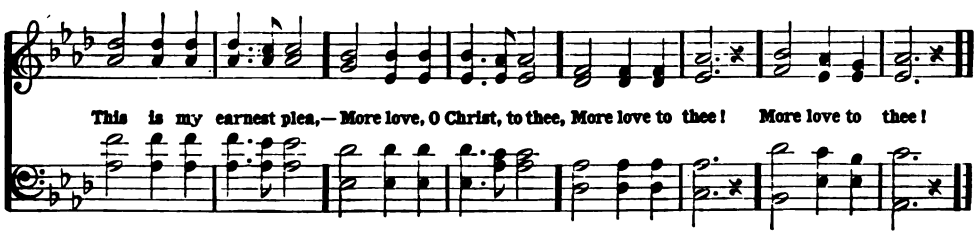
Precious Name. P. M. [With Hymn 700 only.]

Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe; It will joy and comfort give you,—
Refrain.
Take it, then, where'er you go. Precious name, O, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n. Precious
Precious name, O, how sweet!
name, O, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O, how sweet!

700.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,—
Take it, then, where'er you go.
Precious name, O, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

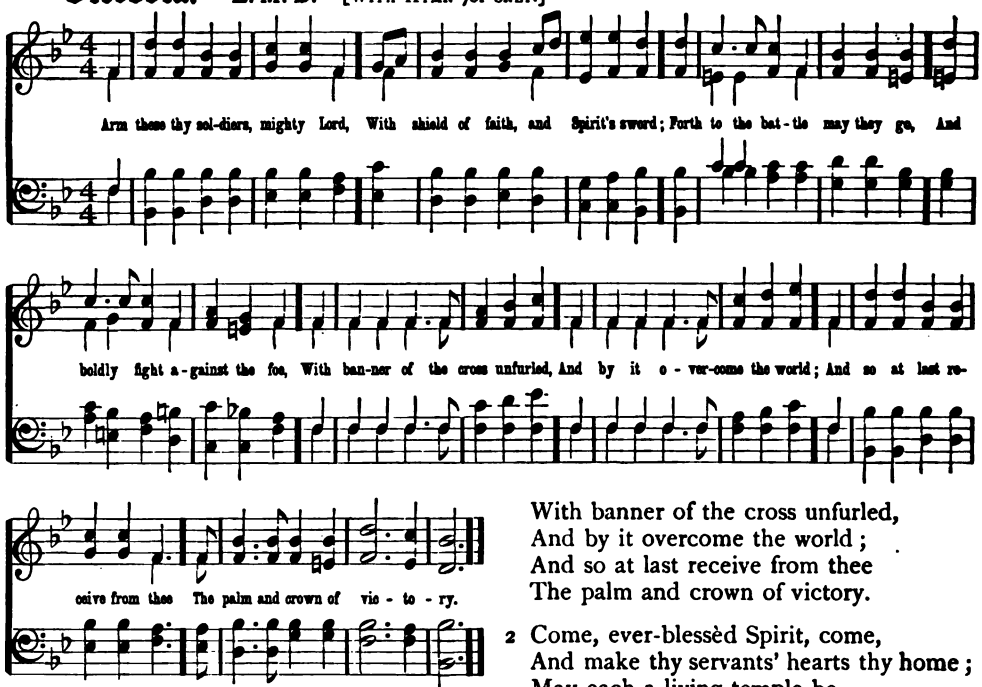
2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.—Ref.

3 O, the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!—Ref.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we 'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.—Ref.

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Victoria. L. M. D. [With Hymn 701 only.]

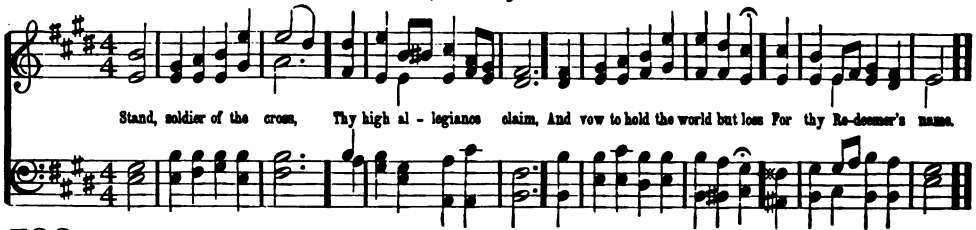

Arm these thy sol-diers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword; Forth to the bat-tle may they go, And
boldly fight a-gainst the foe, With ban-ner of the cross unfurled, And by it o-ver-come the world; And so at last re-
ceive from thee The palm and crown of vic-to-ry.

701.

1 Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

Steibelt. S. M. [With Hymn 702 only.]



702.

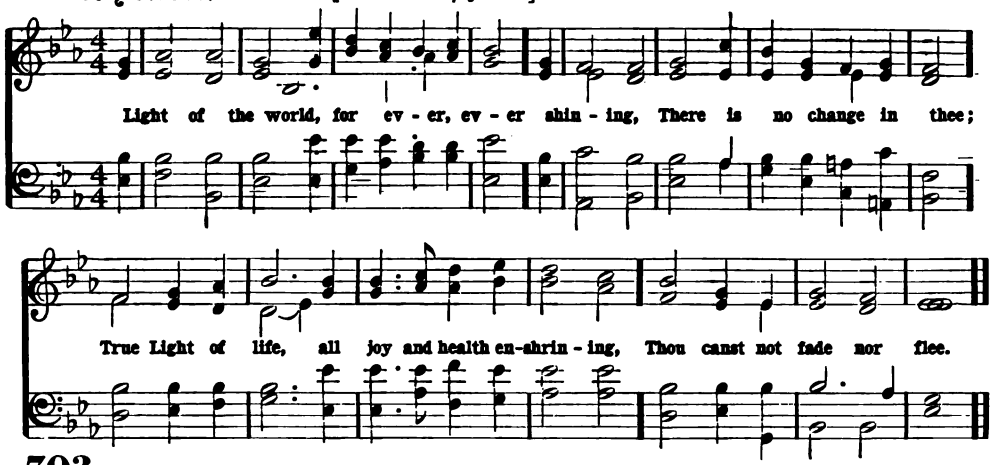
1 Stand, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled:

4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet!

Wyckoff. P. M. [With Hymn 703 only.]

Light of the world, for ev - er, ev - er shin - ing, There is no change in thee;
True Light of life, all joy and health en-shrin - ing, Thou canst not fade nor flee.

703.

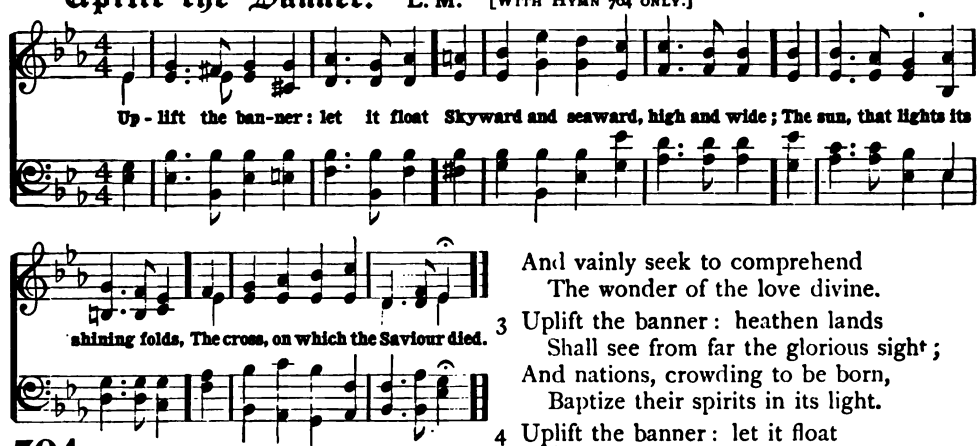
1 Light of the world, for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in thee;
True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

2 Thou hast arisen; but thou declinest never,
To-day shines as the past;
All that thou wast, thou art, and shalt be ever;
Brightness from first to last!

3 Night visits not thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue:
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love forever new.

4 Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O, shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day!

Uplift the Banner. L. M. [With Hymn 704 only.]


Up - lift the ban-ner: let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The sun, that lights its
shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died.

704.

1 Uplift the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

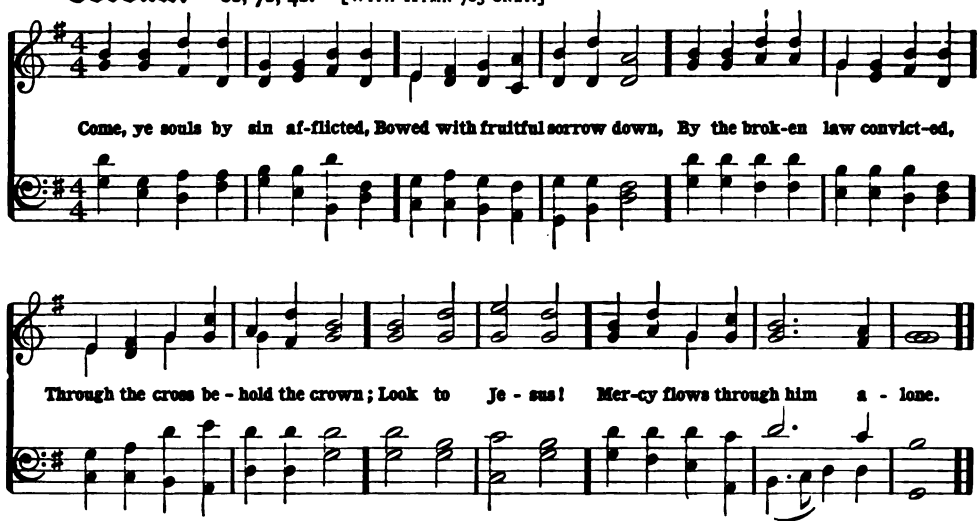
2 Uplift the banner: angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Uplift the banner: heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Uplift the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

5 Uplift the banner: wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Coronæ. 8s, 7s, 4s. [With Hymn 705 only.]


Come, ye souls by sin af-flicted, Bowed with fruitful sorrow down, By the brok-en law convict-ed,
Through the cross be - hold the crown; Look to Je - sus! Mer-cy flows through him a - lone.

705.

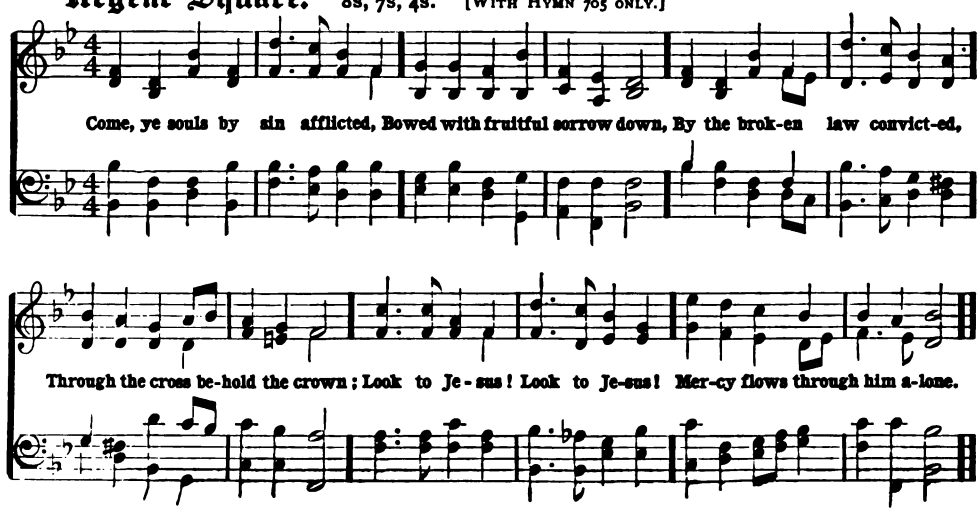
1 Come, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitful sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives meet.

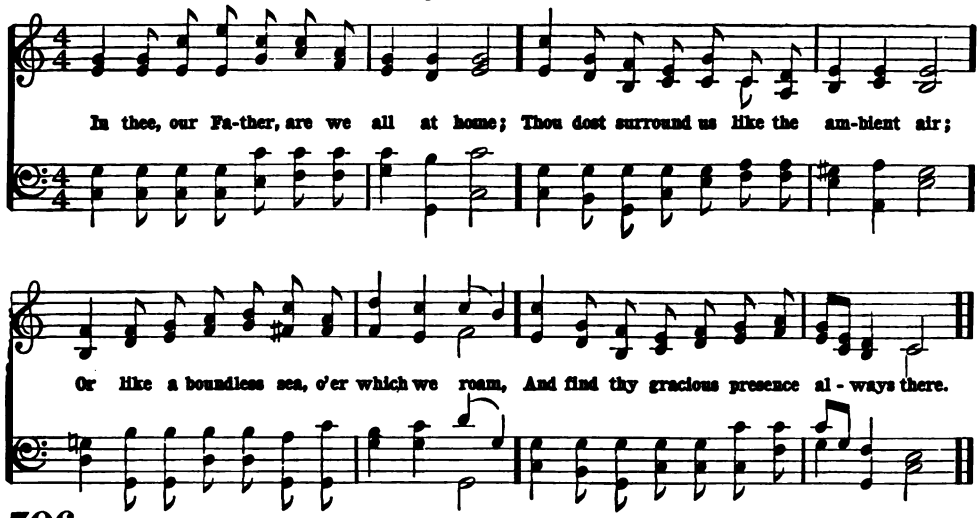
3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 Blessèd are the eyes that see him,
Blessed the ears that hear his voice;
Blessèd are the souls that trust him,
And in him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

Regent Square. 8s, 7s, 4s. [With Hymn 705 only.]


Come, ye souls by sin afflicted, Bowed with fruitful sorrow down, By the brok-en law convict-ed,
Through the cross be-hold the crown; Look to Je - sus! Look to Je-sus! Mer-cy flows through him a-lone.

Lee. 10s. [With Hymn 706 only.]


In thee, our Fa-ther, are we all at home; Thou dost surround us like the am-bient air;
Or like a boundless sea, o'er which we roam, And find thy gracious presence al-ways there.

706.

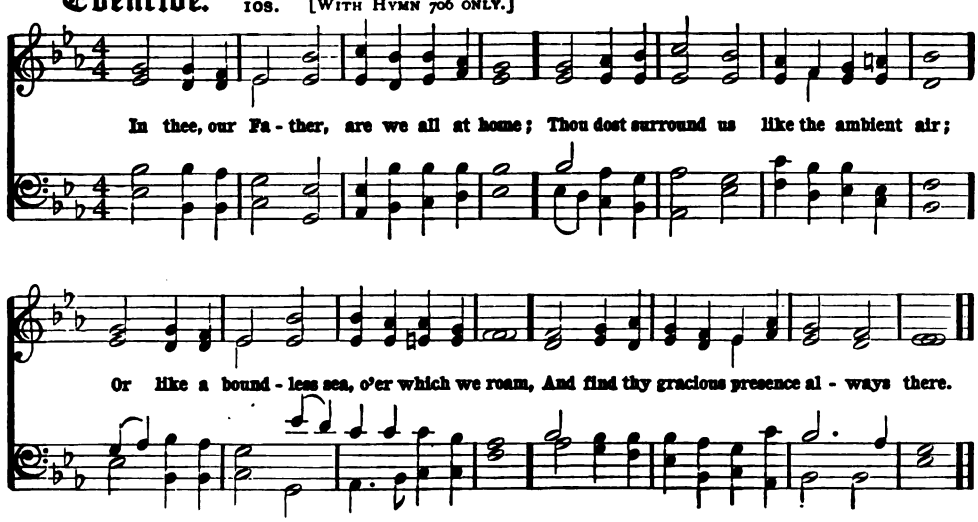
1 In thee, our Father, are we all at home;
Thou dost surround us like the ambient air;
Or like a boundless sea, o'er which we roam,
And find thy gracious presence always there.

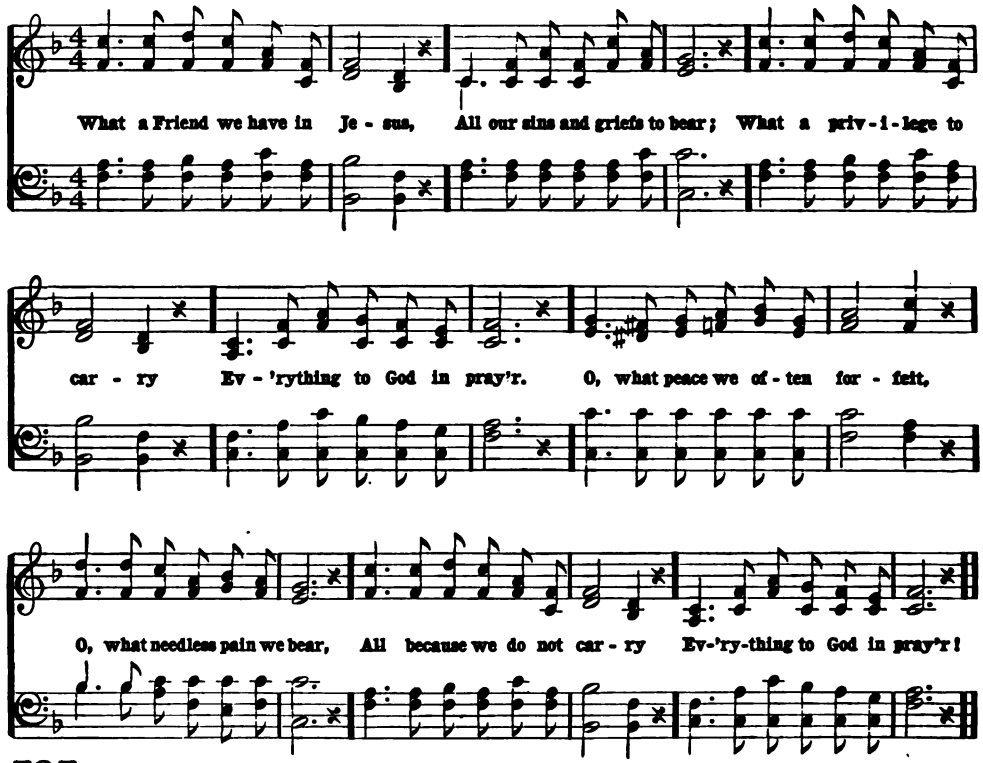
2 Thy love enfolds us, like a mother's arms;
Thy hand restrains us when we go astray;
Thy soothing voice subdues our vain alarms,
And calls us back to wisdom's better way.

3 Through all vicissitudes of good and ill,
We find in thee a helper and a friend;
Ne'er hast thou failed us, we will trust thee still,
And walk with thee, until our days shall end,—

4 End, in the dawn of that Immortal Day,
Of which thou art the Sun, O Love Divine!
When, all illumed by thee, we find for aye
Our conscience, reason, will, conformed to thine.

Eventide. 10s. [With Hymn 706 only.]


In thee, our Fa - ther, are we all at home; Thou dost surround us like the ambient air;
Or like a bound - less sea, o'er which we roam, And find thy gracious presence al - ways there.

What a Friend. P. M. [With Hymn 707 only.]

What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to
car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in pray'r. O, what peace we of - ten for - feit,
O, what needless pain we bear, All because we do not car - ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!

707.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness, —
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, —
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he 'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

708. Tune: "Almost Persuaded."

1 Father in heaven, hear us to-day:
Hallowed thy name be; hear us, we pray!
O, let thy kingdom come!
O, let thy will be done
By all below the sun
As in the skies.

2 Father in heaven, hear us to-day:
Hallowed thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Giver of daily food,
Fountain of truth and good,
Be all our hearts imbued
With love like thine.

3 Father in heaven, hear us to-day:
Hallowed thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Lead us in paths of right,
Save us from sin and blight,
King of all love and might,
Glorious for aye.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

An asterisk stands before the names of those tunes which have been written or arranged for this book. If a tune occurs more than once, the fact is indicated by page-numbers inserted in brackets after the tune-name.

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147	*Cantwell, 10s	*L. R. Lewis.*
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641	Above the clear blue sky	*Rev. John Chandler.*
597	Across the sky the shades of night	*Rev. James Hamilton.*
40	Again, as evening's shadow falls. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
42	Again the Lord of life and light	*Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld.*
243	A glory gilds the sacred page	*William Cowper.*
83	A holy air is breathing round	*Rev. Abiel Abbott Livermore.*
217	A king shall reign in righteousness	*Rev. Sebastian Streeter.*
545	*Alleluia, song of gladness	*11th Century. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
278	All glory, laud, and honor	*St. Theodulph. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
443	All hail the power of Jesus' name	*Rev. Edward Perronet.*
64	All powerful, self-existing God	*Anonymous. Walker's Collection.*
296	*All souls, O Lord, are thine, assurance blest	*Epes Sargent.*
86	Almighty God, in humble prayer	*James Montgomery.*
250	Almighty God! whose ways of old	*Rev. Dwight M. Hodge.*
678	A mighty fortress is our God	*Martin Luther. Tr. Rev. Frederick Henry Hedge, D. D.*
514	Angel voices ever singing	*Rev. Francis Pott.*
373	Another pastor hast thou given	*Rev. Cyrus H. Fay, D. D.*
487	*Another six days' work is done	*Rev. Joseph Stennett, D. D.*
88	*Another year is dawning	*Miss Frances Ridley Havergal.*
701	Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord	*Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D.*
521	Art thou weary, art thou languid	*Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
95	As gentle dews distil	*Rev. George Rogers.*
300	As once of old a chosen band	*Anonymous.*
299	As swiftly, silently draws near the night. (O.)	*Mrs. Frances Annette Percy.*
3	As the hart, with eager looks	*James Montgomery.*
239	As with gladness men of old	*William Chatterton Dix.*
107	At even, ere the sun was set	*Rev. Henry Twells.*
32	At first I prayed for light. (E. C.)	*Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney.*
475	A thousand years have come and gone	*Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch.*
234	Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	*Rev. Samuel Medley.*
268	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	*Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D.*
634	Because I knew not when my life was good	*Sarah Williams.*
431	Before Jehovah's awful throne	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
527	Begin the day with God	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
237	*Behold, a stranger at the door	*Rev. Joseph Grigg.*
160	Bells, ring out with cheerful might	*Rev. Henry C. Leonard.*
594	*Beneath the cross of Jesus	*Mrs. Elizabeth Cæcelia Clephane.*
85	Beneath the shadow of the cross. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
697	Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side	*Catharine A. D. von Schlegel. Tr. Miss Jane Borthwick.*
102	Be thou, O God, exalted high	*Nahum Tate and Rev. Nicholas Brady, D. D.*
498	Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	*Rev. John Cennick.*
643	Beyond, beyond the boundless sea	*Josiah Conder.*

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201	Bless, Lord, this household and its head	*Alice Williams Brotherton.*
539	Blest are the pure in heart	*Rev. John Keble.*
171	Blest be the tie that binds	*Rev. John Fawcett, D. D.*
44	*Blest day of God, most calm, most bright	*Rev. John Mason.*
240	Bread of heaven, on thee we feed	*Josiah Conder.*
534	Breast the wave, Christian	*Joseph Stammers.*
94	Breathe on me, Breath of God	*Rev. Edwin Hatch, LL. D.*
310	*Brief life is here our portion	*Bernard of Cluny. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
180	Brightly gleams our banner	*Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter.*
557	*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	*Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D.*
139	By cool Siloam's shady rill	*Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D.*
74	Calm on the listening ear of night	*Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, D. D*
122	Child, amidst the flowers at play	*Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*
223	Children of the heavenly King	*Rev. John Cennick.*
602	Christ is risen! Alleluia!	*Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL. D.*
208	Christ, whose glory fills the skies	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
169	Come at the morning hour	*James Montgomery.*
202	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	*Rev. Simon Browne.*
193	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
199	Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne. (R. P.)	*Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.*
207	Come, kingdom of our God	*Rev. John Johns.*
444	*Come, let us join our cheerful songs	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
195	Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
538	Come, my soul, thou must be waking	*F. R. L. von Canitz. Tr. Rev. Henry James Buckoll.*
391	Come, O Creator, Spirit blest	*Latin Hymn, 8th Century. Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall.*
603	Come, praise your Lord and Saviour	*Rev. William Walsham How, D. D.*
561	Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures	*Adam of St. Victor. Tr. Robert Campbell.*
58	Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	*Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld.*
321	Come, sing a Saviour's power	*Rev. Edward Turner.*
1	Come, thou Almighty King	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
192	Come, thou Fount of every blessing	*Rev. Robert Robinson.*
518	Come thou, O come!	*Rev. Gerard Moultrie.*
572	Come, thou soul-transforming spirit	*Rev. Jonathan Evans.*
198	Come to the living waters, come	*Adams and Chapin Collection.*
254	Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather	*Mrs. Catherine H. Esling.*
499	Come unto me, ye weary	*William Chatterton Dix.*
549	Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish	*Thomas Moore.*
374	Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly	*Rev. Archer Thompson Gurney.*
705	Come, ye souls by sin afflicted	*Rev. Joseph Swain.*
120	*Come, ye thankful people, come	*Rev. Henry Alford, D. D.*
364	Come, ye who love the Lord	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
516	Creation's sovereign Lord	*Rev. John G. Adams, D. D.*
462	*Crown his head with endless blessing	*Rev. William Goode.*
585	Dear Lord and Father of mankind. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
28	Dear Lord, behold thy servants here	*Rev. Hosea Ballou.*
312	Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go	*Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D.*
319	Death moves with victor's tread	*Rev. John G. Adams, D. D.*
682	Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness	*Johann Frank. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
43	Each fearful storm that o'er us rolls	*Miss Alice Cary.*
127	Earth, with her ten thousand flowers	*Rev. Thomas Rawson Taylor.*
196	Eternal God, we look to thee	*Rev. James Merrick.*
632	Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round. (C.)	*Rev. John White Chadwick.*
942	*Every morning mercies new	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
367	*Exult, O my soul, for to Zion's high mountain	*Miss Alice Cary.*
548	Fading, still fading: the last beam is shining	*Anonymous.*
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670	Fair shrine of liberty. (G. C.)	*Anonymous.*

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355	Father, again to thy dear name we raise	*Rev. John Ellerton.*
79	Father and friend, thy light, thy love	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
334	Father, hear the prayer we offer. (H. M.)	*Anonymous. "Hymns of the Spirit."*
349	Father, I know that all my life	*Miss Anna Lætitia Waring.*
708	Father in heaven, hear us to-day. (A.)	*Rev. Charles G. Ames.*
294	Father in heaven, to thee my heart	*Rev. William Henry Furness, D. D.*
8	Father, in this sacred hour	*Rev. A. J. Patterson, D. D.*
316	Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling	*Rev. Samuel Johnson.*
651	Father, let me dedicate	*Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett.*
575	*Father of all, from land and sea	*Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D.*
426	Father of all, whose cares extend	*Alexander Pope.*
451	Father of angels and of men	*Rev. George Richards.*
129	Father of love and power	*George Rawson.*
423	Father of me and all mankind	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
246	Father of mercies, in thy word	*Miss Anne Steele.*
425	Father of mercies, send thy grace	*Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D.*
300	Father, thy wonders do not singly stand	*Jones Very.*
50	Father, to thy kind love we owe. (D. A.)	*William Cullen Bryant.*
318	Father, to us thy children humbly kneeling	*Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D.*
340	*Father, we pray for those who dwell	*Mrs. Julia A. F. Carney.*
142	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	*Miss Anne Steele.*
428	Father, whose love is measureless	*Mrs. Jane L. Patterson.*
221	Feeble, helpless, how shall I	*Rev. William Henry Furness, D. D.*
627	Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	*Rev. Godfrey Thring.*
687	Fierce was the wild billow	*St. Anatolius. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
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159	For a season called to part	*Rev. John Newton.*
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308	For thee, O dear, dear country	*St. Bernard of Cluny. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
313	Forth from the dark and stormy sky	*Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D.*
414	Forward be our watchword	*Rev. Henry Alford, D. D.*
220	Fount of everlasting love. (R. P.)	*Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.*
695	Fresh from the throne of glory	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
100	From all that dwell below the skies	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
99	From every stormy wind that blows	*Rev. Hugh Stowell.*
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576	From north and south and east and west	*Rev. George T. Coster.*
179	From the eastern mountains	*Rev. Godfrey Thring.*
638	From the recesses of a lowly spirit	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
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375	Gently, Lord, O gently lead us	*Dr. Thomas Hastings.*
485	Give me thy heart, O thoughtless youth	*Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer.*
149	Give to the winds thy fears	*Paul Gerhardt. Tr. Rev. John Wesley.*
301	Glorious things of thee are spoken	*Rev. John Newton.*
547	God be with you till we meet again	*Anonymous.*
134	God bless our native land. (B.)	*Tr. Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks.*
190	God in heaven, hear our singing	*Miss Frances Ridley Havergal.*
109	God is in his holy temple	*James Montgomery.*
189	God is love, his mercy brightens	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
309	God is my strong salvation	*James Montgomery.*
466	God, my King, thy might confessing	*Rev. Richard Mant, D. D.*
296	God moves in a mysterious way	*William Cowper.*
352	God of ages and of nations. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
556	*God of creation, our Father and Saviour	*Rev. Abel C. Thomas.*
400	*God of love, we look to thee	*Anonymous. Wesley's Collection.*

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124	God of mercy, God of love.	*John Taylor.*
80	God of my life, whose gracious power	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
484	God of our fathers! whom to know	*Mrs. Jane L. Patterson.*
671	God of our fathers whose almighty hand	*Rev. D. C. Roberts.*
228	God reigns! events in order flow	*Miss Elizabeth (?) Scott.*
114	Go forward, Christian soldier	*Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett.*
135	Gone are those great and good	*Rev. John Pierpont.*
347	Go not far from me, O my Strength	*Miss Anna Lætitia Waring.*
125	Go to dark Gethsemane	*James Montgomery.*
546	Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	*Miss Jane E. Leeson and Rev. John Keble.*
587	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	*Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D*
9	Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.	*John Stocker.*
586	Great Creator! by thy hand	*Mrs. J. J. Lewis.*
98	Great God, and wilt thou condescend.	*Mrs. Anne Taylor Gilbert.*
97	Great God, before thy throne we bow	*Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D. D.*
178	Great God, who knowest each man's need	*Emily, Lady Tennyson.*
478	*Great King of Glory, come	*Rev. Benjamin Francis.*
605	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	*Rev. William Williams.*
598	Hail, holy light! the world rejoices. (E. P.)	*Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D. D.*
625	Hail, sacred day of earthly rest	*Rev. Godfrey Thring.*
73	Hail, Source of light, of life and love.	*Rev. Menzies Rayner.*
555	Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning	*Dr. Thomas Hastings.*
143	Hail to the Lord's anointed	*James Montgomery.*
35	Hail to the Sabbath day	*Rev. Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, D. D.*
565	Happy the man, who knows	*Rev. Thomas Cogswell Upham, D. D.*
236	Happy the meek, whose gentle breast	*Rev. Thomas Scott.*
601	Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling	*Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D.*
335	Hark! hark! with harps of gold	*Rev. Edwin H. Chapin, D. D.*
618	Hark! the herald angels sing	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
491	Hark! the song of jubilee	*James Montgomery.*
118	*Hark! the sound of holy voices	*Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D.*
11	Hark! the voice of choral song	*Paul Hart Sweetser.*
353	Hark! what mean those holy voices	*Rev. John Cawood.*
49	Hath not thy heart within thee burned	*Rev. Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, D. D.*
616	Hear us, thou that broodest	*Rev. Godfrey Thring.*
568	Heaven is here. Its hymns of gladness	*Rev. John G. Adams, D. D.*
289	Heavenly Father, God of Love	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
117	Heavenly Father, send thy blessing	*Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D.*
232	Heavenly Father, we desire	*Rev. Hiram Torrey.*
696	He leadeth me! O, blessed thought. (B. M.)	*Rev. Joseph Henry Gilmore.*
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96	Here, in the broken bread	*Rev. William Henry Furness, D. D.*
399	*Here in thy temple, Lord, we meet	*Rev. Sebastian Streeter.*
570	He that goeth forth with weeping	*Dr. Thomas Hastings.*
77	He who himself and God would know	*Rev. James Martineau, D. D, LL. D.*
153	High in the heavens, Eternal God	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
211	Holy, holy, holy Lord	*James Montgomery.*
508	Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty	*Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D.*
590	Holy night! peaceful night!	*Joseph Mohr.*
440	*Holy Spirit, light divine	*Rev. Andrew Reed, D. D., and Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
210	Holy Spirit, Lord of love	*Rev. William Dalrymple Maclagan, D. D.*
388	Ho! reapers of life's harvest	*I. B. Woodbury.*
176	How beauteous were the marks divine	*Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D.*
168	How gentle God's commands	*Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D.*
266	How gracious the promise, how soothing the word	*Sebastian F. Streeter.*
213	How happy is he born or taught	*Sir Henry Wotton.*
46	How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord	*John Milton.*
392	How pleasant, how divinely fair.	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*

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220	How precious is the book divine	*Rev. John Fawcett, D. D.*
629	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	*Charles Swain.*
405	How sweetly flowed the gospel sound	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
269	*How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	*Rev. John Newton.*
16	How sweet upon this sacred day	*Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen.*
639	Hushed was the evening hymn	*Rev. James Drummond Burns.*
432	I cannot always trace the way	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
251	I cannot plainly see the way	*Miss Alice Cary* (*stanza 3, Anonymous*).
668	I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	*Miss Adelaide Anne Procter.*
531	I feel within a want	*Rev. William Henry Furness, D. D.*
694	If thou but suffer God to guide thee	*Georg Neumark. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
642	I greet thee, my Redeemer sure	*Rev. David Douglas Bannerman.*
442	I heard the voice of Jesus say	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
669	I know not if the dark or bright	*Rev. Richard Chevenix Trench, D. D.*
174	I know that my Redeemer lives	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
614	I look to thee in every need. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
147	I love thy church, O God	*Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D.*
235	I love to steal awhile away	*Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown.*
389	I love to tell the story	*Miss Katharine Hankey.*
675	Immortal, invisible, God only wise	*Rev. Walter Chalmers Smith, D. D.*
483	Immortal Love, forever full. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
262	In all we do, in all we dream	*Rev. Dwight M. Hodge.*
252	In darker days and nights of storm	*Rev. Theodore Parker.*
532	*I need thee every hour. (B. M.)	*Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks.*
537	In God's eternity	*Rev. Hosea Ballou.*
25	In heavenly love abiding	*Miss Anna Lætitia Waring.*
370	In sleep's serene oblivion laid	*John Hawkesworth.*
329	In the cross of Christ I glory	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
230	In thee my trust abideth	*Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL. D.*
706	In thee, our Father, are we all at home	*Rev. A. J. Patterson, D. D.*
507	In the hour of trial	*James Montgomery.*
328	In thy courts let peace be found	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
66	I see the wrong that round me lies. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
454	It came upon the midnight clear	*Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, D. D.*
562	"It is finished!" Man of Sorrows	*Rev. Frederick Henry Hedge, D. D.*
33	It is not death to die	*H. A. César Malan. Tr. Rev. G. W. Bethune.*
337	It is the hour of prayer	*Anonymous.*
698	*It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine. (B. M.)	*Miss Mary Shekleton.*
456	It singeth low in every heart. (C).	*Rev. John White Chadwick.*
167	I want a principle within	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
336	*I was a wandering sheep	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
181	*I worship thee, sweet will of God	*Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D.*
472	Jerusalem, my happy home	"*F. B. P.*" *Tr.* 1616.
22	Jerusalem, the golden	*Bernard of Cluny. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
372	Jesus, and shall it ever be	*Rev. Joseph Grigg.*
330	Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult	*Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.*
506	*Jesus Christ, our Saviour	*William Whiting.*
494	Jesus! delightful, charming name	*Rev. Benjamin Beddome.*
248	Jesus his empire shall extend	*Rev. Hosea Ballou.*
415	Jesus, King of glory	*Rev. W. Hope Davison.*
526	Jesus lives! thy terrors now	*Christian F. Gellert. Tr. Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox.*
611	Jesus, lover of my soul	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
126	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	*Rev. Edward Hopper, D. D.*
18	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
580	Jesus, still lead on	*Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf. Tr. Miss Jane Borthwick.*
371	Jesus, the calm that fills my breast. (O.), (N.)	*Rev. Frank Mason North, D. D.*
247	Jesus, these eyes have never seen. (R. P.)	*Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.*
380	Jesus, the very thought of thee	*St. Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall.*
36	Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts. (R. P.)	*St. Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.*

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6	Join every heart and every tongue	*Rev. Sebastian Streeter.*
0	Joy fills our inmost heart to-day	*William Chatterton Dix.*
8	Joy to the world, the Lord is come	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
8	*Just as I am, without one plea	*Miss Charlotte Elliott.*
0	Kind Lord, before thy face	*Rev. Edward Turner.*
9	Know, my soul, thy full salvation	*Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.*
5	Lamb of God, I look to thee	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
8	Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	*Bernard Barton.*
1	Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom	*Rev. John Henry Newman, D. D.*
4	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	*James Edmeston.*
8	Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace	*William Henry Burleigh.*
4	Lead us with thy gentle sway	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
4	Leave God to order all thy ways	*Georg Neumark. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
0	Let all the world in every corner sing	*Rev. George Herbert.*
7	Let songs of praise arise	*Rev. George Rogers.*
7	*Let the whole creation cry	*Rev. Stopford Augustus Brooke.*
0	*Lift up, lift up, your voices now	*Anonymous.*
3	Lift up your glad voices in triumph on high	*Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D. D.*
7	*Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	*George Weissel. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
3	Light of the soul, O Saviour blest	*Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall.*
3	Light of the world, for ever, ever shining	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
3	Like morning, when her early breeze	*Thomas Moore.*
5	Lo, God is here! let us adore	*Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. Rev. John Wesley.*
3	Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest	*Francis Quarles and Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.*
3	Look from thy sphere of endless day	*William Cullen Bryant.*
3	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	*Rev. Thomas Kelly.*
3	Lord and Father, great and holy	*Rev. Frederick William Farrar, D. D.*
0	Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee	*Rev. John Hampden Gurney.*
7	Lord, before thy presence come	*John Taylor.*
7	*Lord, by heavenly hosts adored	*Rev. Henry Harbaugh, D. D.*
3	Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	*Rev. John Fawcett, D. D.*
3	Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping	*Rev. Henry Downton.*
3	Lord, I believe! thy power I own	*Rev. John Reynell Wreford, D. D.*
0	Lord, if on earth the thought of thee	*Rev. William Hammond.*
.	Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling-place	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
0	Lord, in thy sight completed stands	*James Lombard.*
3	Lord, it belongs not to my care	*Rev. Richard Baxter.*
4	Lord, it is good for us to be	*Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D.*
0	Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	*Rev. William Crosswell, D. D.*
1	Lord of all being, throned afar. (H. M.)	*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
.	Lord of all power and might	*Rev. Hugh Stowell.*
1	Lord of earth, thy forming hand	*Sir Robert Grant.*
1	Lord of hosts, divinely fair	*Rev. Daniel Turner.*
1	Lord of my life, whose tender care	*Ω Chelsea.*
.	Lord of the worlds above	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
1	Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	*Matthäus A. von Löwenstern. Tr. Philip Pusey.*
0	Lord! on thy Zion's wall	*Mrs. L. J. B. Case.*
1	Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high	*James Montgomery.*
0	Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	*Miss Frances Ridley Havergal.*
	Lord, thou art good! all nature shows	*Rev. Simon Browne.*
	Lord, thy word abideth	*Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker.*
	Lord, what offering shall we bring	*John Taylor.*
1	Lord, when we bend before thy throne	*Rev. Joseph Dacre Carlyle.*
	*Lord, while for all mankind we pray	*Rev. John Reynell Wreford, D. D.*
	Love divine, all love excelling	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
1	Love for all! and can it be. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
1	Make channels for the streams of love	*Rev. Richard Chevenix Trench, D. D.*

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644	Master, no offering. (E. P.)	*Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D. D.*
327	Mediator, Son of God	*Rev. Abner Kneeland.*
656	'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints	*Rev. David Denham.*
10	Mighty God, the first, the last	*Rev. William Gaskell.*
699	More love to thee, O Christ. (G. P.)	*Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss*
649	Must Jesus bear the cross alone	*Rev. Thomas Shepherd.*
441	My blessed Saviour, is thy love	*Rev. Joseph Stennett, D. D.*
133	My country, 'tis of thee	*Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.*
407	My dear Redeemer and my Lord	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
130	My faith looks up to thee. (R. P.)	*Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.*
677	My Father bids me come	*Rev. Charles Wesley*
206	My Father, cheering name	*Mrs. Steele*
245	My Father, for another night	*Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker.*
307	My Father, grant thy presence nigh	*Miss M. A. H. Dodd.*
418	*My God, and is thy table spread	*Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D.*
422	My God, in memory's fondest place	*Rev. John Henry Newman, D. D*
433	My God, is any hour so sweet	*Miss Charlotte Elliott.*
630	My God, I thank thee, who hast made	*Miss Adelaide Anne Procter.*
434	My God, my Father, while I stray	*Miss Charlotte Elliott.*
528	My Jesus, as thou wilt	*Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. Miss Jane Borthwick.*
582	My life flows on in endless song	*Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D.*
339	My soul before thee prostrate lies	*Christian F. Richter. Tr. Rev. John Wesley*
361	My soul, be on thy guard	*Rev. George Heath.*
525	My spirit, on thy care	*Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.*
203	Naught have I else to do	*Madame Jeanne Bouvier Guyon.*
584	Nearer, my God, to thee	*Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams.*
449	New every morning is the love	*Rev. John Keble.*
560	Not, Lord, thine ancient works alone	*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*
395	Not only for some task sublime	*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*
357	Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs	*Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D. D.*
604	Now be the Gospel banner	*Dr. Thomas Hastings.*
112	Now, on sea and land descending. (H.M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
676	Now thank we all our God	*Martin Rinkart. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
607	Now the day is over	*Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.*
596	Now to heaven our prayer ascending	*William E. Hickson (?).*
63	*Now to the Lord a noble song	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
317	Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating	*Gregory the Great. Tr. Anonymous.*
498	O blessed retrospection	*Mrs. H. Comey Stratton.*
27	O blest Creator of the light	*Breviary.*
38	O, blest the souls, forever blest	*George Weissel. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
667	O Bread of Life from heaven	*Anonymous, 1661. Tr. Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D.*
279	O bread, to pilgrims given. (R. P.)	*Thomas Aquinas. Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.*
550	O Christ, what gracious words	*Rev. George Richards.*
417	O come, and mourn with me awhile	*Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D.*
452	O come! loud anthems let us sing	*Nahum Tate and Rev. Nicholas Brady, D. D.*
481	*O could I find from day to day	*Benjamin Cleveland.*
559	O, could I speak the matchless worth	*Rev. Samuel Medley.*
232	O day of rest and gladness	*Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D.*
419	O'er the dark wave of Galilee	*William Russell.*
164	*O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	*Rev. William Williams.*
93	*O everlasting Light	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
244	O Father, hear my morning prayer. (O.)	*Mrs. Frances Annette Percy.*
89	O Father, I have promised	*Rev. John Ernest Bode.*
271	O, for a closer walk with God	*William Cowper.*
291	O, for a faith that will not shrink	*Rev. William Hiley Bathurst.*
290	O, for a heart to praise my God	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
476	O, for a shout of joy	*J. Young.*
315	O for the peace that floweth as a river	*Mrs. Jane Crewdson.*
445	*O, from these visions dark and drear*	*Joseph P. Bartrum.*

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437	Oft in danger, oft in woe	*Henry Kirke White and Frances (Fuller-Maitland) Colquhoun.*
292	O God, by whom the seed is given	*Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D.*
284	O God, in whom we live and move. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
360	O God, my strength, my hope	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
674	O God, not only in distress. (O.)	*Frederic Smith.*
356	O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live	*Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
280	O God, that mad'st the earth and sky	*Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D.*
283	O God, the Rock of ages	*Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D. D.*
165	O God, thy children, gathered here. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
471	O God, to whom thy children bring	*Mrs. Jane L. Patterson.*
293	O God, unseen, but ever near. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
45	O God, we praise thee, and confess	*Nahum Tate and Rev. Nicholas Brady, D. D.*
155	O God, whose presence glows in all	*Rev. Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.*
76	O happy day, that fixed my choice	*Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D.*
457	O, help us, Lord, each hour of need	*Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D. D.*
255	O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
512	O holy Saviour, friend unseen	*Miss Charlotte Elliott.*
398	O, how I love thy holy law	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
90	O Jesus, ever present	*Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett.*
94	O Jesus, thou art standing	*Rev. William Walsham How, D. D.*
165	O, let my trembling soul be still	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
470	O Life, that maketh all things new. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
366	O Light, whose beams illumine all	*Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D. D.*
135	O, little town of Bethlehem. (E. D.)	*Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.*
163	O Lord and Master of us all. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
415	*O Lord, be with us when we sail	*Rev. Edward Arthur Dayman.*
435	O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	*Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D.*
386	O Lord! thy everlasting grace	*Johann Andreas Rothe. Tr. Rev. John Wesley.*
558	O Love divine, how sweet thou art	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
154	O Love divine, that stooped to share. (H. M.)	*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
447	O Love, O Life, our faith and sight. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
529	O, Love that casts out fear	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
689	O Love that will not let me go	*Rev. George Matheson, D. D.*
416	O Master, let me walk with thee (G.)	*Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D.*
681	O Morning Star, how fair and bright	*Philipp Nicolai. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
351	Once again with joy we gather	*Miss Maria R. Baker.*
161	Once was heard the song of children	*Howard Kingsbury.*
185	One holy church of God appears. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
421	One prayer I have, all prayers in one	*James Montgomery.*
274	One sweetly solemn thought	*Miss Phœbe Cary (adapted).*
577	*One thing I of the Lord desire	*Rev. Walter Chalmers Smith, D. D.*
513	One thought I have, my ample creed. (H.)	*Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer.*
272	O, not to fill the mouth of fame	*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*
6	On thy church, O Power Divine	*Miss Harriet Auber.*
609	Onward, Christian soldiers	*Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.*
463	Onward, Christian, though the region	*Rev. Samuel Johnson.*
461	Onward speed thy conquering flight	*Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.*
91	*O, One with God the Father	*Rev. William Walsham How, D. D.*
524	O Paradise! O Paradise!	*Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D.*
658	O peaceful, quiet place	*Rev. Stanford Mitchell.*
592	Open, Lord, my inward ear	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
684	Open now thy gates of beauty	*Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
590	O, praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song	*Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D.*
461	O, richly, Father, have I been	*Rev. William Henry Furness, D. D.*
394	O risen Life! that through the flesh	*Rev. Dwight M. Hodge.*
497	*O Sacred Head! now wounded. [Passion Chorale, 679.]	*P. Gerhardt. Tr. Rev. J. W. Alexander, D. D.*
39	O, sometimes gleams upon our sight. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
393	O Source divine, and Life of all	*Rev. John Sterling.*
276	O Star of truth down shining. (E.)	*Rev. Minot Judson Savage.*

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652	O, strengthen me, my Father, with thy might	*Rev. Henry Lovell Canfield, D. D.*
406	O, sweetly breathe the Lyres above. (R. P.)	*Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.*
235	O thou, at whose rebuke the grave. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
358	O thou great friend to all the sons of men	*Rev. Theodore Parker*
479	O thou, in all thy might so far. (H.)	*Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer.*
17	O thou, to whom in ancient time	*Rev. John Pierpont.*
420	O thou, to whose all-searching sight	*Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf. Tr. Rev. John Wesley.*
26	O thou, true life of all that live	*Breviary. Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall.*
55	O thou who art of all that is. (H.)	*Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer.*
397	O thou who driest the mourner's tear	*Thomas Moore.*
30	O thou, who hast at thy command	*Mrs. Jane Cotterill.*
385	O thou whom fain my soul would love	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
177	O thou, who on thy chosen Son	*Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D. D.*
72	O thou, whose own vast temple stands. (D. A.)	*William Cullen Bryant*
346	O thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides	*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*
624	Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	*Miss Harriet Auber.*
628	Our days of joy flow swiftly by	*Miss Maria R. Baker*
306	Our Father, God! not face to face	*Rev. Edwin H. Chapin, D. D*
480	Our Father, God! thy gracious power	*James Thomson.*
579	Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name	*Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale*
660	*Our Father, unto thee	*Rev. Byron G. Russell.*
482	*Our Father, while our hearts unlearn. (H. M.)	*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
69	*Our God, our help in ages past	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
535	Our heaven is everywhere	*Mrs. Julia A. F. Carney.*
533	Out of the deep I call	*Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker*
377	O, where are kings and empires now	*Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D.*
474	O, where is he that trod the sea	*Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch.*
619	O, where shall rest be found	*Rev. Abel C. Thomas.*
231	O Word of God incarnate	*Rev. William Walsham How, D. D.*
600	O, worship the King, all-glorious above	*Sir Robert Grant.*
685	O would, my God, that I could praise thee	*Johann Mentzer. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
41	O, yet we trust that somehow good	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*
332	Part in peace! is day before us	*Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams.*
543	Pleasant are thy courts above	*Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.*
101	Praise God, from whom all blessings flow	*Rev. Thomas Ken, D. D.*
574	*Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	*Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.*
354	Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him	*Rev. John Kempthorne.*
157	Praise to God, immortal praise	*Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld.*
110	Praise to thee, thou great Creator	*Rev. John Fawcett, D. D.*
270	Praise to the Holiest! in the height	*Rev. John Henry Newman, D. D.*
280	*Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee	*Sir James Edward Smith.*
637	Praise ye the Father	*Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.*
103	Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne	*Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, D. D.*
384	Praise ye the Lord! be our employ	*Rev. Abel C. Thomas.*
686	Praise ye the Lord God, O worship our Father in heaven.	*Benjamin B. Whittemore.*
62	Press on, press on! ye sons of light	*Rev. William Gaskell.*
219	*Prince of Peace, control my will. (O.)	*Mary A. E. Barber.*
608	Purer yet, and purer	*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.*
128	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	*Rev. John Newton.*
249	Religion! in its blessed ray	*Rev. George Rogers.*
448	Return, O wanderer, now return	*Rev. William Bengo Collyer, D. D.*
363	*Revive thy work, O Lord	*Albert Midlane.*
78	Ride on! ride on in majesty	*Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D. D.*
297	Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise	*Alexander Pope.*
591	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	*Rev. Robert Seagrave.*
209	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	*Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady.*
277	Roll on, thou mighty ocean	*James Edmeston.*
5	*Safely through another week	*Rev. John Newton.*
573	*Saints* of God, the dawn is brightening	*Mrs. Mary Maxwell.*

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411	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	*James Edmeston.*
655	Saviour, I follow on. (C. C.), (R.)	*Rev. Charles Seymour Robinson, D. D., LL. D.*
162	*Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	*Miss Dorothy Ann Thrupp.*
412	*Saviour, sprinkle many nations	*Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D.*
60	Saviour, teach me, day by day	*Miss Jane E. Leeson.*
648	*Saviour, thy dying love. (C. C.)	*Rev. Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, D. D.*
12	Saviour, whom I fain would love	*Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady.*
191	Saviour, who thy flock art feeding	*Rev. William Augustus Mühlenberg, D. D.*
511	Scorn not the slightest word or deed	*Anonymous (from The London Inquirer).*
261	See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands	*Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D.*
362	Send down thy truth, O God. (H. M.)	*Edward Rowland Sill.*
151	Servants of Christ, arise	*Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*
132	*Shepherd of tender youth	*Clement of Alexandria. Tr. Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D. D.*
158	Shepherd of the holy hills	*Rev. Henry C. Leonard.*
620	Shine thou upon us, Lord	*Rev. John Ellerton.*
	Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing. (See 502.)	*Rev. William Augustus Mühlenberg, D. D.*
612	Silent night, peaceful night	*Anonymous.*
141	Since all the varying scenes of time	*Rev. James Hervey.*
34	Since Jesus is my friend	*Paul Gerhardt. Tr. Miss Catharine Winkworth.*
119	Sing, with all the sons of glory	*Rev. William Josiah Irons, D. D.*
467	Slavery and death the cup contains	*Lucius Manlius Sargent.*
156	Slowly, by God's hand unfurled	*Rev. William Henry Furness, D. D.*
410	Soft as fades the sunset splendor. (H. M.)	*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*
61	Softly fades the twilight ray	*Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.*
89	Softly now the light of day	*Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D.*
333	Sometimes a light surprises	*William Cowper.*
19	Soon may the last glad song arise	*Mrs. Voke (?)*
613	Souls of men, why will ye scatter	*Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D.*
47	*Sovereign and transforming Grace	*Rev. Frederick Henry Hedge, D. D.*
88	Sow in the morn thy seed	*James Montgomery.*
18	Spirit divine, attend our prayer	*Rev. Andrew Reed, D. D.*
284	Spirit of grace and health and power	*Rev. John Wesley.*
194	Spirit of holiness, descend	*Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.*
551	Standing forth, on life's rough way	*Rev. William Bryant.*
702	Stand, soldiers of the cross	*Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D. D.*
145	Stand up, stand up for Jesus	*Rev. George Duffield, Jr., D. D.*
273	Still, still with thee, my God	*Rev. James Drummond Burns.*
256	Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh. (H. M.)	*Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.*
588	Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary	*William Henry Burleigh.*
216	Strong Son of God, immortal Love	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*
505	Summer suns are glowing	*Rev. William Walsham How, D. D.*
238	Sun of my Soul, thou Saviour dear	*Rev. John Keble.*
453	Supreme and universal Light	*Rev. Henry Moore.*
460	Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright	*Adapted from Rev. George Herbert.*
659	Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer	*Rev. William W. Walford.*
350	Sweet is the solace of thy love	*Miss Anna Lætitia Waring.*
630	Sweet is the solemn voice that calls	*Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.*
148	Sweet is the task, O Lord	*Miss Harriet Auber.*
20	Sweet is the work, my God, my King	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
333	*Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	*Rev. James Allen and Rev. Walter Shirley.*
286	Swell the anthem, raise the song	*Rev. Nathan Strong, D. D.*
187	Take my heart, O Father! take it	*Anonymous.*
489	Take my life, and let it be	*Miss Frances Ridley Havergal.*
464	Take our pledge, eternal Father. (M.)	*Rev. Frederick B. Mott.*
700	Take the name of Jesus with you. (B. M.)	*Mrs. Lydia Baxter.*
504	Take thy staff, O pilgrim	*Theodore Tilton.*
465	Take us in thine arms and bless us. (E. P.)	*Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D. D.*
331	Tarry with me, O my Saviour. (O.)	*Mrs. Caroline Louisa Sprague Smith.*
150	Teach me, my God and King	*Rev. George Herbert and Rev. John Wesley.*

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519	The bird let loose in Eastern skies	*Thomas Moore.*
593	*The day is past and over	*St. Anatolius. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
23	The day of resurrection	*St. John of Damascus. Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D.*
690	The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended	*Rev. John Ellerton.*
665	Thee in the loving bloom of morn	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
152	Thee we adore, eternal Lord	*St. Ambrose. Tr. Rev. John Gambold.*
137	The God of harvest praise	*James Montgomery.*
626	The God of love my shepherd is	*George Rawson.*
311	The God that to the fathers. (E.)	*Rev. Minot Judson Savage.*
473	The golden clouds that float along	*Rev. Alexander G. Laurie.*
218	The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
387	The heavens thy praise are telling	*Anonymous.*
653	The King of love my shepherd is	*Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker.*
295	The light of love is round his feet	*Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D.*
458	The Lord be with us as we bend	*Rev. John Ellerton.*
495	*The Lord hath builded for himself	*Rev. Henry Francis Lyte and Rev. John Henry Newman, D. D.*
65	The Lord is King! lift up thy voice	*Josiah Conder.*
566	The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose	*William Knox.*
264	*The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know	*James Montgomery.*
578	The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide	*John Byrom.*
404	The Lord Jehovah reigns	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
382	The Lord my pasture shall prepare	*Joseph Addison.*
613	The mellow eve is gliding	*"A" in Adams and Chapin Collection.*
113	The morning light is breaking	*Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.*
51	The past is dark with sin and shame	*Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*
166	*The race that long in darkness pined	*Rev. John Morrison, D. D.*
673	The radiant morn hath passed away	*Rev. Godfrey Thring.*
509	There is a book, who runs may read	*Rev. John Keble.*
396	*There is a name I love to hear	*Rev. Frederick Whitfield.*
75	There is an Eye that never sleeps	*Rev. John Aikman Wallace.*
281	There is a Sabbath rest, O Lord	*Rev. George Rogers.*
87	There is a safe and secret place	*Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.*
657	There's a land that is fairer than day. (O. D.)	*S. Fillmore Bennett.*
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68	There's not a place in earth's vast round	*Rev. James Cowden Wallace.*
52	*The shadows of the evening hours	*Miss Adelaide Anne Procter.*
282	The solemn service now is done	*Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.*
553	The spacious firmament on high	*Joseph Addison.*
172	The Spirit in our hearts	*Rev. Henry Ustic Onderdonk, D. D.*
688	The Spirit of the Lord has stirred. (M.)	*Rev. Frederick B. Mott*
345	The stream is calmest when it nears the tide	*Anonymous (from The Independent).*
536	The strife is o'er, the battle done	*Rev. Francis Pott, Tr*
14	*The twilight falls, the night is near	*Anonymous.*
259	The world throws wide its brazen gates	*John Weiss.*
84	The wrong that pains my soul below. (H. M.)	*John Greenleaf Whittier.*
53	Thine arm, O Lord! in days of old	*Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D. D.*
436	Thine forever! God of love	*Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude.*
595	Think gently of the erring	*Mrs. Julia A. F. Carney*
326	Thirsting for a living spring	*Frank P. Appleton.*
170	This is the day of light	*Rev. John Ellerton.*
265	Tho' faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way	*Rev. Benjamin Beddome.*
369	Thou art, O God, the life and light	*Thomas Moore.*
258	Thou art the way, to thee alone	*Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D.*
522	Thou Fount of love and grace	*Rev. Otis A. Skinner.*
67	Thou Grace Divine, encircling all	*Miss Elisa Scudder.*
248	Thou hidden love of God, whose height	*Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. Rev. John Wesley.*
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645	Thou who on that wondrous journey	*Rev. Henry Alford, D. D.*
136	Thou whose Almighty word	*Rev. John Marriott.*
663	Thou, whose wide extended sway	*Rev. Abel C. Thomas.*
82	Through him who all our sickness felt	*Rev. Charles Wesley.*
305	Thus far the Lord hath led me on	*Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.*
459	Thy home is with the humble, Lord	*Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D.*
530	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*
104	Thy will be done! in devious way	*Sir John Bowring, LL. D.*
693	Till he come! O, let the words	*Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D. D.*
116	*To-day thy mercy calls me	*Oswald Allen.*
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HOMILETICAL INDEX

OF

SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND HYMNS.

I. INDEX BY HYMN-NUMBERS.

The object of the Homiletical Index is not to suggest appropriate hymns for certain subjects of discourse, as if always the hymn chosen should express the thought of the sermon; rather the motive of this Index is to suggest texts which express the thought or sentiment of hymns to which preachers are attracted in private reading or study. The present book, it will be seen, abounds in religious lyrics, which, though free from intellectual conceits, do yet express the manifold *thought* of religion. It is believed, therefore, that the Homiletical Index will be useful to preachers and others who ask for some saying of Holy Scripture which is suited either to the thought which the hymn embodies or to the spirit which pervades it.

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INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS.

The aim of this index is to give a somewhat full account of *Universalist* hymn-writers, especially such as have been prominent in the history of the denomination. Of others it gives simply the date of birth and death, the nationality, and the denominational affiliation.

Adam of St. Victor [c. 1100–c. 1180]. English or French monk. [561 (Tr. Campbell)]

Adams, Rev. John Greenleaf, D. D. Universalist. Born at Portsmouth, N. H., July 30, 1810; ordained at Rumney, N. H., June 12, 1833; settled as pastor at Claremont, N. H., Malden, Mass., Worcester, Mass., Providence, R. I. (2d Soc'y), Lowell, Mass. (2d Soc'y), and Cincinnati, O., during an active ministry of nearly fifty years; married, Nov., 1839, Mary Hall Barrett of Malden, who died in 1860; in 1865 married Miss Martha A. Willard of Worcester; died, May 4, 1887, at Melrose, Mass., where he had lived for several years without pastoral charge. Received degree of D. D. from Buchtel College. A prolific writer of denominational books, including memoirs, hymn-books, expository works, and books for the young; with Dr. Chapin he compiled the well-known "Hymns for Christian Devotion." He also prepared "The Gospel Psalmist," "Vestry Harmonies," and "The Sunday School Melodist"; wrote many hymns, mostly for special occasions. [319, 516, 568]

Adams, Mrs. Sarah (Flower) [1805–1848]. English Unitarian. A zealous Universalist. The church to which she belonged, and to sing in which she wrote all her hymns, was founded by Elhanan Winchester. [332, 584]

Adams and Chapin Collection. A Universalist hymnal, compiled by Rev. J. G. Adams and Rev. E. H. Chapin, and published under the name of "Hymns for Christian Devotion," by Abel Tompkins, 1845. [198, 613 (A)]

Addison, Joseph [1672–1719]. English Episcopalian. [382, 553]

Alexander, Mrs. Cecil Frances (Humphreys) [1823–1895]. English Episcopalian. [330]

Alexander, Rev. James Waddell, D. D. [1804–1859]. American Presbyterian. [Tr. 497, Tr. 679]

Alford, Rev. Henry, D. D. [1810–1871]. English Episcopalian. [120, 414, 645]

Allen, Rev. James [1734–1804]. English Independent. [333 (and Walter Shirley)]

Allen, Oswald [1816–1878]. English banker. [116]

Ambrose, Saint [340–397]. Roman Catholic; Archbishop of Milan. The "Father of Church Song." [152 (Tr. Gambold)]

Ames, Rev. Charles Gordon [1828–]. American Unitarian. [708]

Anatolius, Saint [Probably c. 800]. Greek hymn-writer. [593, 687 (both Tr. Neale)]

Anonymous [14, 29 (Pope's Coll.), 64 (Walker's Coll.), 138, 187, 200, 251 (stanza 3), Tr. 317, 334 (Hymns of the Spirit), 337, 345 (The Independent), 387, 450, 490 (Wesley's Coll.), 511 (London Inquirer), 547, 548, 571 (Hopedale Coll.), 583, Tr. 610, 612, 622, 654, 667 (1661, Tr. Schaff), 670]

Appleton, Rev. Frank P. [c. 1820–]. American Unitarian. [326]

Aquinas, Saint Thomas [c. 1225–1274]. Roman Catholic scholastic. [279 (Tr. Palmer)]

Auber, Miss Harriet [1773–1862]. English. [6, 148, 624]

Bacon, Rev. Leonard, D. D. [1802–1881]. American Congregationalist. [324]

Baker, Rev. Sir Henry Williams, Bart. [1821–1877]. English Episcopalian. [245, 533, 581, 653]

Baker, Miss Maria R. Universalist. Born at Moretown, Vt.; lived during childhood at Montpelier; moved to Chelsea, Mass., where for many years she was a teacher in the public schools, and where she now resides. [351, 439, 628]

Ballou, Rev. Hosea Universalist. Born at Richmond, N. H., April 30, 1771. The eleventh child of Rev. Maturin Ballou, a Baptist clergyman. Attended school but a few months during boyhood; his early reading mostly confined to the Bible; at eighteen he was converted to Calvinism. The same year, hearing of the then new heresy of Universalism, he sought by earnest study of the Bible to refute its arguments. As a result, he came to the conclusion that the Scriptures teach Universal salvation, and in 1789 avowed himself a Universalist. The next year he spent in hard study to fit himself for the ministry, attending Chesterfield Academy one term. For three years he taught and preached in many New England towns. In 1794, at the New England Convention of Universalists at Oxford, Mass., he was ordained by Rev. Elhanan Winchester; married, 1796, Ruth Washburn; 1797–1803, settled at Hardwick and Dana, Mass., and preaching in many other places; 1803–9, pastor at Barnard, Bethel, Bridgewater, and Hartland, Vt.; 1804, published "Notes on the Parables," and in 1805 his famous "Treatise on the Atonement." In 1806, by appointment of the General Convention, he assisted in organizing the Western Association of Universalists in Western New York. In 1806–7, the General Convention appointed Hosea Ballou, Sebastian Streeter, Edward Turner, and Abner Kneeland, "to prepare a hymn-book for the use of the Universalist Societies." These men *wrote* all the hymns in the collection, and of the 417 Mr. Ballou contributed 198. Only a few of them had any merit, and the book soon disappeared. In 1821, in conjunction with Rev. Edward Turner, compiled "The Universalist Hymn-Book: A New Collection." 1809–15, settled at Portsmouth, N. H., preaching two sermons each Sunday, and engaging in many discussions in defence of Universalism, and beginning his contributions to denominational journalism; 1815–18, at Salem, Mass., engaged in a long discussion with Abner Kneeland on the Authenticity of Divine Revelation. After the death of John Murray, 1815, Ballou was the leading man in the denomination, and the Second Universalist Society in Boston built the large church on School St. and invited Mr. Ballou to become its pastor. Here he preached from 1818 to the time of his death, addressing each Sunday three large congregations. In 1819 he began to edit the "Universalist Magazine," and in 1830, in conjunction with Hosea Ballou, 2d, the "Universalist Expositor." During this time he conducted the famous discussion with Rev. Edward Turner, in which he defended the doctrine of no-future-punishment. From 1846 he had as colleagues, Rev. E. H. Chapin, two years, and Rev. A. A. Miner, who survived and succeeded him. June 7, 1852, he died. He was a powerful orator, a most able controversialist, a prolific writer for the press, and a firm believer in printer's ink as an agency for spreading his gospel. He, more than any other one man, founded the Universalist Church, and his work effected a theological revolution in New England. [28, 175, 215, 248, 537]

Ballou, Rev. Hosea, 2d, D. D. Universalist. Born at Guilford, Vt., Oct. 13, 1796. A grand-nephew of Hosea Ballou. Early showed great aptitude as a student, but had advantages of only the district schools. After teaching and studying a few terms he entered the

Universalist ministry; 1816–21, settled at Stafford, Conn.; married, 1820, to Miss Clarissa Hatch of Halifax, Vt.; 1821–38, pastor at Roxbury, Mass.; in 1822 edited, in conjunction with Rev. Thos. Whittemore, the "Universalist Magazine"; in 1829 published the "Ancient History of Universalism," a work which reveals his scholarly ability and tireless energy in research; for many years edited the "Universalist Expositor,"—afterward the "Universalist Quarterly," and contributed to the "Trumpet" and other publications. In 1839 he published "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the use of Universalist Societies and Families"; 1838–53, settled at Medford, Mass., studying constantly, and gaining an enviable reputation as a scholar. In 1845 Harvard College gave him the degree of D. D., and made him a member of her Board of Overseers; was one of the prime movers in founding Tufts College, his appeal to the General Convention in Sept., 1847, doing much to create enthusiasm for the movement. He was appointed first president of the College, and after a year of study in England was inaugurated, Aug. 25, 1855. He served the College faithfully and well until his death, caused by overwork, May 21, 1861. Dr. Ballou, himself a self-educated man, was an earnest advocate of higher education. He was the foremost scholar of the denomination, of wide and varied culture, with exceptional spiritual discernment and the modesty of a true Christian. [103, 403]

Ballou, Rev. Moses Universalist. Nephew of Hosea Ballou. Born, Monroe, Mass., May 24, 1811; began preaching, 1833; itinerated several months, then settled at Bath., N. H., where he was ordained, 1835; 1836–43, pastor at Portsmouth, N. H.; married, 1837, Almena D. Giddings of Hartford, Conn. From Portsmouth he went to New York City, where he was pastor of the Fourth Universalist Church for two years, then returning, preached at Portsmouth two years. After that he was settled at Bridgeport, Conn., six years; Hartford, Conn., two years; Philadelphia, Pa. (2d Soc'y), four years; New York City (3d Soc'y), six years; New Haven, Conn., two years; Philadelphia, six years. In 1872 he retired from active work to his summer residence at Atco, N. J., where he died, May 19, 1879. His principal published works were a "Memorial of Merritt Sanford" (1850), "The Divine Character Vindicated" (1854), and numerous articles in the "Universalist Quarterly" and other denominational papers. [182]

Bannerman, Rev. David Douglas [1842–]. Scotch Free Church. [642]

Barbauld, Mrs. Anna Lætitia (Aikin) [1743–1825]. English Unitarian. [42, 58, 157]

Barber, Mary A. E. (S?). Probably English. This hymn first appeared in Church of England Magazine, 1838. [219]

Baring-Gould, Rev. Sabine [1834–]. English Episcopalian. [607, 609]

Barton, Bernard [1784–1849]. English layman. "Quaker poet." [197, 227, 496]

Bartrum, Joseph P. [–]. American, probably Unitarian. [445]

Bathurst, Rev. William Hiley [1796–1877]. English Episcopalian. [291]

Baxter, Mrs. Lydia [1809–1874]. American Baptist. [700]

Baxter, Rev. Richard [1615–1691]. English Non-Conformist. [493]

Beddome, Rev. Benjamin [1717–1795]. English Baptist. [265, 494]

Bennett, Sanford Fillmore, M. D. Universalist. Born, Eden, Erie Co., N. Y., June 21, 1836; early in life joined the Methodist Episcopal Church during a religious "revival," but soon found himself dissatisfied with its tenets, and after much study and thought became convinced of the truth of Universalism. Though from lack of opportunity he has never united with a Universalist church, he distinctly avows himself a Universalist. He is a physician and resides in Richmond, Ill. [657]

Bernard of Clairvaux, Saint [1091–1153]. French Roman Catholic. [36 (Tr. Palmer), 48 (Tr. Caswall), 380 (Tr. Caswall)]

Bernard of Cluny, Saint (=Bernard of Morlaix) [12th Cent.]. French Roman Catholic. [22, 308, 310 (all Tr. Neale)]

Bethune, Rev. George Washington, D. D. [1805–1862]. American Reformed Dutch. [Tr. 33]

Bickersteth, Rev. Edward Henry, D.D. [1825–]. English Episcopalian. [233, 357, 693, 702]

Bode, Rev. John Ernest [1816–1874]. English Episcopalian. [89]

Bonar, Rev. Horatius, D. D. [1808–1889]. Scotch Free Church. [93, 188, 195, 242, 336, 442, 527, 529, 530, 563, 621, 662, 665, 695, 703]

Borthwick, Miss Jane [1813–]. Scotch. [Tr. 528, Tr. 580, Tr. 697]

Bowring, Sir John, LL. D. [1792–1872]. English Unitarian. [4, 79, 104, 121, 123, 173, 189, 328, 329, 365, 405, 432, 540, 638]

Brady, Rev. Nicholas, D. D. [1659–1726]. Irish Episcopalian. [45, 102, 390, 452 (all with N. Tate)]

Breviary [Roman Breviary compiled in present shape by Pope Gregory VII., 1073–1085]. [26 (Tr. Caswall), 27]

Brooke, Rev. Stopford Augustus [1832–]. English Unitarian (until 1881 Episcopalian). [617]

Brooks, Rev. Charles Timothy [1813–1883]. American Unitarian [2, Tr. 134]

Brooks, Rev. Phillips, D. D. [1835–1893]. American Episcopalian. [635]

Brotherton, Mrs. Alice Williams [–]. American. Lives, Cincinnati, O. [201]

Brown, Mrs. Phoebe (Hinsdale) [1783–1861]. American Congregationalist. [225]

Browne, Rev. Simon [1680–1732]. English Independent. [71, 202]

Bryant, Rev. William [1850–]. American Presbyterian. (This hymn is commonly but wrongly assigned to W. C. Bryant.) [551]

Bryant, William Cullen [1794–1878]. American Unitarian. [50, 72, 253, 438, 468]

Buckoll, Rev. Henry James [1803–1871]. English Episcopalian. [Tr. 538]

Bulfinch, Rev. Stephen Greenleaf, D.D. [1809–1870]. American Unitarian. [35, 49]

Burleigh, William Henry [1812–1871]. American Unitarian. [298, 588]

Burns, Rev. James Drummond [1823–1864]. Scotch Free Church. [273, 639]

Byrom, John [1691 (or 2)–1763]. English poet. [578]

Campbell, Miss Jane Montgomery [1817–1878]. English Episcopalian. [Tr. 501]

Campbell, Robert [1814–1868]. Scotch Episcopalian. [Tr. 561]

Canfield, Rev. Henry Lovell, D. D. Universalist. Born, Austerlitz, N. Y., May 20, 1828; moved to Ohio, 1834; licensed to preach in 1857; ordained, Sept. 8, 1859, at Brimfield, O.; with the exception of two years and a half in Western Pennsylvania, has preached in Ohio ever since; received degree of D. D. from Buchtel College in 1888; now settled at Bellville, O. [652]

Canitz, Friedrich Rudolph Ludwig von [1654–1699]. German. [538 (Tr. Buckoll)]

Carlyle, Rev. Joseph Dacre [1758–1804]. English Episcopalian. [70]

Carney, Mrs. Julia Abigail (Fletcher) Universalist. Born at Lancaster, Mass., April 6, 1823; began to write poetry very early, first poems published at age of fourteen; for many years occupied the "Poet's Corner" in the "Trumpet"; contributed many articles, both prose and poetry, for the "Christian Freeman," the "Rose of Sharon," the "Lily of the Valley," the "Universalist Miscellany," the "Ladies' Repository," and other publications; sometimes wrote under name of "Rev. Peter Benson's Daughter," and sometimes as "Julia." Her published writings include "Gifts from Julia," "Poetry of the Seasons," and a series of Sunday School question books. Married Rev. T. J. Carney, May 1, 1849; since her marriage has written much, chiefly prose, for many periodicals, and under a number of pseudonyms. Two of her most widely known poems are "Think gently of the erring" and "Little drops of water." Since Mr. Carney's death in 1871 she has lived at Galesburg, Ill. "Fill your home with sunshine," a song written at seventy-one, is called by good judges the best work of her life. [340, 535, 595]

Cary, Miss Alice Universalist. Born at Mt. Healthy, O., April 26, 1820; began writing for the press at eighteen, being encouraged thereto by Rev. A. G. Laurie; wrote first for the "Star of the West" and other denominational papers, and afterwards for the "National Era," the "Independent," "New York Ledger," "Atlantic," "Harper's," and other publications. In 1840 she and her sister Phoebe published a volume of poems, and in 1841, "Clovernook Papers." In 1850 the sisters removed to New York, their home being a center of the best literary life of the city; she was the first president of the famous Sorosis woman's club. "Lyra and Other Poems," "Hagar," "Married, not Mated," "Holyrood," and other works were written here. For many years she was a great sufferer from a painful disease, of which she died, Feb. 12, 1871. Among her pall-bearers were P. T. Barnum, Horace Greeley, and Bayard Taylor. [43, 251 (except stanza 3), 267]

Cary, Miss Phoebe Universalist. Sister to above. Born at Mt. Healthy, O., Sept. 4, 1824; from 1850 lived at New York; began writing for the "National Era." Besides the poems published jointly with her sister's, she published

in 1854 "Poems and Parodies," and in 1868 "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love." Inferior to her sister as a poet, Phoebe surpassed her as a brilliant conversationalist and wit, and her best poem, "One sweetly solemn thought," is superior to anything that Alice ever wrote. She survived her sister but a few months, dying at Newport, R. I., July 31, 1871. Without being dogmatic or bigoted, both sisters were avowed and earnest Universalists. [274]

Case, Mrs. Luella Juliette (Bartlett) Universalist. Born at Kingston, N. H., Dec. 30, 1807; a granddaughter of Gov. Josiah Bartlett of N. H., a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Married, May 8, 1828, to Eliphalet Case, and spent most of her life in Lowell, Mass., and Cincinnati, O.; for several years a regular contributor to the "Rose of Sharon," the "Universalist Quarterly," the "Ladies' Repository," the "Star of Bethlehem," and other denominational papers; remarkable for her personal graces and noble character as well as for the purity of her literary style; died at Kingston, N. H., Oct. 10, 1857. [320]

Caswall, Rev. Edward [1814–1878]. English Roman Catholic (until 1847 Episcopalian). [Translated 26, 48, 380, 391, 564]

Cawood, Rev. John [1775–1852]. English Episcopalian. [353]

Cennick, Rev. John [1718–1755]. English Moravian. [223, 488]

Chadwick, Rev. John White [1840–]. American Unitarian. [456, 632]

Chandler, Rev. John [1806–1876]. English Episcopalian. [641]

Chapin, Rev. Edwin Hubbell, D. D. Universalist. Born at Union Village, Washington Co., N. Y., Dec. 29, 1814. His father, a wandering artist, lived in many places, and the boy's education was neglected. He early showed a great aptitude for acting, and aspired to the stage. Sent to the Pioneer Academy at Bennington, Vt., at fifteen, he distinguished himself as an orator and poet; studied law a short time at Troy, N. Y., and then became assistant editor of the "Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate," a Universalist paper published at Utica; while here determined to enter the ministry; 1838–40, pastor at Richmond, Va.; ordained by New York Central Association, Sept., 1838; married, Oct. 15, 1838, to Miss Hannah Newland of Utica; 1840–46, settled at Charlestown, Mass.; here became specially interested in Temperance and Anti-Slavery Reforms; 1846–48, colleague of Hosea Ballou in Second Universalist Society, Boston; 1848–80, settled as pastor of Fourth Universalist Society, New York City; here he became the most popular and influential preacher in the city; to accommodate his audiences the Society first bought the church on Broadway and then built the one on Fifth Ave. and Forty-fifth St. He was a persistent and tireless worker, a wide reader and lover of books, a natural poet, a brilliant wit, the greatest orator the Universalist denomination has produced, and one of the most renowned and powerful lecturers of his age. All his works are characterized by broad-mindedness, tender sympathy, and pure religious fervor. Broken down by over-work, he died, Dec. 26, 1880. Henry Ward Beecher said of his funeral: "It came the nearest being a representation of the Church Universal I ever saw, or am likely to see in the flesh. Not another minister in New York could draw such a diversity of people to his burial." Besides his hymns and occasional poems, his best-known published works include "Lectures to Young Men," "The Crown of Thorns," "Hours of Communion," "Moral Aspects of City Life," "Duties of Young Women," and several others. In conjunction with Rev. John G. Adams, he edited "The Fountain, a Temperance Gift," and the well-known Adams and Chapin collection of "Hymns for Christian Devotion," for use in Universalist churches. Harvard gave him the degrees of A. M. and D. D.; Tufts that of LL. D. [304, 306, 335]

Charles, Mrs. Elizabeth (Rundle) [1828–1896]. English Episcopalian. [637]

Cheney, Mrs. Ednah Dow [1824–]. American Unitarian. [32]

Clarke, Rev. James Freeman, D. D. [1810–1888]. American Unitarian. [204, 318]

Claudius, Matthias [1740–1815]. German. [501 (Tr. Campbell)]

Clausnitzer, Tobias [1619–1684]. German Protestant minister. [683 (Tr. Winkworth)]

Clement of Alexandria [c. 150–c. 220]. Greek Catholic. [132 (Tr. Dexter)]

Clephane, Mrs. Elizabeth Cæcilia [1830–1869]. Scotch poetess. [594]

Cleveland, Benjamin [1733–1811]. American Baptist. [481]

Cobb, Rev. Sylvanus, D. D. Universalist. Born at Norway, Me., July 17, 1798. Studied theology with Rev. Sebastian Streeter; began preaching at Norway, 1820; in 1821 was settled at Winthrop and Readfield; ordained, June 28, 1821; pastor at Waterville, Me., 1821–28; organized here the first Universalist *Church* in Maine; did much missionary work in Maine, founding many societies; represented Waterville in State Legislature two terms; Sept. 10, 1822, married Miss Eunice Hale Wait of Hallowell, by whom he had nine children; 1828–37, settled at Malden, Mass., devoting much time to missionary work and to temperance work as lecturing agent of the Middlesex Temperance Society; served two terms in General Court; 1837–39, devoted most of his time to lecturing for the Temperance Society, being settled at Waltham, Mass., from 1838 to 1841; April 19, 1839, issued, as proprietor and editor, first number of "The Christian Freeman and Family Visitor," a weekly paper devoted to Universalism, Temperance, and Abolition; in 1841 removed to East Boston, where he lived till his death; 1841–48, pastor of the East Boston Society; in 1846 published "Compend of Divinity." In 1862 "Freeman" and "Trumpet" became the "Universalist," with Mr. Cobb as theological editor until 1864; in 1863–4 wrote his "Commentary on the New Testament"; made D. D. by Tufts, 1863; died at East Boston, Oct. 31, 1866; an able theologian, an enthusiastic reformer, and a tireless worker. [97]

Collyer, Rev. William Bengo, D. D. [1782–1854]. English Presbyterian. [448]

Colquhoun, Mrs. Frances Sara (Fuller-Maitland) [1809–1877]. English poetess. [437 (and H. K. White)]

Conder, Josiah [1789–1855]. English Congregationalist. [65, 240, 643]

Coster, Rev. George Thomas [1835–]. English Congregationalist. [576]

Cotterill, Mrs. Jane (Boak) [1790–1825]. Scotch poetess. [30]

Cowper, William [1731–1800]. English poet. [226, 243, 271, 500]

Cox, Miss Frances Elizabeth [c. 1818–]. English Episcopalian. [Tr. 526]

Coxe, Rev. Arthur Cleveland, D. D., LL. D. [1818–1896]. American Episcopalian. [176, 377, 412]

Crewdson, Mrs. Jane (Fox) [1809–1863]. English poetess. Long an invalid. [315]

Crosswell, Rev. William, D. D. [1804–1851]. American Episcopalian. [400]

Davison, Rev. W. Hope [1827–]. English Congregationalist. [415]

Dayman, Rev. Edward Arthur [1807–1890]. English Episcopalian. [515]

Denham, Rev. David [1791–1848]. English Baptist. [656]

Denny, Sir Edward, Bart. [1796–1889]. Irish. Connected with Plymouth Brethren. [378]

Dexter, Rev. Henry Martyn, D. D. [1821–1890]. American Congregationalist. [Tr. 132]

Dix, William Chatterton [1837–]. English Episcopalian. [239, 499, 650]

Doane, Rev. George Washington, D. D., LL. D. [1799–1859]. American Episcopalian. [59, 258, 704]

Dodd, Miss Mary Ann H. Universalist. One of the early contributors to the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Ladies' Repository"; a prolific writer, though not of much genius; lived at one time in Hartford, Conn.; afterward married and moved to Western New York. [307]

Doddridge, Rev. Philip, D. D. [1702–1751]. English Congregationalist. [76, 168, 261, 268, 418, 425, 599]

Downton, Rev. Henry [1818–1885]. English Episcopalian. [302]

Draper, Rev. Bourne Hall [1775–1843]. English Baptist. [106]

Duffield, Rev. George, Jr., D. D. [1818–1888]. American Presbyterian. [145]

Dwight, Rev. Timothy, D. D. [1752–1817]. American Congregationalist. [147]

Edmeston, James [1791–1867]. English Episcopalian. [277, 411, 544]

Ellerton, Rev. John [1826–1893]. English Episcopalian. [170, 355, 458, 620, 690]

Elliott, Miss Charlotte [1789–1871]. English Episcopalian. A confirmed invalid. [433, 434, 512, 623]

Esling, Mrs. Catherine Harbison (Waterman) [1813–]. American Episcopalian. [254]

Evans, Rev. Jonathan [1749–1809]. English Congregationalist. [572]

Faber, Rev. Frederick William, D. D. [1814–1863]. English Episcopalian (after 1845, Roman Catholic). [181, 295, 312, 381, 413, 417, 459, 524, 601]

Farrar, Rev. Frederick William, D. D. [1831–]. English Episcopalian. [303]

Fawcett, Rev. John, D. D. [1739–1817]. English Baptist. [110, 171, 229, 606]

Fay, Rev. Cyrus Hyde, D. D. Universalist. Born, Lebanon, N. H., Nov. 18, 1815, of Universalist parents; educated at Norwich (Vt.) University; after teaching at Baltimore, Md., for two years, preached his first sermon at Hartford, Conn., in 1839; preached some months at Lombard St. Church, Philadelphia; Oct. 3, 1839, married Miss Anna Hyne Minifie of Baltimore; pastor at Woodstock, Vt., 1840–41, where he was ordained, June 23, 1840; at Roxbury, Mass., 1841–49; at Orchard St., New York, 1849–53; at Nashua, N. H., 1853–55; at Stamford, Conn., 1855–56; at Middletown, Conn., 1856–58; at Providence, R. I. (First Universalist Society), 1858–69; at Middletown, again, 1869–73; at Washington, D. C., 1873–77; since which time he has lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., preaching occasionally as health and occasion permit; Aug. 5, 1851, married his second wife, Mrs. Betsey Ann Blossom of New York. His writings consist mostly of occasional poems and hymns, for which he has been often called upon. [373]

F. B. P. [Probably c. 1600]. Unknown author. [472 (Tr. 1616)]

Follen, Mrs. Eliza Lee [1787–1860]. American Unitarian. [16, 430]

Francis, Rev. Benjamin [1734–1799]. English Baptist. [478]

Frank, Johann [1618–1677]. German lawyer. [682 (Tr. Winkworth)]

Frothingham, Rev. Nathaniel Langdon [1793–1870]. American Unitarian. [155]

Frothingham, Rev. Octavius Brooks [1822–1895]. American Unitarian; son of preceding. [341]

Furness, Rev. William Henry, D. D. [1802–1896]. American Unitarian. [96, 156, 221, 294, 461, 531]

Gambold, Rev. John [1711–1771]. English Moravian. [Tr. 152]

Gaskell, Rev. William [1805–1884]. English Unitarian. [10, 62]

Gellert, Christian Fürchtegott [1715–1769]. German poet and philosopher. [526 (Tr. Cox)]

Gerhardt, Paul [1607–1676]. German Lutheran divine. [34 (Tr. Winkworth), 149 (Tr. J. Wesley), 314 (Tr. J. Wesley), 497 (Tr. Alexander), 679 (Tr. Alexander)]

Gill, Thomas Hornblower [1819–]. English layman; Unitarian till 1853; since, Episcopalian. [272, 395, 560]

Gilman, Mrs. Caroline Howard [1794–1888]. American Unitarian. [37]

Gilmore, Rev. Joseph Henry, D. D. [1834–]. American Baptist. [696]

Gladden, Rev. Washington, D. D. [1836–]. American Congregationalist. [416]

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von [1749–1832]. German poet. [608]

Goode, Rev. William [1762–1816]. English Episcopalian. [462]

Grant, Sir Robert [1785–1838]. English barrister. [288, 600]

Gregory the Great [c. 540–604]. Roman Catholic pope. [317 (Tr. Anon.)]

Grigg, Rev. Joseph [1723–1768]. English Presbyterian. [237, 372]

Gurney, Rev. Archer Thompson [1820–1887]. English Episcopalian. [374]

Gurney, Rev. John Hampden [1802–1862]. English Episcopalian. [140]

Guyon, Madame Jeanne Marie Bouvier de la Motte [1648–1717]. French author. [203]

Hale, Miss Mary Whitwell [1810–1862]. American Unitarian. [424]

Hale, Mrs. Sarah Josepha (Buell) [1793–1879]. American author. [579]

Hamilton, Rev. James [1819–]. English Episcopalian. [597]

Hammond, Rev. William [1719–1783]. English Methodist (afterward Moravian). [379]

Hankey, Miss Katharine [–]. English. Lives in London. [389]

Harbaugh, Rev. Henry, D. D. [1817–1867]. American German Reformed Church. [287]

Hastings, Thomas, Mus. Doc. [1784–1872]. American Presbyterian. [375, 555, 570, 604]

Hatch, Rev. Edwin, LL. D. [1835–1889]. English Episcopalian. [94]

Havergal, Miss Frances Ridley [1836–1879]. English Episcopalian. [88, 190, 409, 489]

Haweis, Rev. Thomas, LL. B., M. D. [1732–1820]. English Episcopalian. [146]

Hawkesworth, John [c. 1717–1773]. English essayist. [370]

Hawks, Mrs. Annie Sherwood [1835–1872]. American Baptist. [532]

Hayward. Nothing can be learned of this author. Hymn appeared, 1806. [402]

Heath, Rev. George [1781–1822]. English Presbyterian. [361]

Heber, Rev. Reginald, D. D. [1783–1826]. English Episcopalian. [139, 144, 260, 292, 313, 508, 510, 557]

Hedge, Rev. Frederic Henry, D. D. [1805–1890]. American Unitarian. [7, 562, Tr. 678]

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea (Browne) [1794–1835]. English Episcopalian. [122]

Herbert, Rev. George [1593–1632]. English Episcopalian. [150 (and J. Wesley), 460, 640]

Hervy, Rev. James [1714–1758]. English Episcopalian. [141]

Hickson, William Edward [– 1870]. English. [596]

Higginson, Rev. Thomas Wentworth [1823–]. American Unitarian. [51, 343]

Hodge, Rev. Dwight Munson Universalist. Born, Salisbury, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Aug. 9, 1847; educated at Lowville Academy and St. Lawrence University; pastor at North Adams, Mass., 1867–70; Danbury, Conn., 1870–80; New York City, 1880–91; Franklin, Mass., 1891 to the present time; studied medicine, 1868–70; now secretary of Franklin Board of Health; has contributed prose and verse to the "Independent," the "Christian Leader," and other periodicals; published, 1883, "Sermons in Reply to McKim on Universalism." [250, 262, 394]

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, M. D., LL. D. [1809–1894]. American Unitarian. [108, 154, 482]

Hopper, Rev. Edward, D. D. [1818–1888]. American Presbyterian. [126]

Hosmer, Rev. Frederick Lucian [1840–]. American Unitarian. [55, 479, 513]

How, Rev. William Walsham, D. D. [1823–]. English Episcopalian. [24, 91, 231, 477, 505, 603]

Irons, Rev. William Josiah, D. D. [1812–1883]. English Episcopalian. [119]

John of Damascus, Saint [8th Cent.]. Greek Father. [23 (Tr. Neale)]

Johns, Rev. John [1801–1847]. English Unitarian. [207]

Johnson, Dr. Samuel [1709–1784]. English writer. [346]

Johnson, Rev. Samuel [1822–1882]. American Unitarian. [316, 463]

Keble, Rev. John [1792–1866]. English Episcopalian. [238, 449, 509, 539, 546 (and J. E. Leeson)]

Kelly, Rev. Thomas [1769–1854]. Irish Independent. [163, 224, 666]

Kempthorne, Rev. John [1775–1838]. English Episcopalian. [354]

Ken, Rev. Thomas, D. D. [1637–1711]. English Episcopalian. [101]

Kingsbury, Howard. This hymn probably written, 1850. Nothing can be learned of author. [161]

Kneeland, Rev. Abner Universalist. Born, Salubria, Ia., 1773; in 1844 began public life as a Baptist preacher; became a Universalist in 1803, being ordained to the Universalist ministry in 1805; one of the committee appointed by the General Convention to prepare a Universalist Hymnal; wrote 138 of the 417 hymns therein contained, most of them of little merit; settled at Charlestown, Mass., 1811–14; in business in Salem, 1814–16; pastor, Whitestown, N. Y., 1816–18; Lombard Street, Philadelphia, 1818–25; while here was instrumental in forming the Second Universalist Society in Philadelphia; published "The Philadelphia Hymn-Book," 1819; on a missionary journey to North Carolina, 1824–25; pastor, Prince Street, New York, 1825–27; divided this society and formed the Second Universalist Society in New York City; editor of the "Olive Branch," 1827–29; gradually became more and more sceptical, enlisted in a fanatical social reform enterprise, was discharged from Second Church, disfellowshipped by Southern Universalist Association, Hartford, 1829, and soon after openly avowed his belief in Atheism; moved to Boston, lectured to Freethinkers in Federal Street Theatre, and began publication of the "Investigator"; in 1834 published "National Hymns, Original and Selected"; in 1839 went to Iowa, where he died, a poor farmer. Of handsome address, imperturbable good nature, and indomitable curiosity. His moral character was blameless; but mentally he was unstable—"the echo of the last author he read." [327]

Knox, William [1789–1825]. Scotch poet. [566]

Larcom, Miss Lucy [1826–1893]. American poet. [646]

Laurie, Rev. Alexander Gretton Universalist. Born in Scotland, 1816; early came to America, but was too loyal to his native land ever to become naturalized; held pastorates at Erie, Pa., Buffalo, N. Y. (1849–53), Charlestown, Mass. (1853–63), and other places; retired from active ministry, 1874; died, Erie, Pa., May 3, 1891; an efficient pastor, a fine scholar, especially well-versed in Scotch philosophy and literature. Dr. Eddy says, "he probably had

no peer as an interpreter of Burns." [473]

Leeson, Miss Jane E. [1815–1883]. English author. [60, 546 (and J. Keble)]

Leonard, Rev. Henry Codman Universalist. Born, Northwood, N. H., April 25, 1818; began preaching at Gloucester, Mass., and other places on Cape Ann; held pastorates at East Thomastown (now Rockland), Orono, and Waterville, Me., from 1843 to 1861, when he entered the army as chaplain of the Third Maine Infantry; served also in Eighteenth Maine Infantry and First Maine Artillery till 1864. General Howard pronounced him the most faithful chaplain he ever saw. Pastor at Albany, N. Y., 1865–69, and at Lombard Street, Philadelphia, 1869–71; then until 1875 pastor at Deering, Me., and Professor of Belles-lettres in Westbrook Seminary; pastor at Annisquam, Mass., 1875–79; died at Pigeon Cove, Mass., March 7, 1880. An enthusiastic lover of nature, of great literary ability, and rare poetic gifts; published a volume of sermons under title, "A Sheaf from a Pastor's Field," and a book called "Pigeon Cove and Vicinity"; at different times editor of the "Gospel Banner" and the "Universalist"; brother to Rev. C. H. Leonard, D. D., the well-known Dean of Tufts Divinity School. [158, 160]

Lewis, Mrs. J. J. (Abbie Goodwin Davis) Universalist. Born at East Montpelier, Vt., Oct. 31, 1843. During her husband's long pastorate at South Boston, Mass. (1867–94), she was a contributor of verse and prose to denominational periodicals and to "Wide Awake," "New England Magazine," "Ladies' Home Journal," etc. Moved in 1895 to Chicago, Ill., where she now lives. [580]

Livermore, Rev. Abiel Abbott, D. D. [1811–1892]. American Unitarian. [83]

Livermore, Mrs. Mary Ashton (Rice) [1821–]. American. The well-known author, lecturer, and reformer; wife of Rev. D. P. Livermore, a Universalist clergyman; an ardent believer in all the essential doctrines of Universalism, though not a denominational Universalist. [427]

Lombard, James Universalist. Born at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., c. 1825; began to write for the denominational and other papers at sixteen, and at eighteen opened a private school, and has made teaching his life work; now lives in Utica, N. Y.; compiled the "Sunday School Liturgy," which contains several of his hymns. [285, 469].

Longfellow, Rev. Samuel [1819–1892]. American Unitarian. [40, 85, 112, 165, 185, 284, 293, 323, 352, 410, 440 (and A. Reed), 470, 614]

Löwenstern, Matthäus Apelles von [1594–1648]. German financier and musician. [636 (Tr. Pusey)]

Lowry, Rev. Robert, D. D. [1826–]. American Baptist. [582]

Luther, Martin [1483–1546]. German Protestant. [678 (Tr. Hedge)]

Lynch, Rev. Thomas Toke [1818–1871]. English Congregationalist. [474, 475]

Lyte, Rev. Henry Francis [1793–1847]. English Episcopalian. [87, 212, 344, 495 (and J. H. Newman), 525, 543, 569, 574, 633 (and F. Quarles), 680]

Maclagan, Rev. William Dalrymple, D. D. [1826–]. English Episcopalian. *[210]*

Malan, Henri Abraham César [1787–1864]. Swiss preacher. [33 (Tr. Bethune)]

Mant, Rev. Richard, D. D. [1776–1848]. English Episcopalian. [205, 466]

Marriott, Rev. John [1780–1825]. English Episcopalian. [136]

Martineau, Rev. James, D. D., LL. D. [1805–]. English Unitarian. [77]

Marvin, Mrs. Anna (Lippitt) Universalist. Born, Cohocton, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1834; removed while a child to Cassewago, Penn. For several years she contributed occasional poems chiefly to the "Ladies' Repository;" her father dying in 1860, she removed to Portsmouth, N. H., to the home of her sister, Mrs. Jane L. Patterson; here she was married in 1861 to Thomas E. O. Marvin; after her marriage, she wrote little. Died, Dec. 21, 1880. [672]

Mason, Rev. John [–1694]. English Episcopalian. [44]

Matheson, Rev. George, D. D. [1842–]. Scotch Presbyterian. Blind. [689]

Maude, Mrs. Mary Fawler (Hooper) [1819–]. English Episcopalian. [436]

Maxwell, Mrs. Mary [–]. American. Resident, Richmond, Va. [573]

Medley, Rev. Samuel [1738–1799]. English Baptist. [234, 559]

Mentzer, Johann [1638–1734]. German Protestant. [685 (Tr. Winkworth)]

Merrick, Rev. James [1720–1769]. English Episcopalian. [196]

Midlane, Albert [1825–]. English Baptist layman. [363]

Milman, Rev. Henry Hart, D. D. [1791–1868]. English Episcopalian. [78, 457]

Milton, John [1608–1674]. English Puritan poet. [46]

Mitchell, Rev. Stanford Universalist clergyman, singer, and composer. Published "Good-Will Songs," 1883; now settled at Caribou, Me. [658]

Mohr, Joseph [1792–1848]. Austrian Roman Catholic. [590]

Monsell, Rev. John Samuel Bewley, LL. D. [1811–1875]. English Episcopalian. [230, 602, 691]

Montgomery, James [1771–1854]. Scotch Moravian, journalist. [3, 86, 92, 109, 125, 137, 143, 169, 211, 264, 275, 309, 408, 421, 491, 507]

Moore, Rev. Henry [1732–1802]. English Presbyterian. [453]

Moore, Thomas [1779–1852]. Irish poet. [342, 369, 397, 519, 549]

Morison, Rev. John, D. D. [1749–1798]. Scotch Presbyterian. [166]

Mott, Rev. Frederick B. [1856–]. American Unitarian. [464, 688]

Moultrie, Rev. Gerard [1829–1885]. English Episcopalian. [518, 647]

Mühlenberg, Rev. William Augustus, D. D. [1796–1877]. American Episcopalian. [191, 502]

Neale, Rev. John Mason, D. D. [1818–1866]. English Episcopalian. [Tr. 22, Tr. 23, Tr. 278, Tr. 308, Tr. 310, 521, Tr. 545, Tr. 593, Tr. 687]

Neumark, Georg [1621–1681]. German poet. [664, 694 (both Tr. Winkworth)]

Newman, Rev. John Henry, D. D. [1801–1890]. English Episcopalian till 1845; since, Roman Catholic. [270, 422, 495 (and H. F. Lyte), 631]

Newton, Rev. John [1725–1807]. English Episcopalian. [5, 128, 159, 269, 301]

Nicolai, Philipp [1556–1608]. German Lutheran. [681 (Tr. Winkworth)]

North, Rev. Frank Mason, D. D. [1850–]. American Methodist. [371]

Onderdonk, Rev. Henry Ustic, D. D. [1789–1858]. American Episcopalian. [172]

Palmer, Rev. Ray, D. D. [1808–1887]. American Congregationalist. [Tr. 36, 130, 199, 220, 247, Tr. 279, 406]

Parker, Rev. Edwin Pond, D. D. [1836–]. American Congregationalist. [465, 598, 644]

Parker, Rev. Theodore [1810–1860]. American Unitarian. [252, 358]

Patterson, Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D. Universalist. Born, Spring, Crawford Co., Pa., April 3, 1827. When but thirteen years old he became a member of the Baptist Church in which he was reared; at seventeen accepted Universalism; while studying for the Universalist ministry he was married to Jane Lippitt, in 1851; ordained at Harbor Creek, Pa., June, 1854; for two years lived in Girard, Pa., preaching on a large circuit which he organized in Crawford and Erie Counties; from 1855 to 1866 settled at Portsmouth, N. H.; then went to Roxbury, Mass., where he served as active pastor for twenty-two years; his health failing, he was elected pastor emeritus, which position he still holds; received degree of D. D. from West Springfield Academy; president of Mass. Universalist Convention, 1875–79; is still in active service, living in Roxbury, and preaching occasionally, as the needs of the church require. [8, 706]

Patterson, Mrs. Jane (Lippitt) Universalist. Born, Otsego, N. Y., June 4, 1829. Parents removed, while she was a child, to Summit, in the then little-settled Western Pennsylvania. As a scholar and teacher she was unusually apt, thorough, and conscientious; in her thirteenth summer she became acquainted with Universalism through a neighbor who had heard Father Ballou, and she often walked three miles on Sunday to hear it preached; began to write, when about twenty, for the "New Covenant" and the "Trumpet"; married in 1851 to Adoniram J. Patterson, then preparing for the Universalist ministry; chiefly interested in her duties as a pastor's wife, Mrs. Patterson has taken little time to write; her story "Victory," written in four weeks, was awarded first prize in a contest inaugurated by the Publishing House. "Out of Sight" was written by request as a serial for the "Universalist Repository," and afterward issued in book form; she also contributed several short stories and poems to the "Repository;" since 1879 she has been an editor of the "Christian Leader," having charge of the Home Department. She has always been deeply interested in the Universalist ministry, has assisted in the education of several young men for its ranks, and has many times supplied her husband's pulpit during his illness and during one whole summer while he was in Europe. [428, 471, 484]

Percy, Mrs. Frances Annette (Coan)

[1843-]. American Episcopalian. [244, 299]

Perronet, Rev. Edward [1726-1792]. English Congregationalist. [443]

Phelps, Rev. Sylvanus Dryden, D. D. [1816-1895]. American Baptist. [648]

Pierpoint, Folliott Sandford [1835-]. English Episcopalian. [241]

Pierpont, Rev. John [1785-1866]. American Unitarian. [17, 135]

Plumptre, Rev. Edward Hayes, D. D. [1821-1891]. English Episcopalian. [53, 366]

Pope, Alexander [1688-1744]. English Roman Catholic. [297, 426]

Pope's Collection. ["Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship." Rev. Michael Pope, London, 1760.] [29]

Pott, Rev. Francis [1832-]. English Episcopalian. [514, Tr. 536]

Potter, Rev. Thomas Joseph [1827-1873]. English Roman Catholic. [180]

Prentiss, Mrs. Elizabeth (Payson) [1818-1878]. American Congregationalist. [699]

Procter, Miss Adelaide Anne [1825-1864]. English Roman Catholic. [52, 630, 668]

Pusey, Philip [1799-1855]. English Episcopalian. [Tr. 636]

Quarles, Francis [1592-1644]. English poet. [633 (and H. F. Lyte)]

Rawson, George [1807-1889]. English layman. [129, 626]

Rayner, Rev. Menzies Universalist. Born, South Hempstead, L. I., Nov. 23, 1770; for many years a minister of the Protestant Episcopal church, having settlements at Elizabethtown, N. J., Huntington and New Hartford, Conn.; in middle life became converted to Universalism and held pastorates at Hartford, Conn., Portland, Me., Troy, Lansingburg, Schenectady, N. Y., and other places; died at New York, Nov. 22, 1850; an able preacher, and especially noted as an eloquent reader of Scripture; while at Harttord edited the "Inquirer" and at Portland the "Christian Pilot." [73]

Reed, Rev. Andrew, D. D. [1787-1862]. English Congregationalist. [13, 440 (and S. Longfellow)]

Richards, Rev. George Universalist. Born at or near Newport, R. I., about 1755; served during portion of Revolutionary War as purser and chaplain in navy; taught school in Boston and preached occasionally until 1793; pastor at Portsmouth, N. H., 1793-1809; ordained, July 11, 1799; he was actively connected with the General Convention, and was one of the committee which drafted the "Winchester Confession." Settled at Lombard St., Philadelphia, 1809-12; internal troubles led to the withdrawal of a part of the society, accompanied by Mr. Richards, who thus organized the Church of the Restitution, 1812. His mind became unbalanced by anxieties connected with church troubles and sorrow at the death of his wife, and he died in the hospital, by his own hand, Mar. 1, 1814. A frequent contributor to the press of his day; a prominent Mason, and editor of "The Free Mason's Magazine," Philadelphia; in 1789 published anonymously an epic poem on the Revolution entitled "The Zenith of Glory"; later published a poem called "The Declaration of Independence"; in 1792 he was associated with Oliver W. Lane in compiling a volume of "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, for use in Universalist Churches, writing forty-nine of the hymns himself; in 1801 published "A Collection of Hymns designed for use in the Universalist Churches," to which he contributed fifty hymns. He was an intense patriot, and a popular preacher, characterized by a florid oratory rather than great intellectual power; of a very sensitive nature; thrice married and had several children. [451, 550]

Richter, Christian F. [1676-1711]. German Pietist. [339]

Rinkart, Martin [1586-1649]. German theologian. [676 (Tr. Winkworth)]

Robbins, Rev. Chandler, D. D. [1810-1882]. American Unitarian. [31]

Roberts, Rev. Daniel C., D. D. [1841-]. [671]

Robinson, Rev. Charles Seymour, D. D. LL. D. [1829-]. American Presbyterian. [655]

Robinson, Rev. Robert [1735-1790]. English Baptist. [192]

Rodigast, Samuel [1649-1708]. German Protestant. [692 (Tr. Winkworth)]

Rogers, Rev. George Universalist. Born, 1805; educated and confirmed an Episcopalian, he early became a Methodist, and soon an Independent; had charge of Independent societies at Trenton, N. J., and at Philadelphia, Pa.; at Philadelphia he was married, and in 1829 became an avowed Universalist; after itinerating a year he joined himself to the Universalist Church in 1830, preaching his first sermon in Abel C. Thomas' Church, Lombard St., Philadelphia; settled, Brooklyn, Pa., 1831-34, traveling and preaching incessantly. In 1834 he moved to Cincinnati, O., and became assistant editor of the "Star in the West;" from here he made many missionary journeys, visiting on horseback and by steamboat nearly all the southern and western states, traveling and preaching almost incessantly Sundays and week days, until the time of his death, which occurred at Cincinnati, July 6, 1846. His principal published writings were his "Memoranda," "Pro and Con of Universalism," "Old Settler's Narrative," "Elder Triptolemus Tub," and a "Universalist Hymn-Book," published, Cincinnati, 1845; to the last-named work he contributed twenty-six hymns, many of them of a high order. [95, 249, 281, 567]

Rothe, Johann Andreas [1688-1758]. German Protestant minister. [386 (Tr. J. Wesley)]

Russell, Rev. Byron G. Universalist. Born, New Haven, Conn., c. 1850; graduated, Tufts Divinity School, 1875; now settled at Standing Stone, Pa. [660]

Russell, William [1798-1873]. American (born Scotch) Baptist. [419]

Sargent, Epes [1813-1880]. American editor and author; in late life a Spiritualist. [296]

Sargent, Lucius Manlius [1786-1867]. American temperance reformer. [467]

Savage, Rev. Minot Judson [1841-]. American Unitarian. [276, 311]

Sawyer, Mrs. Caroline Mehitable (Fisher) Universalist. Born at Newton, Mass., Dec. 10, 1812; she early showed a great aptitude for study and a remarkable love of literature; before the age of ten she had committed to memory whole chapters of the Bible, and had read completely all of Shakespeare's plays, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Plutarch's Lives," and Hume's "History of England;" at thirteen she was contributing poetry to several New England papers, her first poem being published by a friend without the author's knowledge; an energetic student, she made herself one of the best educated women in America. In 1831 she married Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, the pastor of the Grand St. Universalist Church in New York City; from 1845 to 1853 her home was at Clinton, N. Y., Mr. Sawyer being principal of the Clinton Liberal Institute; from 1853 to 1869 they lived in New York City, Clinton, and Cateret, N. J.; from 1869 to the time of her death her home was at College Hill, Mass., Dr. Sawyer being, during most of that time, Dean of the Tufts Divinity School. For several years she was editor of the Youth's Department of the "Christian Messenger," and a regular contributor to "Graham's Magazine," the "Knickerbocker Magazine," the "Democratic Review," the "Odd Fellow's Magazine," Horace Greeley's "New Yorker," and other publications; in 1849 she became editor of the "Rose of Sharon," and in 1860 of the "Ladies' Repository." One of her best known tales is "The Merchant's Widow," which attained great popularity. No woman has contributed more value to the denominational literature; her stories, essays, poems, and translations would fill several volumes. She died, May 19, 1894. [455, 485]

Saxby, Mrs. Jane Euphemia (Browne) [1811-]. English Episcopalian. [115]

Schaff, Rev. Philip, D. D. [1819-1893]. American Presbyterian. [Tr. 667]

Schlegel, Catharine Amalia Dorothea von [1697-]. German. (Little known of her.) [697 (Tr. Borthwick)]

Schmolke, Benjamin [1672-1737]. German Protestant minister. [528 (Tr. Borthwick), 684 (Tr. Winkworth)]

Scott (Miss Elizabeth? afterward Mrs. Elisha Williams and later Mrs. Wm. Smith [1708-1776]. English Congregationalist; came to America, 1752). It is not certain that this is the "Scott" who wrote [228]

Scott, Rev. Thomas [1705-1775]. English Independent. [236]

Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. [1771-1832]. Scotch Episcopalian. [486]

Scriven, Rev. Joseph [1829-1886]. [707]

Scudder, Miss Eliza [1821-]. American Episcopalian. [67]

Seagrave, Rev. Robert [1693-1764]. English Episcopalian, becoming a Dissenter, 1738. [591]

Sears, Rev. Edmund Hamilton, D. D. [1810-1876]. American Unitarian. [74, 454]

Shekleton, Miss Mary [1827-1883]. Irish, invalid. [698]

Shepherd, Rev. Thomas [1665-1739]. English Independent. [649]

Shirley, Rev. Walter [1725-1786]. English Episcopalian. [333 (and J. Allen)]

Shrubsole, William, Jr. [1759-1829]. English Congregationalist. [383]

Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia (Huntley) [1791-1865]. American author. [151]

Sill, Edward Rowland [1841–1887]. American poet. [362]

Skinner, Rev. Otis Ainsworth, D. D. Universalist. Born at Royalton, Vt., July 3, 1807; at nineteen began preaching and teaching in Lempster, Washington, Marlow, and other New Hampshire towns; first settlement at Westmoreland and Jaffrey, N. H., 1828; 1829–31, settled at Woburn, Mass; 1831–36, at Baltimore, Md., where he married a daughter of Rev. Sebastian Streeter, and edited "The Southern Pioneer"; 1836–37, at Haverhill, Mass.,—edited "The Gospel Sun"; 1837–46, pastor of Fifth Universalist Society in Boston, located in Boylston Hall and Warren (now Warrenton) St.; in 1842 his series of sermons entitled "Universalism Illustrated and Defended" was published; in 1843 his book for "Family Worship" appeared, and in 1844 he began with Dr. Chapin to edit "The Universalist Miscellany;" among his best productions were his editions with notes of Balfour's First and Second "Inquiries." 1846–48, pastor of the Orchard St. Church, New York City, and editor of "The Christian Ambassador"; in 1848 was appointed agent to raise one hundred thousand dollars, to found Tufts College; worked seven years to raise the amount, succeeding in spite of great difficulties, resuming during this time his Warrenton St. pastorate; in May, 1857, moved to Elgin, Ill., and in Sept., 1857, became president of Lombard University, at Galesburg, Ill.; his exertions for the prosperity of the college impaired his health, and he was obliged to resign in May, 1859; removed to Joliet, and for some time preached four times each Sunday, besides doing missionary work during the week; this severe work, coupled with the perplexities of settling a deceased brother's estate, hastened his death, which occurred, Sept. 18, 1861. Received degree of A. M. from Harvard and of D. D. from Lombard. [522]

Smith, Mrs. Caroline Louisa (Sprague) [1827–]. American Congregationalist. [331]

Smith, Frederic [1849–]. Can learn nothing more. [674]

Smith, Sir James Edward [1759–1828]. English Unitarian. [280]

Smith, Rev. Samuel Francis, D. D. [1808–1895]. American Baptist. [61, 113, 133, 194, 282, 661]

Smith, Rev. Walter Chalmers, D. D. [1824–]. Scotch Free Church. [577, 675]

Stammers, Joseph [1801–1885]. English lawyer. [534]

Stanley, Rev. Arthur Penrhyn, D. D. [1815–1881]. English Episcopalian. [554]

Steele, Miss Anne [1716–1778]. English Baptist. [142, 246]

Steele, Mrs. Can learn nothing of this author. [206]

Stennett, Rev. Joseph, D. D. [1663–1713]. English Baptist. [441, 487]

Sterling, Rev. John [1806–1844]. English Episcopalian. [393, 429]

Stocker, John. [This hymn 1777.] English. [9]

Stowe, Mrs. Harriet (Beecher) [1812–1896]. American Congregationalist. [256, 257, 359]

Stowell, Rev. Hugh [1799–1865]. English Episcopalian. [99, 131]

Stratton, Mrs. H. Comey Can learn nothing of this author. [498]

Streeter, Rev. Sebastian Universalist. Born, North Adams, Mass., April 15, 1783; parents removed during his childhood to Richmond, N. H., and afterward to Swanzey, N. H. Early determined to study law, but changed his mind while still young in favor of the ministry, beginning to preach in 1805; taught school for some years, and then settled at Weare, N. H., preaching there and at Hopkinton, 1807–11; ordained at Washington, N. H., Sept. 21, 1808; pastor at Haverhill, Mass., 1811–15; Portsmouth, N. H., 1815–24; traveled extensively in Maine as a missionary of Universalism; was once stoned while preaching; in 1824 he removed to Boston, and became pastor of the First Church on Hanover St., where he remained over thirty years until his health failed; his work here made him famous, "Father Streeter" being admired and loved by a large circle of friends; noted for his eloquence and originality, for his charitable and loving disposition; he suffered much in his latter days from asthma; married Ruth Richardson, and had ten children; died at Newtonville, Mass., June 2, 1867. He was one of the committee appointed by the General Convention in 1806 to prepare a Universalist Hymnal, writing 48 of the 417 hymns. In 1829 he and his brother, Russell Streeter, compiled "The New Hymn-Book designed for Universalist Societies," which passed through many editions and was generally used for many years. [184, 186, 217, 399]

Streeter, Sebastian Ferris Universalist. Son of above. Born, Weare, N. H., July 7, 1810; for some time a teacher in Boston Latin School; subsequently established and conducted a private school at Baltimore, Md.; during the war he was an active "Union" man and rendered valuable service to the government; a fine scholar; died, Baltimore, Aug. 23, 1864. [266]

Strong, Rev. Nathan, D. D. [1748–1816]. American Congregationalist. [286]

Swain, Charles [1803–1874]. English poet. [629]

Swain, Rev. Joseph [1761–1796]. English Baptist. [705]

Sweetser, Paul Hart Universalist. Born at South Reading (now Wakefield), Mass., Sept. 23, 1807, of Baptist parents; in early life became a Universalist by reading Universalist books,—much to his father's displeasure; educated in public schools of his native town and in South Reading Academy; taught school several terms in South Reading, then became master of a school in Saugus, and while there was married to Louisa Foster, of Danvers; from Saugus he went to Boston, where he had an ushership in one of the city schools, and in 1838 was appointed master of the Harvard School, Charlestown; in 1847 he bought a place in that part of South Reading now known as Greenwood, where he passed the remainder of his life, devoting himself chiefly to public affairs, holding various town offices, and being for six years one of the County Commissioners. Continued steadfastly in the Universalist faith, speaking frequently at public meetings; became intimate with Dr. Chapin, who spent a summer at his home in Greenwood. A natural reformer, he was one of the earliest and most zealous of anti-slavery advocates and a devotee of the temperance cause, in whose interest he often lectured and wrote many articles; for several years an editor of "The Nation," a temperance paper published in Boston. While in Charlestown, he was prominent in forming the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, of whose organ, "The Massachusetts Teacher," he was one of the editors; also served on examining committee of Tufts College, in whose welfare he was deeply interested. A ready writer and speaker, he compelled the attention of his hearers; his poems, mostly on religion, education, temperance, and patriotism, if collected, would make a fair-sized volume; many of his writings were published in the "Freeman and Visitor," "The Ambassador," "The Universalist," and "The Christian Leader." Seven children were born to him, of whom six are still living. Died, June 11, 1872. [11]

Tate, Nahum [1652–1715]. Irish Episcopalian. [45, 102, 390, 452 (all with N. Brady)]

Taylor, John [1750–1826]. English Unitarian. [57, 124, 376, 541]

Taylor, Rev. Thomas Rawson [1807–1835]. English Congregationalist. [127]

Tennyson, Lord Alfred, Bart. [1809–1892]. English Episcopalian. [41, 216]

Tennyson, Lady Emily [c. 1812–1896]. English Episcopalian. [178]

Tersteegen, Gerhard [1697–1769]. German Mystic. [105 (Tr. J. Wesley), 356 (Tr. Winkworth), 368 (Tr. J. Wesley)]

Theodulph, Saint [–821]. Latin ecclesiastic. [278 (Tr. Neale)]

Thomas, Rev. Abel Charles Universalist. Born, Exeter, Pa., July 11, 1807, of Quaker descent; in early life was a school teacher and a printer; at eighteen became a Universalist, and at twenty-one entered the ministry, preaching his first sermon in Lombard St. Church, Philadelphia; in Jan., 1829, became publisher and co-editor of the "Gospel Herald and Universalist Review" in New York; preached for a short time to a small society in Grand Street; settled over Lombard St. Church, Philadelphia, 1830–39. In 1834–35 he carried on his celebrated "Discussion" with Rev. Dr. Ely, one of the best known of theological discussions, afterward published and widely read; pastor of Second Church, Lowell, Mass., 1839–42; published with Rev. T. B. Thayer the "Star of Bethlehem," a Universalist weekly, and established the "Lowell Offering"; settled at Brooklyn, N. Y., 1842–44; married, Feb. 14, 1843, Miss M. Louise Palmer of Pottsville, Pa.; settled, Cincinnati, O., 1844–47. After a year's rest, made necessary by overwork, he returned to Lombard St., Philadelphia, till 1852, when he went to England as a missionary of Universalism; after a year of preaching abroad, returned to Lombard Street, where he remained until ill-health forced him to resign, 1863; moved to Hightstown, N. J., where he preached two years "for love"; then after living two years in Bridgeport, Conn., retired in 1867 to a farm at Tacony, Pa., where he remained until the time of his death, Sept. 27, 1880. He was noted as a controversialist, and was one of our ablest theologians. Be-

sides works already mentioned, he published an intensely interesting "Autobiography," "A Century of Universalism," "Hymns of Zion, with Appropriate Music" (Philadelphia, 1830),—the first Universalist hymn and tune book,—"The Gospel Liturgy and Hymns of Devotion" (1857), and many pamphlets and tracts. [367, 384, 556, 619, 663]

Thomson, James [1834–1882]. Scotch poet. [480]

Thring, Rev. Godfrey [1823–]. English Episcopalian. [179, 616, 625, 627, 673]

Thrupp, Miss Dorothy Ann [1779–1847]. English poet. [162]

Tilton, Theodore [1835–]. American journalist. [504]

Toplady, Rev. Augustus Montague [1740–1778]. English Episcopalian. [12, 209]

Torrey, Rev. Hiram Universalist. Born, Ravenna, O., Feb. 14, 1822; began to study for the ministry at fifteen, and at eighteen was ordained; held pastorates at Pittsburg, Pa., Geneva, N.Y., North Adams, Mass.; then for some years was assistant editor of the "Star in the West," doing at the same time a great amount of missionary work in the western states; about 1853 secular business demanded his attention, and he withdrew from the active ministry. Since that time he has been chiefly engaged in newspaper work; about 1858 established at Des Moines, Ia., the "Farmer"; worked for some years on the "New York Tribune;' and has been a frequent contributor to the "Gospel Banner" and other papers. He is now in the real estate business in New York City, but still interested in religious and denominational matters. The hymn here given was written at the age of fourteen. [322]

Trench, Rev. Richard Chevenix, D. D. [1807–1886]. Irish Episcopalian. [446, 669]

Turner, Rev. Daniel [1710–1798]. English Baptist. [542]

Turner, Rev. Edward Universalist. Born at Medfield, Mass., July 28, 1776; educated under Orthodox influence, but became a Universalist when a young man; first preached in 1798 at Bennington, Vt.; licensed by Universalist General Convention, 1800; preached as an itinerant till 1809; 1809–14, settled at Salem, Mass.; 1814–24, at Charlestown, Mass.; while here he engaged in the celebrated discussion with Hosea Ballou, defending the doctrine of future punishment; his attitude caused a division in his church, and he was dismissed; preached to a portion of his old society in the Town Hall for about six months, then went to Portsmouth, N. H., 1824–28. In 1828, owing to difficulties growing out of the Restorationist controversy, he became a Unitarian, and accepted an invitation from the Unitarian Society at Charlton, Mass., to become their pastor; remained there till 1831; spent a winter in the South; preached at Fishkill Landing, N. Y., till 1840; in 1841 moved to Jamaica Plain, Mass., preaching in various places until the time of his death, Jan. 24, 1853; one of the ablest men in the early days of the Universalist Church; was one of the committee appointed by the General Convention in 1806 to prepare a Universalist Hymnal, writing 9 of the 417 hymns; in 1821 was associated with Rev. Hosea Ballou in compiling "The Universalist Hymn-Book: A New Collection," to which he contributed 10 hymns. [321, 520]

Tuttiett, Rev. Lawrence [1825–]. English Episcopalian. [90, 114, 651]

Twells, Rev. Henry [1823–]. English Episcopalian. [107]

Upham, Rev. Thomas Cogswell, D. D. [1799–1872]. American Congregationalist. [565]

Very, Jones [1813–1880]. American Unitarian. [300]

Voke, Mrs. (?) [–1825 (?)]. (Works first appeared, 1797.) Probably English Baptist. [19]

Walford, Rev. William W. [–] English blind preacher. This hymn, 1849. [659]

Walker's Collection. Published, 1788, by Rev. Geo. Walker, an English Dissenting minister. [64]

Wallace, Rev. James Cowden [c. 1793–1841]. English Unitarian. [68]

Wallace, Rev. John Aikman [1802–1870]. Scotch Free Church. [75]

Ware, Rev. Henry, Jr., D. D. [1794–1843]. American Unitarian. [177, 503]

Waring, Miss Anna Lætitia [1823–]. Welsh poet. [25, 347, 348, 349, 350]

Watts, Rev. Isaac, D. D. [1674–1748]. English Independent. [18, 20, 21, 63, 69, 81, 100, 153, 193, 218, 283, 305, 322, 364, 392, 398, 401, 404, 407, 431, 444, 492]

Weiss, Rev. John [1818–1879]. American Unitarian. [259]

Weissel, Georg [1590–1635]. German Protestant. [38, 47 (both Tr. Winkworth)]

Wesley, Rev. Charles [1708–1788]. English Methodist. [1, 80, 82, 111, 167, 174, 208, 289, 290, 325, 360, 385, 423, 558, 592, 611, 618, 677]

Wesley, Rev. John [1703–1791]. English Methodist. [Tr. 105, Tr. 149, 150 (and G. Herbert), 214, Tr. 314, Tr. 339, Tr. 368, Tr. 386, Tr. 420]

White, Henry Kirke [1785–1806]. English Congregationalist. [338, 437 (and Mrs. Colquhoun)]

Whitfield, Rev. Frederick [1829–] English Episcopalian. [396]

Whiting, William [1825–1878]. English Episcopalian. [506]

Whittemore, Benjamin Ballou Universalist. Born, Troy, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1829. Son of Rev. Dr. Benjamin Whittemore and grandson of Hosea Ballou. Educated in Boston public schools and in Lancaster Academy; has always taken a deep interest in the Universalist Church; for eleven years superintendent of Sunday School at Norwich, Conn., and for nineteen years served in a similar capacity the Sunday School connected with the Second Universalist Society, Boston; at Norwich was secretary of the Board of Education, and for seven years was a member of the Boston School Committee; for thirty years has been identified with the Fire Insurance business in Boston, Mass. [686]

Whittier, John Greenleaf [1807–1892]. American poet. [15, 39, 66, 84, 235, 255, 263, 447, 483, 585, 589]

Williams, Miss Helen Maria [1762–1827]. English Unitarian. [54]

Williams, Sarah (Possibly to be identified with Sarah Johanna W. [1805–1841].) English Unitarian. [634]

Williams, Rev. Theodore Chickering [1855–]. American Unitarian. [523]

Williams, Rev. William [1717–1791]. Welsh Methodist. [164, 605]

Winkworth, Miss Catharine [1829–1878]. English poet and translator. [Translated 34, 38, 47, 356, 664, 676, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 692, 694]

Woodbury, Isaac Baker [1819–1858]. American musical writer. [388]

Woodford, Rev. James Russell, D. D. [1820–1885]. English Episcopalian. [552]

Wordsworth, Rev. Christopher, D. D. [1807–1885]. English Episcopalian. [117, 118, 232, 435, 575, 587, 701]

Wotton, Sir Henry [1568–1639]. English diplomatist. [213]

Wreford, Rev. John Reynell, D. D. [1800–1881]. English Presbyterian. [56, 183, 517]

Young, J. This name appears with two hymns, first published in American Baptist Psalmist, 1843. [476]

Zinzendorf, Count Nicolaus Ludwig von [1700–1760]. German Moravian. [420 (Tr. J. Wesley), 580 (Tr. Borthwick)]

Ω Chelsea. This hymn appeared in "Church of England Magazine," Feb., 1838, signed as above. [615]

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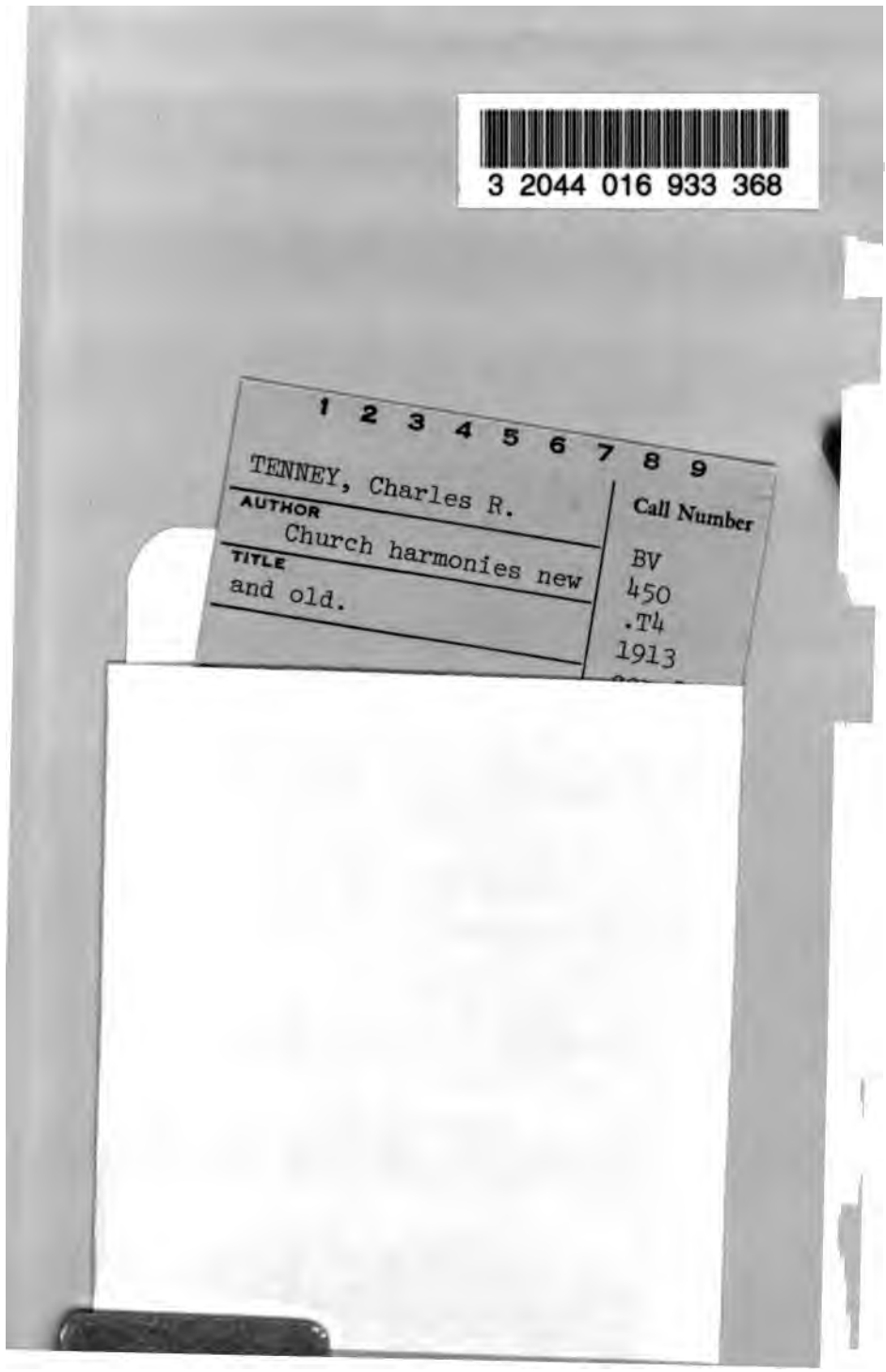
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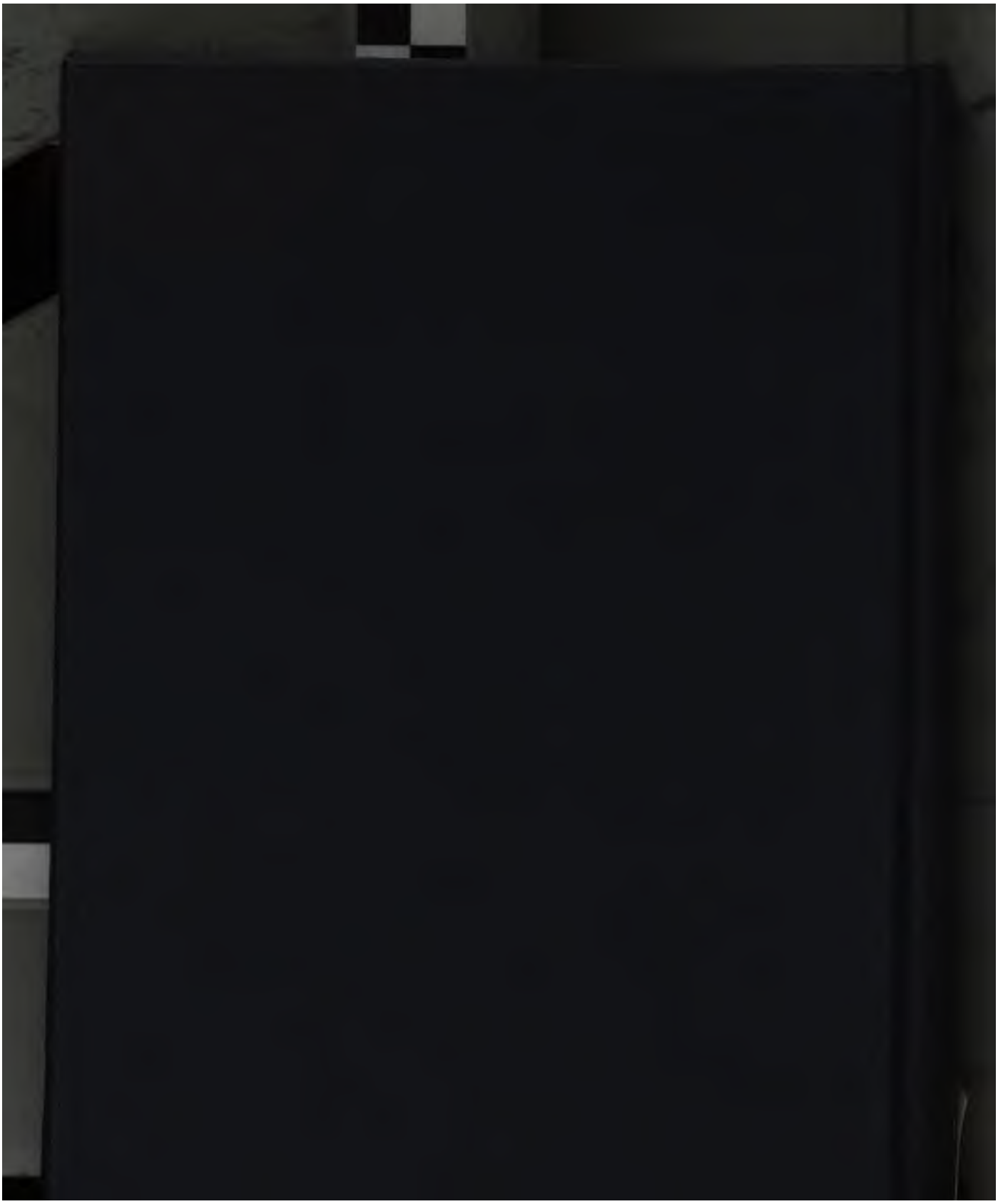
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